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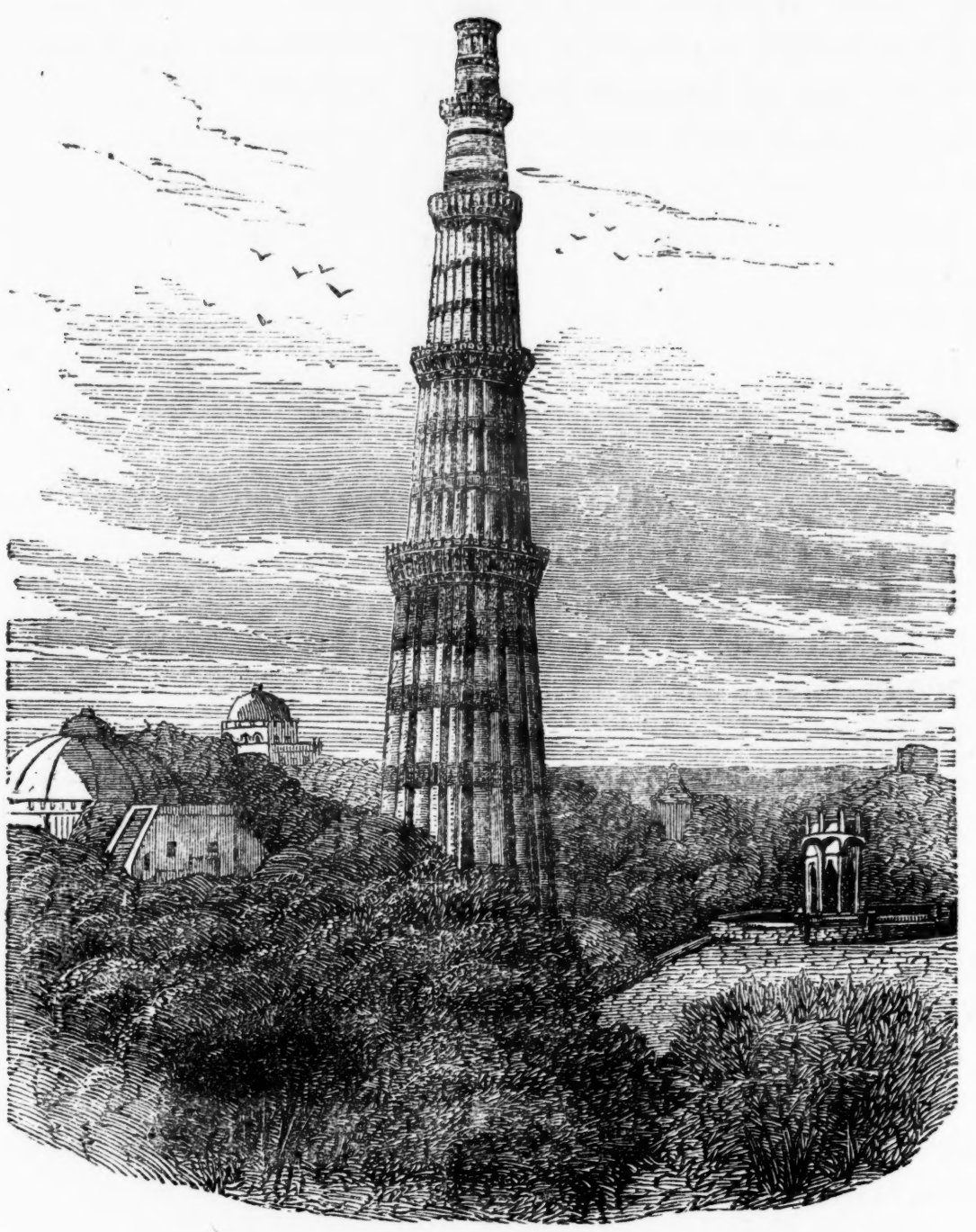
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THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER.

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of OSCAR HÖCKER.)

CHAPTER I.—BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Eh, eh, where are you going so quickly, Mr. Meyer?" cried Worzel, the agent of police, as he saw the postman crossing the market-place about noon in a great hurry.

"I have got to mount as many as six hundred stairs before my morning's work is over," replied the other.

"Dear me, then you are wishing to pay a visit to the church tower?"

"It is not a question of *wish*, but *must!*"

"Surely its no such great trouble to have to pay a visit to your father-in-law, Baldamus, the sexton, or watchman, or whatever you call him, who lives up in the tower?" said Worzel, with a smile.

"I beg your pardon, Sergeant," cried the postman, shaking his head; "it's just the same with me as with the other inhabitants of this town—who none of them, as you know, care to have anything to do with that queer old man."

"I don't know why the people here make such a fuss about poor old Baldamus," said Worzel, crossing his arms. "He's only just an old soul who likes better to occupy himself with his dogs and cats than to be in the company of human beings, that's all."

"No, Sergeant, it isn't all," replied his companion. "You have only been here a few months, so you can't judge. I assure you, if you knew the past history of my father-in-law, you would be as much afraid of him as the rest."

"What *is* his history?" said the police agent, in great astonishment. "Do tell it me."

"Another time; I can't wait any longer now," said the postman, hurrying on.

"Come this evening and take a glass of wine at the "Golden Lion;" I'll stand treat," cried Worzel.

In spite of this tempting invitation, the postman did not stop, but contented himself with a nod by way of reply. He had soon reached the entrance of the tower, and began making the long ascent. Fatigued and weary, he arrived at length at the end of his long climb, and opened the door of the watchman's little recess. His father-in-law was absent, having gone to ring the noon-day bell. Meyer threw himself into an arm chair, and waited patiently for the return of old Baldamus.

While the postman is employed in making friends with his father-in-law's dogs and cats, let us examine the apartment in detail. Round the one window of the room, a deep window which formed a species of recess, a quantity of wild ivy grew, making a sort of natural arbour. This was evidently the watchman's favourite nook, as was shown by the plain leather arm-chair, the only comfortable-looking piece of furniture in the room, which was placed in this deep bay.

The view from this lofty station was magnificent. At the foot of the tower stretched out the town with its streets and squares, in which the people walking about looked like little black dots. How small and insignificent they appeared with all their joys and sorrows, their troubles and their passions, when viewed from such a height. Further on were to be seen hills and valleys strewn with fields, meadows, and forests, and losing themselves at the margin against the edge of the sky.

Turning our backs to the window, let us observe the rest of the little apartment. The walls are all adorned with various pictures framed in brown wood, the middle a black frame being visible containing an extract from an old newspaper, as follows:—"The Merchant Baldamus having been declared a bankrupt at the request of Baron Holm von Prachsitz, all the creditors are requested to appeal within the space of a month before the County Court, to inquire into the bankruptcy." Underneath this extract was written in red ink, "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth." Below these words were these three crosses, between which were to be read the words "*I shall remember my enemy unto the end of my days.*" This curious design was hung among the other pictures over an old sofa, which, to judge from the good carving upon the woodwork of it, must once have belonged to an apartment much handsomer than the one it was now in. A square table and a few chairs completed the fitting up, with the exception of an enormous

bunch of keys hanging up beside the door. At the threshold of the latter there presently appeared a man, tall and stalwart, very simply but neatly dressed. His fine, and rather haughty countenance was, as it were, framed in an iron-grey beard, which mingled with his thin locks of hair, which was, notwithstanding so long as to fall over his shoulders. A pair of black and piercing eyes, surmounted by their eyebrows, made a striking contrast with the wan paleness of his countenance. Scarcely had Baldamus caught sight of his son-in-law ere his cheeks became suffused with an hectic flush. Eagerly he asked him whether he had brought him a letter. The postman in reply held out to him a sealed packet, which he seized with a trembling hand. "From New York," muttered the old man, after having carefully studied the stamp and postmark, he then with evident impatience opened the letter. Its contents must have been short and not very satisfactory, judging by the manner in which the old watchman threw it down upon the floor, at the same time sighing deeply.

"No good news, father?" inquired Meyer. "Nothing yet," replied the old man, throwing himself back in his arm-chair. Don't lose heart interrupted his son-in-law. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"One looks at things rather differently up here in this tower," cried Baldamus, "when I look down through my glass at all the knaves and fools walking about in the streets, they appear so small and so completely underneath me, that I feel as if I had only to stretch out my hand in order to crush them. How many times haven't I looked at *that fellow* through my telescope! I lay it down, and look at him with my naked eye, and that conceited fool appears a mere black spot in the horizon. When I think what power that miserable atom has had to plunge me into misfortune, it breaks my heart. From this place can I stretch my hand out over him. I could close my eyes and persuade myself that he is in my power. I crush him with my fist with a burst of laughter. But my triumph is short-lived, for when I look again through my telescope, I see the man stalking about along the market-place, and acknowledging in his stiff contemptuous way the bows of the passers by. Oh, these always can do as much mischief as giants when they've got the will to do it. Iv'e felt their power when they set themselves to ruin me."

The old man hid his wrinkled face in his hands. His cats and dogs, as if sharing in his sorrow, crept up to him, wagging their tails.

"You's the only friends left to me," said the watchman, as he stroked the heads of his favorites. "You love me, that you really do. There's no treachery in you, not a bit."

"At the same time, father," said Meyer in a tone of reproach, "You shouldn't speak as if every one had forsaken you—My wife is your daughter, and our little Augustus is your grandson."

"Alas!" replied the old man, "all that is no comfort to me. Wasn't it my daughter who reproached me as sharply as anyone did, when my troubles came upon me?"

"Perhaps she had her reasons," said the postman.

"Of course," said his father-in-law angrily, at the same time rising from his chair. "Of course, you feel bound to take her part because you

are her husband. But don't let any one talk to me about love or filial duty. You're all of you selfish and heartless, every single one of you."

"It seems to me," said his son-in-law, "that you are unjust in saying all that. When your wife was just dead, and all you had gone through had made you ill yourself, who was it that tended you? Who watched over you day and night? Who took the bread out of her own mouth to give you?"

"I wish she'd left me to die in peace!" said the old man in a despairing tone, "I'd much rather have ended my wretched existence. Is'nt it a shameful thing when a father has it cast in his teeth what his daughter has done to him in a time of trouble. Do you forget all I have suffered on my daughter's account?"

"No, certainly not," replied Meyer, "I would never have reminded you of what Lottie has done for you, unless you had complained of her want of filial affection. Upon my soul, I really think you are very severe in your judgment. Is it her fault, if by the dishonorable conduct of one man, you fell into misfortune? Have not friends had pity on you? Have not—"

"Haven't they given me the post of watchman, just to be able to get rid of me most easily," interrupted Baldamus with disdain. "Do pray," he continued "hold your tongue, or you will drive me mad."

Saying this, the old man went to the door and took his bunch of keys.

"Good-bye," he said, "I have to fulfil the duties of my office. If I have offended you, I am much grieved. My hard words do not in any way concern your little Augustus. I love that child with all my heart and he returns it. If I were but rich, I would prove my affection for him in a different manner, but that is but a vain wish. Why do you so seldom send him to see me?"

"Six hundred and seventy-five steps to climb is no joke for a child of five," returned the other man."

"Yes, yes," returned the old man sadly, "a watchman is shut out from all human society."

"If you wish," Meyer said as he left the room," Lottie shall bring him here one of the days."

Baldamus nodded his head in token of approval, and the postman took his departure, not without saying to himself:—

"I haven't changed my mind about him; he's a strange fellow, from whom the further off the better, I say. I wish he were not my father-in-law."

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

It was during the latter part of the year of our Lord, 186-, that I was walking the streets of Adelaide, South Australia, in a rather disconsolate vein, being at the bottom of a shallow purse, and no remittance

having been forthcoming by the newly-arrived mail from England, when the happy thought struck me that I would call on a friend who, of all men, I felt certain, was the most likely to give me *feasable* advice, and tell him all about it. The *it* was that I wanted something to do, by which I could keep myself going until such time as the anxiously-awaited remittance from home should arrive.

Proceeding direct to my friend's office, I was at once ushered into the private room where he was accustomed to hold levees of his more intimate friends, and into which the more important *business* acquaintances were ceremoniously shown, while the levee of "chums," were *un*ceremoniously thrust into the penetralia of the establishment, in the shape of a receptacle, partaking at one and the same time, of the characters of a room, a shed, and a cupboard; of a room from its size, of a shed from its mud floor, unceiled roof, and door opening into the back-yard, and of a cupboard from the shelves and dresser visible at the further end of it.

Into the middle room, or sanctum, I now walked, and found Mr. H. in conversation with two individuals to both of whom he at once introduced me; and as they both figure more or less conspicuously in the course of my adventures, I will give a sketch of their appearance. The taller of the two, who for the sake of distinction I shall call George, was about six feet high and "all in proportion," with a full beard, rather large but well-formed features, and a quick, intelligent grey eye; not exactly handsome, yet as fine a looking man in face and figure as is often met with. The shorter, John by name, was about five feet eight or nine, though of good figure and gentlemanlike manners, exhibited a certain indescribable *something* that inspired distrust, and his eye, also grey, was restless and wandering, never returning a direct look, but dropped upon meeting your's, in a way that, to say the least, was unpleasing. Both were marked men, George having lost part of the two forefingers of his right hand, and John having a frightful scar on his face caused by a kick from a freshly-shod horse. Both also purported to have held commissions in the Army; but, be that as it may, both had undoubtedly in some capacity or other been in Her Majesty's Service.

After the interchange of a few commonplaces, I stated the object of my call, and found that my two new acquaintances were on the same errand as myself. After seeing a little more of each other, we agreed to unite forces, and made up our minds we would go up into the "bush," as the pastoral districts of the colony are called, together. We knew the life was rough, and that we should have to put up with many inconveniences, not to say disagreeables; but it was independent and honest, and we should be pretty sure of "food and raiment," though of the homliest. So, determining, according to the Apostolic injunction, "to be therewith content," we fixed our plans to go off to a place called Streaky Bay, situated about five hundred miles NW. of Adelaide near the head of the Great Australian Bight, as the deep bay-like indentation on the south side of the vast island continent is called.

The only way to reach the district to which we were going being by sea, we embarked in the brave little schooner "Daphne," which was

bound for Venus Bay, the nearest point to our destination to which any vessel was then going, and rather over forty miles short of it, which distance had, of course, to be travelled on foot. Our necessities, not our wills, compelled us to go as *steerage* passengers, and this, in a vessel of fifty tons, does *not* mean in luxury. Each passenger had to find his own knife and fork, and be provided with a tin-plate and pannakin. We had to sleep *on the cargo* in the hold as best we could; and, for my part, I spread my blankets on some sacks of flour and managed for the three nights we were on board to *sleep* tolerably well, though I was not much *rested*. There were many passengers, and after we had *packed* for the night there was no moving till we *unpacked* for the day. Our meals were most comfortless. Imagine, if thou can'st, oh, delicately-nurtured reader ! a huge tin dish, or rather pan, containing a monstrous piece of baked beef, surrounded by quantities of potatoes, boiled with their jackets on. Imagine this, I say, put down on the deck of the schooner, outside the galley door, and something like a score of men, vacillating between sea-sickness and hunger, hovering rouud it knife in one hand and tin plate in the other taking turns to "*hack*" off the mass such pieces as the bluntness of their knives and their own skill enabled them to do, and then, after jerking two or three of the potatoes on to their plates, retiring to some place more out of the wind than another, if they could find it, under the lea of the bulwarks, or the galley, or a skylight, and, half-lying, half-sitting, devouring, I can hardly say *eating*, what they had succeeded in getting possession of. Imagine this scene if you can and you have a picture of our dinner on board the "Daphne." Fortunately, our run round was an unusually rapid one, for we were quietly at anchor in Venus Bay a few hours under three days from leaving the wharf at Port Adelaide.

It was Christmas Day when we arrived in this little shallow, land-locked Australian Bay, the midsummer of the Southern hemisphere. The weather was exceedingly hot. The glare of the sand as it reflected back the fierce rays of the almost vertical sun was distressing to the eyes, and the effect of the vast expanse of country thinly covered with small trees and shrubs as far as the eye could reach, without one human habitation in sight to relieve the unbroken monotony of the scene, was oppressive in its silent loneliness. On to this dreary beach we were landed early in the afternoon, and, after looking about us in not the best possible spirits for a few minutes, we left the shore of the bay and started on our nine miles walk.

The first part of our walk was a silent one, for the circumstances did not lead to conversation. We were thoughtful. Thousands of miles from home, alone in the limitless solitude of the Australian bush, on that day of all days when families and friends gather round some common centre, and by an undefined yet well-nigh irresistible impulse Christian humanity congregates and rejoices. We were thoughtful. Three atoms of this same humanity, cut off from all we held dear in this world, and, as it were, pitched down in this immensity of sand and scrub ! Our thoughtfulness, however, did not cause us to loiter, but settling our "swags"† on our shoulders, we pushed on over the deep

† The "swag" of an Australian bushman consists of his blankets, a neces-

sand along what was called a track, but which appeared to us to be only two or three wheelmarks over the rough, wild country. We proceeded easily enough for the first two or three miles, but being fresh from town and, alas! its habits; we soon became aware that our want of "condition" was telling upon us. The miles seemed weary long ones. Still we trudged on till we judged we had accomplished about half of our walk. We were beginning to feel tired though we strove not to show it. Neither of us liked to be the first to propose a halt, but we stole furtive glances at each other though we said nothing. At last a pleasant sheltered place presented itself close to the track, when we all simultaneously stopped and looked into each other's faces. This was too plain to be misunderstood, so off went the "swags," and down we three, I had almost said *dropped*, into the loose white sand. After sitting for a minute or two and exchanging opinions not *over* complimentary to the country, we each lit our pipe, that never-failing solace to the bush traveller, and commenced smoking in silence. A quarter of an hour may have passed, during which we smoked much and talked little, when a somewhat startled "What's that?" roused me from the kind of half-reverie into which I had fallen. We all sat up and listened. No sound came. "I hear nothing." "Nor do I now; but I am sure I did hear a noise." Still listening. No sound. Just as we were about to recline again on the ground with our "swags" for our pillows, *crack! crack!* No mistake this time, but something or somebody was assuredly forcing their way through the bushes and snapping off dead twigs in their progress. On our feet now, each looking in a different direction. Whatever it was it was approaching, slowly but unmistakably, and we were on the full stretch of expectation of we knew not what, when a well-known sound reached us, and with a "Bah!" only a brute of a strayed police horse," down we went again to our pipes.

"He gave me a bit of a start though."

"By the bye, are the blacks troublesome about here?"

"Not just about here, I believe, but further up I have heard they are not to be depended on."

"Well, I hope we shall not come across any till we know more about them."

And so we talked.

It was now high time to proceed on our way, so putting away our pipes we resumed our journey.

We had scarcely proceeded three-quarters of a mile when a group of four or five Natives appeared unexpectedly a short distance from the track. "Black fellows, by Jove!" burst simultaneously from our lips. Then what was to be done? Should we fight or flee? We knew nothing of the Natives; and had hardly ever seen any before. So, after consulting for a minute, we agreed that, as they seemed to take no notice of us, we would just keep our eyes upon them, and continue our

sary change of clothes rolled up into the smallest possible compass, and either slung across one shoulder or carried on the back something after the fashion of a knapsack.

route without taking any observable notice of them. We kept on accordingly, and in due time arrived at the end of our afternoon's tramp without further adventure, and found our black disturbers quietly squatted round their fire. The place we had reached was a police-station called Cheriroo, and the trooper in charge told us the blacks were very quiet and inoffensive as a rule, and that those that we had met were exceptionally *tame*, being his own especial "boys" who had been sent out by him to seek the very horse by which we had been startled during our halt.

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

WHAT a terrible engine of terror was the Bastile, a castle in Paris, built between 1369 and 1383, used as a State prison, and converted to the purpose of confining men for life, who happened to incur the resentment or jealousy of the French monarchs. It was demolished by the enraged populace in 1789. The word is also applied to any fortified dungeon.

Constructed after the model of the Bastile was the Castle of Vilvorde. There is preserved among the archives at Brussels the formal entry of the payment to the lieutenant of the castle of the expenses incurred during Tyndale's imprisonment of a year and 135 days, and as Tyndale was martyred, according to Foxe's table, on the 6th October, 1536, he must have been arrested on the 23rd or 24th May, 1535.

The Castle of Vilvorde was then the great State prison of the Low countries. A small town equi-distant from Brussels, Malines, and Louvain, Vilvorde has never attained any great importance, yet it is one of the most ancient places in Belgium. It was here that Edward the Third summoned what Foissart calls a *parliament*, to decide upon his claims to the throne of France. It was in 1374, or the following year, that Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant and Count of Louvain, anxious to provide himself with a place of security, erected this castle on the banks of the Seine. It consisted of massive towers connected by lower erections, and the whole was surrounded by a huge moat spanned by three drawbridges. Of this grim, and, in those days, impregnable fortress, in which Tyndale found a prison for so many months, and was at length to find a grave, scarce a vestige now remains. It was demolished at the end of the last century, and its site is occupied by a huge whitewashed penitentiary. Just a few traces of the original dungeons still exist among the arches of the bridge which forms the sole approach to the modern prison.

Coming to our own dear England, who is there that is not familiar, by name at least, with its Windsor Castle, so intimately associated with royalty? 'Twas built originally by William the Conqueror, and enlarged by Henry the First. Edward the Third, who was born in it, caused the greater part of the edifice to be taken down and rebuilt in its present form. Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Charles the Second, George the Third, George the

Fourth, William the Fourth, and Queen Victoria have all contributed to its enlargement or improvement.

There was a time—now more than 700 years ago—'twas in the reign of Stephen—when the barons and knights committed all sorts of evils. Castles arose in every direction, in addition to those already built. As many as 1,115 were constructed in this period. Most of these castles were occupied by lawless chiefs and their followers. Even bishops possessed such fortified places. The words used by the prophet to describe the state of Judah were applicable to Engand at this period: "Thy princes are rebellious and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them."

Stephen tried to enforce the laws and to subdue the most violent and independent of the nobles by force, acting with deceit towards some whom he suspected but who had not committed any overt act against him. Among them was Roger, Bishop of Sarum, who, after obtaining from the king manors and possessions almost innumerable, was seized and compelled to surrender his castles. The Castle of Devizes was held by the Bishop of Ely (nephew to Sarum's bishop), who was obliged to give it up on seeing his uncle brought before the walls in a state of starvation. Stephen used the remainder of his treasures to obtain foreign aid. The result is thus described by a contemporary writer:— "The fierce multitude of barbarians, who came in crowds to England, had no compassion on the public suffering. Everywhere from their castles they confederated for every mischief. To plunder the weak, to provoke quarrels everywhere, and to rove about for destruction, were their employments. The barons, who had called them to their aid, were often unable to pay them their expected stipends, and the pay they were allowed to collect did not always satisfy their insatiable rapacity. They harassed the possessions of the Church with the most unrelenting devastations, and treated the persons of the ecclesiastics with contumely and violence."

Fourteen years of such lawlessness left their mark. "England now began to be depopulated. Some emigrated to other countries; some, raising hovels near religious places for safety, passed there an alarmed and miserable life; some in the dreadful famine that everywhere prevailed, after living on the flesh of dogs or horses, or on raw herbs and roots, perished by heaps in pestilential disorder. You might see towns of famous name void of their inhabitants. England presented everywhere a face of calamity and oppression."

Such was the state of things during Stephen's turbulent reign of 19 years, (1135 to 1154), the nobles and leading ecclesiastics seeking to render themselves independent of the power of the crown, while they tyrannised over all beneath them. The chief feature of this period was the violent and lawless proceedings of the owners and occupiers of the numerous castles. They are described by historians who lived in this age. One says, "Castles abounded in every part of England, each depending or rather depopulating its neighbourhood. The Knights of the castle seized the sheep and cattle in the fields, sparing neither churches nor cemeteries. They stripped the cottages even of their straw,

and imprisoned their miserable inhabitants. They exhausted the property of their captives by their ransoms, and many perished in the torments that were applied to compel them to redeem themselves. They hanged up some by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke. Some were hanged up by the head, and burning things were hanged on their feet. They put knotted strings about their heads, and writhed them till they went into the brain. They put persons into prisons where adders and snakes and toads were crawling, and so they tormented them. Some they forced into a cancel house, i.e., a chest that was short and narrow, and not deep, and had sharp stones therein, so that they broke their limbs. In many of the castles was a hateful and grim thing, which two or three men had enough to do to carry. It was thus made: it was fastened to a beam, and had a sharp iron to go about a man's throat and neck, so that he might in no wise sit nor lie nor sleep, but he bore all the iron. Many thousands they afflicted with hunger.

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

We once heard quite a distinguished minister so flustered by the unexpected presence of some "aristocratic" hearers, that he gave out his text from "the third chapter of *the Gospel by Acts.*" The mercy of it was, that the man did not know he had made any blunder. Nervous ministers are not always fortunate enough to be unconscious of their small slips and trips in the pulpit.

The Rev. Mr. —— was one of the most bashful men, and was constantly getting into difficulties through his nervous mistakes. At one time, he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show," and clearing his throat he struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly,—

"This world is all a floating shoe." Everybody smiled but the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again,—

"This world is all a shouting flow."

This made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began again,—

"This world is all a floating,"—

Then he laid the hymn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said,—

"Brethren, for some reason I cannot read the hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing a voluntary."

Little Mabel stopped in the midst of her play one day, clasping her hands to her neck as she felt a sharp pain there, exclaiming, "Oh! Oh!"

"What is it, dear?" said grandma, "a stitch in your neck?"

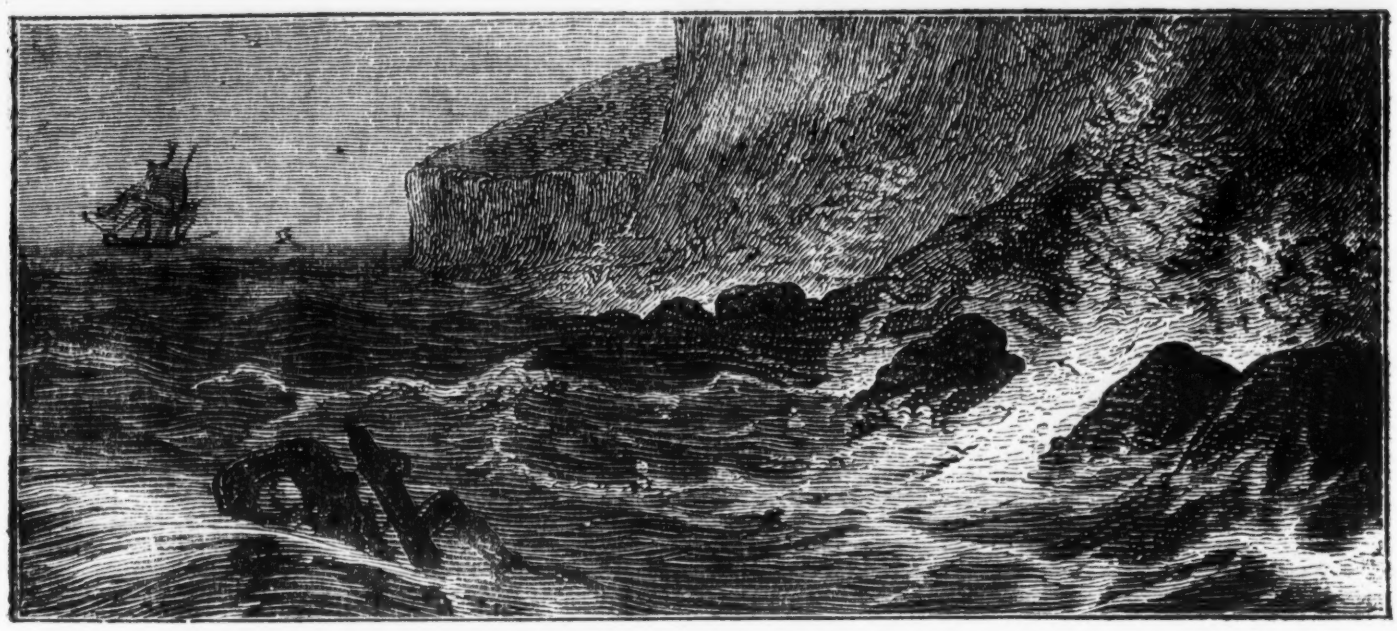
"Why, gran'ma," she asked, with a terrified look, "are our heads *sewed on?*."

Little Anna awoke one morning with her little chin badly bitten with mosquitoes. "O mamma!" she said, "my chin is so stiff I can't smile it."

On another occasion, waking up and seeing the daylight, she exclaimed, with a shake of her little hand,—

"See, papa; it's unnighted now!"

A Sabbath school teacher had a class of little girls, and was telling them how the heathen mothers threw their babies into the Ganges. "And what do you think they do that for?" she asked a bright little girl of four years, who was intently listening. "Oh, I s'pose the mothere want to see if they can swim," answered the little girl.



ROCKS AHEAD.

You are drifting to leeward, my friend—
  The danger you don't seem to see—
And must tack about quick, or you'll end
  On the rocks of Eternity !

The "land-sharks" on plunder are thriving,
  Among the swift eddys of "spree,"
And many a soul are they driving,
  On the rocks of Eternity !

Avast! on the course you are steering,
  Though pleasant the voyage may be ;
For all round the coast you are nearing,
  Stand the rocks of Eternity !

Oh, the thousands ! have perished like you,
  At ease on sin's treacherous sea ;
Or dropp'd down with the wind as it blew,
  On the rocks of Eternity !

The Good Pilot is now alongside,
  Crying, "Sailors ! believe in Me ; "
Then take Jesus aboard for your guide,
  From the rocks of Eternity !

A harbour of refuge is open,
  And all to its shelter *must* flee ;
For the stoutest timbers are broken,
  On the rocks of Eternity !

Then bear up for the sin-cleansing blood !
  And the port where all dues are free ;
Once at anchor, you'll spring with the flood,
  On the shore of Eternity !

Up aloft will the standard be waved,
  As we sing round the crystal sea,
And behold the Good Pilot that saved,
  From the rocks of Eternity !

W. C. M

(Author of the "Gospel Compass," &c., &c.)

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER I.—MRS. JONES'S RIGIDITY.

It was Saturday night, and a cold, biting January wind was blowing, as a young man, well, and warmly attired, crossed over Oxford Street, passed through Portland Place, and from thence made his way down a decent-looking thoroughfare with which he seemed to be pretty well acquainted, but which, unfortunately, appeared to contain no shelter for him, for the young man paced up and down with his hands thrust in his coat pockets, and his head bent down as if some perplexity were contracting that ruffled brow of his.

And in good truth Henry Draper was puzzled; and not out of sympathy alone, but actuated from motives of real curiosity, let us intrude upon his thoughts, and bear him company in his trouble.

Well, to be brief, the young man is in a very distressing condition, for at present, he is totally without money, and, worse still, can see no chance of obtaining any. Owing to the sudden, and recent death of his employer some two or three weeks previous to the opening of our story, Henry Draper was thrown out of work, and has been since canvassing the trade from one end of the town to the other in the hope of gaining employment, but without success, and he begins to wonder if there is ever to be any prosperity for him again.

There were also two other ways in which Henry Draper may be deemed an unfortunate young man. In the first place, his earnings, which, to be sure, were not very great, were all spent in supplying his weekly wants, without any provisions being made for a rainy day; and, in the next place, he had the misfortune to occupy a furnished room belonging to one of the most exacting old widows that ever claimed the title of "landlady," who, utterly regardless of ways and means, must have her rent without fail every Saturday night. These were two misfortunes which the young man had never realized till now, for, while the sunshine is playing about us we forget that there is a time coming when the golden days will have flown for ever, and the poverty of winter will be manifested.

So it was with Henry Draper; while in the full tide of work he had been reckless in his expenditure, but now that he is actually on a Saturday night without a penny in his pocket, he thinks the January wind is sharper than he ever felt it before.

He had few friends, and fewer relations, though a mother's gentle care had tended him through childhood, and, till, within the last two years had offered a home to her only remaining unmarried son. His father had died when he was a mere lad; but Mrs. Draper, an industrious, and extremely frugal woman, had worked hard to support her family, and to bring them up to earn for themselves a respectable livelihood. It was Henry's special wish to learn the business of a carpenter and joiner, and, in order that this desire might be gratified, he was placed under the control of an intimate neighbour, with whom, after the bondage of his apprenticeship was over, he still remained, and steadily continued in Mr. Wright's service for the space of four years. Happy

and light-hearted therefore had he been till the sudden death of his employer, at the time above stated, occasioned the first feeling of want and anxiety he had ever known.

Mr. Wright was neither a saving, nor a thoroughly business man; he had carried on a brisk trade, but his affairs were managed so loosely that at his decease his childless widow, overwhelmed with the debts incurred by her late husband, allowed the business to dwindle away, and the men to take themselves off how and when they liked; while, without receiving any profits herself, she escaped the notice of the numerous creditors in a flight to the home of a married sister, leaving things to take their chance.

And a poor chance Henry thought it was that robbed him of the means of a subsistence, and compelled him to pace up and down in front of the very house under whose roof he was wont to take his nightly shelter.

What should he do? It was Mrs. Jones's custom to receive her "week in advance" every Saturday night, and hitherto this rule had been strictly attended to, but now, how was he to pay in advance when he had nothing wherewith to supply present needs? and in his genuine honesty he shrank from facing her with an excuse, or a plea for longer grace. He had some idea of applying to his only brother for assistance, but Henry Draper was a proud, independent young man, and yet, at the same time, he hardly knew whether he was too proud to borrow the week's rent, or to omit paying it:—that is, if the latter would be allowed.

Though not naturally undecided, Henry turned first one way and then the other, wondering what he should do; at length a boisterous puff of wind proved his best adviser. It told him, in unusually friendly language, that he was extremely foolish to permit himself to he driven with the winds in this manner, and, that the best thing he could do, was to try the power of his eloquence and persuasion upon his landlady, trusting that she might not be so invulnerable as she appeared.

Accordingly, making a brave dive in his breast coat pocket he drew from thence the latch-key, with which he let himself into the wide, lamp-lit passage, along whose surface he proceeded, till he came to the kitchen stairs.

Mrs. Jones was sitting in an old-fashioned arm-chair, closely drawn towards a roaring fire, when her young man lodger entered, and saluted her with a cordial "good evening."

But Mrs. Jones set her capped head aside and thought to herself: "I wonder if I shall get my rent to-night. Out of work all the week; he'll have some excuse I dare say. Ah well! I am an old hand, and you don't catch old birds by chaff."

She however responded to the salutation saying, as she glanced up over her spectacles from the pair of worsted stockings she was darning:

"Good evening Mr. Draper. Cold outside—isn't it?"

"Very; freezing hard. You look pretty comfortable here, however, Mrs. Jones;" was the reply.

"I *am* comfortable; emphatically rejoined the old lady;" and I hope I shall remain so."

"I hope you will I am sure;" returned the young man respectfully. "I don't see why you shouldn't."

"No, you are right; I've slaved hard enough in my young days, 'twould be hard *indeed* if I couldn't live a comparatively easy life now. I'm not idle even at this advanced age, for I keep all the furnished rooms in order."

"Mrs. Jones," said Henry, suddenly making a brave plunge through the ice, "I am sorry to tell you I shall not be able to pay you this week, but I hope to find something to do next, when I will pay yon all up."

Now this intelligence was just precisely what Mrs. Jones had been waiting for, but she did not wish the young man to guess this, so she pretended to be very much surprised.

"I think I told you, Mr. Draper," said she, carefully resting her stocking-covered hand upon the table, pausing, and then continuing: "I think I told you that my day for receiving my rents was Saturday, and I always have my rents on Saturday from every person in the house. No one ever disappoints me—no one. Besides, I consider (if an old woman may make so bold as to give her opinion) that you ought to have some money by you. Where are your savings? Dont you know that there are available banks all over London?"

Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"They don't hold any money of mine;" said he.

"I'm sorry for it;" said Mrs. Jones, thinking of the week's rent due to her. "I never think young men are to be trusted; indeed I never trust any one further than I can see."

"I should think you knew me sufficiently well to be sure of my honesty," said the young man warmly. "I daresay I shall be able to square up soon."

"I never go from my rule;" returned Mrs. Jones, shaking her head decidedly." You must either pay your rent or go. When young men are out of work they can't possibly be honest. I've lived in the world longer than you have young man, and I know more of its wickedness. If I hadn't lost so much through trusting people I should be in a different position now. No, I am an independent woman, and I mean to remain so."

Now this speech was enough to exasperate the feelings of any honestly disposed young man, and Henry Draper, with honour imprinted in every line of his character, rose from his seat, about to storm an indignant retort, when another of Mrs. Jones's lodgers suddenly appeared on the scene, saying: "There is some one at the street door inquiring for Mr. Draper; he has been waiting there for some minutes, and he speaks as if he was in a hurry."

"Why didn't he knock at the door, or ring the bell then I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Jones somewhat sharply. "Bless us! if landladies ain't supposed to know by instinct who's a coming and who's a going. Pity I'm not waiting at the door this frosty night, looking out for one and another."

And Mrs. Jones bent her head over her stocking with such an energy, that the beads on her cap actually rattled against the violet ribbon.

But she looked up and saw that she was quite alone, for the messenger had not thought it worth her while to remain longer than was necessary to deliver her message, while Henry Draper, on hearing that he was wanted, had hastened from the disagreeable presence of his landlady, clearing the stairs two or three at a time, and finally reached the street door, where he was met by a young man who claimed him as his brother.

"Hallo Will"' cried Henry, "why whoever thought of seeing you to-night? I know if I was a married man I should think my own fireside the most comfortable place such a night as this."

"Well," returned the other, "I was passing this way, so I thought I would call and ask you to come home and have a bit of chat, and some supper with us. Have you found any work to do yet, Harry?" added his brother anxiously.

"Ah, now you've just pounced upon the trouble I'm in, and made short work of an explanation;" and Henry told the tale of Mrs. Jones's strictness, ending up with the bewildered enquiry:

"And now Will, what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" returned Will laughing. "Why I think the old lady is looking pretty sharply after 'number one,' but then you know Harry we can hardly blame her; self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature. Suppose I lend you half-a-sovereign—will that satisfy her?"

With an expression of thanks Henry replied that the offered loan would do more than that, so friendly brother William slipped the golden coin into his hand, and bidding him make haste, waited with what patience he could while Henry hurried down to the kitchen where he soon satisfied his landlady, and then returned to walk home with William.

Mrs. Jones was delighted to see her young man lodger re-enter with the week in advance. She never made the faintest allusion to the wickedness of the world when asked if she could give change for half-a-sovereign. On the contrary, she mildly put her hand in her deep pocket, from whence she drew her purse, inwardly chuckling that she had frightened the young man into paying his dues, and congratulating herself that, upon her broad massive shoulders, there rested one of the most diplomatic heads that ever anyone possessed.

Mrs. Jones, it will be readily understood, was one whom the world had soured. She had been disappointed; she had found part of the world untrue to her, and, like many others who spread unhappiness about them, she judged the whole from the view she had taken of a portion. Unprincipled, reckless young men had deceived her and run away in her debt, till at last she grew to regard everyone with suspicion. Ah! we may walk through the world, enveloped in its thick mists of darkness and unbelief, and unless we open our eyes to discern the good as well as to condemn the bad we shall sink as deeply into Mammon's pitfall as did Mrs. Jones. But the keen-witted old landlady did not meditate thus; she closed her fat palm over the piece of gold, while the twinkling eyes, shining through the polished spectacles, gleamed in riumph.

To be continued.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

NOTES ON THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

By George Norris Willomatt.

Luke vii. 11—15.

When Jesus Christ was upon earth, He had to do with all kinds of cases. As the name and fame of the great miracle-worker spread abroad through all the land, "There was brought unto Him all manner of diseases, and He healed them all." Nothing proved too difficult for Him. He was never baffled. To say that Jesus was merely a man, and only a man; then the fact that He was never baffled, stands a greater miracle than the works themselves. This fact alone proves Him more than man.

There are three recorded cases in the Gospel, of Jesus calling the dead back again to life. In these three cases we notice a marked difference in the age and condition of those, thus raised from the dead.

I. A young girl (a child) daughter of rich parents. II. A young man; in early prime, the only hope and stay of a widowed mother. III. A middle-aged man, Lazarus, the near friend of Christ.

Then we may notice the different periods of death, over which this power is exercised:—Tairus's daughter—but just dead. This young man—being buried. Lazarus—"In grave four days already." Why this difference? In the first case, and even in the second, there would have been those ready to have pronounced the whole thing an imposition—a jugglery. But lest this should be said, Lazarus, His own friend, was allowed to remain in the ground four days before Christ's voice called him back therefrom.

"A young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Could any description be more pathetic? How vivid, how concise. The Gospels are indeed written with a master pen.

A child is a something so fragile—has so many little ailments that if it die, it seems only what we may have expected.

So, too, there are thoughts which seem to reconcile us to death, when it's the aged who are called.

But death is not satisfied with little children, the weakly, and the aged. He will have the young and the strong to.

> "There is a reaper whose name is death,
> And with his sickle keen
> He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
> *And the flowers that grow between.*
> Shall I have nought that is fair? saith he,
> Have naught but the *bearded grain*?"

"A young man" was being carried out, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." The poor widow was following him who had been her last and only *support*. She was now on the way to the grave, to bury everything except her own deep heart sorrow.

It was from the city called Nain, that the dead was being carried out. "Nain," signifies *lovely*. Yes, DEATH WILL PENETRATE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES OF EARTH.

IMAGINATION! Look at Jesus as He performs this mighty work. See the sympathy in His face as He saw this woman weeping.

THE LANGUAGE OF TEARS! What power could move Jesus so much as that? *No mightier power.*

MAJESTIC! Where is the picture that can show us the look of majesty and power in the face of Jesus at that moment when "He touched the bier?" The action itself commanded "stop." "They that bare him stood still"—they could not but obey. For any other to have done as Jesus did would have been a mocking insult.

"Weep not," tenderly were these words spoken. They arrested the widow's tears.

RESURECTION POWER. "I say unto thee arise." *These are not the words of a man, but a God!* Jesus spoke, and the voice of Jesus penetrated the corridors of death, till it reached the place where that young man's soul then was.

THE SEPARATE STATE. Learn from this narrative, that the soul, separated from the body, lives independently of the body. I have often tried to think—but perhaps it is wrong to speculate—where the soul is when it is separated from the body. The souls of departed friends may be nearer to us than we sometimes think. They may be nearer to us than many of our absent living friends. The departed may be at times in our very presence. Unseen, but very near. This is a very pleasing thought. They may see us, though we cannot see them. They may hear us, though we cannot hear them. They may minister to us, though we cannot minister to them. The scriptures do not forbid this thought. You say, oh, but, "absent from the body" is to be "present with the Lord"—just so; and where is the Lord? "Lo, I am with you alway." "Wheresoever two or three are met in My name, there am I." "WHERE I AM THERE YE SHALL BE ALSO." May not the departed saints all be ministering spirits?"

When this young man was raised there was *no questioning*. This is a proof of the dignity and inspiration of the book. No regular story-monger got up this tale or we should have heard much of the unseen wonders beyond the grave. The sights seen, the company mixed with, and the converse heard would all have been told with great minuteness, and at greath length, and with greater boldness, because none could go to see the place described, in or order to return to confront and contradict the teller.

"Jesus delivered him to his mother." Christ's chief thought was of her. For her he had worked the miracle. An imposter would have taken the young man about the country, to have made capital out of him.

THIS WAS A COMPLETE WORK. This miracle is a pledge and prophesy of the great general resurrection. Death is to be vanquished. The time shall be, when not a human bone shall be retained by death as a trophy. In this miracle, Jesus Christ shewed Himself to be the "resurrection and the life." It was a complete work.

In your spiritual needs Jesus Christ can do as completely for you. When He works in the soul, He does a perfect work. He can call the dead to life. If the ravages of sin have worked in your nature, if you be "dead in trespasses and sins," Christ Jesus can give you spiritual life. Finally, learn from this miracle:—

I. That Jesus often worked lovingly and *unsolicited.* He so worked for this poor widow. Then how much more shall He do for you, who constantly pray to Him?

II. There are no sorrows but *He knows it*! This woman did not know Jesus was there: but *Jesus knew she was there.* It was no accidental meeting, *just then* at that gate.

Often when in sorrow, when we don't know that He is with us, then it is that he is *just there,* and that to help.

This same Jesus still waits to save. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, for ever.

USEFUL HINTS.

USES OF AMMONIA.—One of the handiest things to have about the house is a bottle of ammonia. A mixture of one part of ammonia and four or more parts of soft water can be used for any of the purposes for which soap or water are employed, and for many others besides. A sponge or very soft cloth dipped into the mixture will remove dirt from painted or varnished wood work without rubbing and consequently without injury. Ammonia and water is far preferable to soap and water for cleaning furniture and small articles that would be injured by rubbing. For cleaning watch chains and all articles of jewelry there is nothing equal to ammonia. It may be applied with a sponge or soft cloth, or the articles may be dipped and moved through it. It is the best article to use in cleaning coat collars, brushes, and clothing that has been soiled by oil or grease. It should always be diluted with at least four parts of soft water. The water employed should be cold, as hot water would cause the ammonia to evaporate at once. Articles washed with ammonia require no rinsing, as when soap-suds is used; the ammonia soon evaporates.

SHORT NOTICES.

A Railway Line to Fortune. S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co. "This beautiful little story is to show to the young, the power of a good name." Bands of Hope can not do better than select it as a reward to boys who keep the pledge.

Bible Light for Truth Seekers. JOHN SHAW & Co. "Although the yearly volume of a penny monthly magazine, it bears nothing to show it, but is suited for a place in every home and library. The subjects are varied, such as Prophecy, Experience, Doctrine, &c., and Bible Light is so shed forth that the earnest seeker is guided to the source of all true teaching." The price is 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Sunshine" for the Home, the School and the World. Edited by W. M. Whittemore, D.D. GEORGE STONEMAN, 67, Paternoster Row, E.C. The new volume is before us in three different handsome bindings, quite unequalled for the price. As to the pictures, puzzles, stories, sketches, &c., we cannot speak too highly, and think the volume a capital Christmas or New Year's present for young people.

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FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

PARENTS are the main contributors to the sum of domestic happiness, but children have their part to contribute as well. And if the mutual duties of parents are comprehended in that one great law of love, the duties of children spring out of the great law of filial obedience. We are all ready to admit in theory that children are to obey their parents in all things; and yet young persons indulge their doubts whether this rule applies practically to themselves. Every day's experience attests the supreme wisdom of this law, and the rich blessings it brings to them who fulfill it. A family is placed under parental government, and wisely so placed. When children come into the world they have everything to learn, and to learn amid deceptions, evils, enemies of all kinds. Their parents have had already many years' experience and observation, seen many failures, and learnt many important lessons. They might explain to their children the results of their experience, and much they are ready to explain; but their details would be little understood, and leave obscure and faint impressions. But there is one

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thing they can do: they can tell their children in plain, direct terms what to do, and what to shun. They know the perils of life better than you do. They know the rocks that lie, sunk and rugged, beneath the smooth water, and the strong currents of evil against which they had to steer hard; they cannot always tell you why, or detail the process by which the danger comes; but this they can do, they can bid you turn the helm and put about the ship when they see you drifting in those perilous waters. It is very likely that you may not see the danger as they see it: but even if you do not, you will not regret having done as they bid you. Immediate, implicit, unquestioning obedience is just the wisest, as it is the hardest, of all the lessons that can be learnt in early life.

The Scriptures place filial obedience among the strongest safeguards and the most solid blessings of life. A few years ago a large tract in a northern country was desolated amid immense destruction of life and property by the embankment of a reservoir suddenly giving way. It was discovered that there was some slight defect near the foundation by which the water was oozing out, and widened the opening until the earth work gave way in that terrible inundation. Filial disobedience is just such a beginning. It may commence in little things, and may never amount to any grave infractions: but, when this mischief comes into a family, materials are already there on which graver temptations will operate by-and-by. A successful attack has been made on the sacredness of home government,—a breach is made in the wall, and things will not remain as they are. Surrounded as young people are by the wicked and designing, no one can tell what may one day ensue when the stronghold of filial obedience has already given way. Parents are the protectors and guides which God has wisely appointed to guard the inexperience of early years. Many find out, but, to their lasting regret, when it is too late, the evils of casting off parental rule; whereas I never knew an instance in which young persons sustained any lasting injury by following too confidingly the counsels and will of their parents.

REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A.

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

BY DOROTHEA.

CHAPTER II.—WILLIAM DRAPER'S HOME.

STRONG, active young men though the two brothers were, they found it necessary to button up their coats, and walk at a pretty brisk rate in order to keep themselves warm as they took each other by the arm, and turned their steps in the direction of William's home.

The most weather-beaten could not have helped owning that it was a cruel night. The wind seemed to be trying to torture everybody: busy bustling housewives, hurrying home to their families with the Saturday night's well filled market basket hanging heavily upon their aching arms, were being driven hither and thither, hardly capable of

maintaining an even course along the clean, white pavement: little children were crying piteously from the effects of the cold; hungry, and sparingly clad beggars, both young and old, traversed bare-footed, the hard unfriendly stones, some attempting to fetch past music from their now weak and trembling voices; some trying to circulate their cold blood by means of a vigorous application of their brushes to the already dry crossing; but all weary and sad; all craving for *home*. It was a night when the benevolently inclined long to stretch out their hands and help; first declaring they will be ready to make any sacrifice for the comfort of a fellow creature, and then sighing as they glance at a half-empty purse, which tells them that the flying-wings of the wind itself must carry their dreams away.

And yet from a crimson curtained window an observer, while enjoying the pleasant feeling of a blazing fire at his back, might have looked upon the scene without, and pronounced the evening in every way favourable for a beautiful walk. The clear pavements would have done no harm to the most fastidious pedestrian; there were no puddles and no dirt; while the wintry sky was one mass of brilliant stars, shining with the unveiled clearness that only winter stars know how to assume. But, though each of the young men were dear lovers of nature, they were, perhaps, too much engrossed with their own individual concerns to take a very prolonged gaze at the stars, joyously as they were twinkling, and beautifully as they were formed; and, after making a few chance observations upon the "weather," William began:

"And so Harry you have not succeded in getting anything to do yet? What an unfortunate fellow you are!"

"Yes, and to-night's battle with old Mrs. Jones is the worst of all. Get work from somewhere I really must, or what will become of me?"

"You will never quite starve while I have a crust in my cupboard;" said William, adding, "but there, things won't come to such a crisis as that. What will you give me for some good news?"

"You don't mean to say you have got good news for me, and have been keeping it to yourself all this time?" exclaimed Henry.

William laughed; a clear, hearty laugh it was, as it sounded through the clear night air.

"Come," Henry went on, "tell me what it is, there's a good fellow."

"Well," said William, sobering his fine, handsome face to its wonted stern gravity as he spoke, "I was speaking about you to old Mills the other day. I met him as I was leaving the shop, and of course stopped to ask him how business was going on, and he told me he was just then very much worried, for one of his best men had lately met with an accident, and had been obliged to go into the hospital. I then mentioned that you were out of work, and he readily grasped at the idea of securing such a good workman as he said he knew you to be, so, after a little further conversation we shook hands to part, and his last words were reminding me to be sure and send you round to him the first thing on Monday morning. I suppose you will go, Harry?" added his brother.

"Go?" returned Henry. "I should think so, and I am very glad you

thought of mentioning my name to Mr. Mills. But to think, Will," he added seriously, " that that poor man's trouble should be my gain. Upon my word I feel like a robber stepping into the poor fellow's place."

" Yes; but you can't help that," said William, " it is the way of the world; and, taking a distant prospect into present consideration I think an introduction into Miils's worshop may turn out a good thing for you. The old man is getting rather advanced in years, and I don't believe he will be able much longer to take the active part in his business that he has hitherto taken. He will be compelled to look on, and get a foreman to supply his place."

" And do you mean to insinuate," inquired Henry, " that *that* position might fall to my share ?"

" If you are steady and industrious I see no reason why it shouldn't'" replied William. " Mills knew father years ago, and has always professed a strong respect for our family, so, as he has no sons he is likely at some time or other to want a trustworthy man to take the place of a son."

" Well," laughed Henry, " I only hope the probability of your little romance may be relied upon. But," he added, " Mills has a son—hasn't he ? Didn't he run away to sea some time ago ?"

" Yes; he has been gone some two or three years now. It was a cruel blow to the poor old man, after he had taken such pains to instruct his boy from a mere child in all the details of his business, intending to bring him up to follow the old trade. He was so proud of him, and would have put him in the way of carrying on a flourishing business, and in time of accumulating a little fortune to live upon. But that is just the way ; good parents strive hard for ungrateful children, while a lazy father leaves his children, patterns of industry, to struggle alone in the world."

" Not quite so bad as that I hope," put in Henry who was naturally, far milder, and more contented than his brother. " You are coming to a bitter conclusion, Will, but," he added, anxious to change the subject, for when William's ambitious and high-strained notions were once roused there was no knowing when he would be set at rest again, " we are coming pretty close to your home, and I have a few purchases to make for a certain dear little rogue of yours."

William's lips parted into a full smile, bearing in its character all the pride and fondness of a young father's doting affection. He knew it would be impossible to dissuade his brother from his purpose, so presently arriving at a fancy baker's, a generous supply of buns and biscuits were stowed away in Henry's pockets, and then, once more taking up their walk, they continued their friendly and brotherly conversation till they reached their destination.

Now William Draper was a young married man, and only twelve months previous to his marriage some five or six years ago, had entered into business for himself in a somewhat small, but substantial way, as chair maker. On the whole he had not been wonderfully prosperous ; he had had flourishing times, but he had also been forced to struggle against the appearance of one or two downfalls which seemed to threaten

to overthrow his independence, in consequence of long long seasons when there was little or no work doing. The prudent and far sighted young man had therefore resisted every temptation to launch out beyond his means, and, though his new wife had contemplated unheard of granduer, considering she was marrying a man who was his own master, and, consequently, able to provide everything that heart could wish, she found that her future home would not extend over the limits of two moderate-sized rooms, situated upon the first floor of a nice, comfortably ordered house belonging to a friendly disposed old couple, who looked upon the well-to-do William Draper, their only, and much valued lodger, as a young man whose ample means would more than balance their own. Perhaps in this, the comfortable old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Davison, whose family had long since been capable of supporting themselves, were not altogether in the right; for, once let a man show the world that he is resolved to wave his banner in the bright colours of independence, and his probable means are sure to be enlarged upon. Nevertheless, for the securing of his worldly interests, a man does well to hold his head above the mean and grovelling, who are content to remain as they are, and who seem not to possess the slightest wish to achieve anything beyond the ordinary and commonplace.

William Draper was in every sense of the word, ambitious, and perhaps the unpretending style of his two rooms came as far short of his own innate ideas as those entertained by his less practical wife. Be this as it may, he was working towards as high a place in the world's standing as it would be possible for him to assume, and he steadily kept to his resolve not to increase his expenditure.

Still, as we have said, William Draper was deemed by his friends and associates as a very fortunate young man, and, it is not at all surprising, that his single brother should have fallen into the common opinion. Henry, subject to the dictates of an employer, compelled to take refuge in a furnished bedroom by night, and to take his breakfast, and late tea in old Mrs. Jones's kitchen, and finally, doomed to a most unwelcome cessation from his daily work, thought his elder brother the luckiest fellow in the world, and, without entering into the details of William's domestic history (which was rarely referred to) he sometimes indulged in enjoying the bliss of his brother's married life.

And yet, as the two young men entered the home of the elder on this particular Saturday night, a more experienced eye than Henry's would have found little to envy in the careless arrangements of the really nicely furnished sitting-room. The furniture was good, and plentifully distributed, made for the most part by the skilful hands of William himself; but the French polish had become dull for the want of proper dusting and rubbing; miscellaneous articles were strewn, irrespective of order, in all directions: the round table standing in the middle of the room was one mass of confusion, while, in the centre, stood a brass candlestick, holding the miserable end of a tallow candle whose feeble rays diffused a most deplorable light.

Sitting by the fire, nursing a tiny cherub baby, whose closed eyelids spoke for its tranquil slumbers, was Mrs. Draper, a sweet-faced, pretty-speaking little creature, looking scarcely old enough to be the mother

of so young a babe; and yet, in the room adjoining, there lay a little sleeping girl of some four or five years, who daily called her, "mother." The pretty little wife raised ner small head as her husband and brother-in-law entered. She had been reading an unwholesome novel, for, in accordance with her husband's distinctly expressed wishes, she had avoided going out after dark to obtain her Saturday night's store of provisions; in order therefore to occupy her time till her husband came home, she had resorted to her favourite amusement—reading, and she now looked up, so full of the contents of the book, that she could not for a moment find any words to welcome her visitor. But her smile was so very bright and winning that perhaps Henry thought it quite compensated for the want of words, and, coming forward, he put out his hand, saying, "Good evening, Emma. How do you do?

Mrs. Draper rose, and smilingly answered that, excepting a cold, she was quite well, and having thus, in a very pretty way made her reply, she next directed her glance to her husband.

William Draper was standing with his hat in his hand, sending a half-troubled, half angry gaze, round the gloomily lit apartment. But for the presence of his brother he would perhaps have allowed his passion to burst forth in a torrent of indignation; always anxious however to maintain a family peace, he restrained himself, and was wondering how he could fashion a calmly uttered expostulation, when he met his wife's eyes fixed upon him.

Perhaps that innocent gaze melted him, for he said, seating himself:

"Well, Emma, and can't you get a better light than this? Where is the lamp?"

"Oh! there is no oil in it;" replied Mrs. Draper carelessly. "I've been so busy with one thing and another, that I quite forgot to trim it."

William made no reply, but his thick brows knitted themselves into an angry frown, while Henry said, good-naturedly:

"Never mind the light, Will,; there is a good fire I see, and that is the chief thing on such a bitterly cold night as this is."

William however was not disposed to take things quite so contentedly, and, at his bidding, Mrs. Draper carried her baby to bed and then trimmed the lamp, after which she set about clearing the table for supper.

Perhaps the sight of the hot Saturday night's meal in some measure appeased William's wrath, for he and his brother soon entered into conversation, in which Mrs. Draper now and then took part, and the clouds that had at first threatened to disturb their peace rolled away, leaving them free to enjoy the evening to the utmost of their abilities.

To be continued.

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER II.

AFTER our arrival at Cheriroo, our first visit was to the well, and enjoyed a liberal application of the excellent water both externally and internally, as only travellers in a dry and thirsty land can enjoy it.

Then up to the house, where we received the welcome news that supper would be ready in about an hour. We were also directed to a hut about a hundred yards off, which was the sleeping-place for travellers, and where we were told we could leave our swags. For myself, it was my first introduction to a bush hut, so I will endeavour to describe it. They are all built on very much the same pattern, and in the part of the Colony where we were, of the same material, though varying somewhat in size. The average bush hut is from twelve to fifteen feet long, and eight to ten feet broad, thatched with a kind of reed-like grass, and "built" of upright logs of wood about nine inches in diameter and eight feet long, placed as closely to each other as possible. The but ends of these logs are sunk three or four inches into the ground and the tops kept together by a wall plate into which they are roughly morticed. The door is usually on one side, and a hole about a foot square opposite to it serves the purposes of a window, and commonly has a wooden shutter which can be fastened into it. The fireplace is built of stone, outside one end of the hut, but opening into it, having a stone bed or floor, and the size is almost invariably four feet wide, by three feet from front to back. On the bed of this fireplace the wood fire is lighted, and frequently is never really extinguished for months together. The interstices between the logs which form the walls, are filled up with a sort of mud made of the earth of the place where the hut is erected, mixed with water and which is called "pug." The process is called "pugging" a hut. Such was the edifice where we were to pass the night. The bed places or bunks are frames of rough wood about fifteen inches high, and bars of wood with the bark on about an inch-and-a-half in diameter, nailed across some three inches apart. On these gridiron bedplaces we placed our belongings, and spread our blankets for the night. Having some little time to spare before supper, we wandered down to where the blacks were located, as we were desirous of seeing what they were like. We found rather a large party of them at their "wurleys," which is the name given by the South Australian blacks to the rude and primitive kind of shelter they make for themselves. These wurleys are made of small branches of trees as shrubby and thick as can be found, laid one against the other as tightly as possible in a crescent shape, three to four feet high in the middle and gradually diminishing in height to about a foot at the extremities, or horns, of the crescent; any interstices or open places that may be left on the first laying of the branches, are roughly filled up with bunches of twigs, or tufts of coarse grass. There are usually two or three of these facing, or rather backing, different ways, so that one can be "inhabited" which has its outside towards the wind. The invariable fire is placed just outside on the concave side of the wurley, so that the poor creatures can lay or squat round between it and the sheltering boughs. As to the natives themselves, no description can do them justice, "they must be seen to be appreciated." They vary in colour from actually black to a sort of shining bronze brown that looks greasy. Then the countenances!! They vary as much as the tint, and are usually of a degraded type, though there are some exceptions which may fairly be called pleasing and intelligent. In figure they are about the middle height, and as a rule

well proportioned for strength and endurance, and almost without exception have beautifully formed hands and feet. Their manners and customs *as a whole* may be summed up in the brief, but expressive description given by a midshipman in a letter home, when he said, "manners, none, customs, disgusting." In the course of these papers I shall describe many of their customs, and modes of procuring food; in every case described from *personal observations*.

Having taken our survey of these poor creatures, we returned to the house for supper. Of this we partook somewhat sparingly, for there was nothing but cold salt beef curiously hard and dry, and stale bread; washed down with bad tea without milk, sweetened with coarse dark brown sugar. This not over tempting meal concluded, we went over to the sleeping huts, and making the best beds we could for ourselves, turned in for the night. According to bush custom we rose as soon as it was well light, at what the blacks call "piccaninny daylight," and after a toilet of the simplest description, broke our fast on the same cheering viands of which we had partaken at supper. Shortly after breakfast we started for a station called Weetera, about twenty miles on the way towards our destination. The police trooper in charge kindly lent us a couple of natives to assist in carrying our swags, and most valuable helpers they proved. It was a fearful day; one I can never recal without a shudder at what *might* have been, or a feeling of deep thankfulness for the providential care that ordained a safe termination to its hardships. A couple of miles along a very fair track brought us to an unused shepherd's hut known as Warrapi, where was a well of excellent water of which we partook pretty freely, at the same time filling a large bottle to carry with us. On again, and in a few miles we came to the shores of Venus Bay on the side opposite to that where we had landed the day before. There lay our little schooner on the still waters of the Bay; and I, for one, felt half inclined to regret that I was not still on board her, but the die was cast, so turning our backs on her, we plodded on our weary way and soon left the last link that bound us to civilization behind us. The day was most oppressive, the hot wind blowing over the sandy scrub before us, felt, against our faces, like the blast from a heated oven, and we dared do no more than rinse our mouths from our already half-consumed bottle of water, the temperature of which from the combined effects of sun and wind was higher than that of our mouths, parched and burning though they were, and our distance barely half traversed. We were commencing really to suffer, but were cheered by our black guides telling us of a well about three miles on, though a little off the track. For the short extra distance we cared not in order to get water; though our tongues were *very* dry, and our feet sorely blistered. In passing along we started a few crows from under some small thick bushes where they had been cowering to find a little shelter, and as they rose, uttering hoarse croaks, we could see that their beaks were quite an inch open, and they were panting painfully. Soon we came in sight of *the well.* We pushed on vigorously to enjoy the anticipated treat of water. Reaching the brink of the well we looked down, and then with a groan of despair we turned our gaze towards each other. A *bullock* had fallen into the well, which was a shallow

one, and was suffocated! There within reach was the water we so terribly wanted, but which we *dared* not touch, even in our present suffering condition; for it would have been highly dangerous to have done so, though we might have got over the extreme disagreeableness of it. Never shall I forget the misery of that moment. Miles from water; in the midst of a dreary sandy scrub, suffering severely from thirst, with weary limbs, and feet blistered, partly from being unsuitably shod, and partly from the great heat of the sand through which we had been plodding. After about half-an-hour's rest we forced ourselves to proceed; the hot loose sand being very bad travelling; the low ridges covered with stunted mallee scrub, and not a scrap of shade to break the fierce rays of the scorching noonday sun. No living thing to be seen or heard, not even the hum of an insect to relieve the awful stillness of the deathlike solitude. On and on, and on. I could scarcely crawl at last, and so determined at all hazards to take advantage of the first shelter we came to, and lay by till the evening, and then proceed by moonlight.

My friends urged me to persevere, representing that it was all but certain death to remain, and also kindly did all in their power to help me along, but all to no purpose. I saw a small tree that cast a slight shadow at the side of the track. I staggered up to it, and fairly rolled down under its imperfect though grateful shade. No persuasions or threats could induce me to proceed, and so they reluctantly left me, as they believed to die of thirst under a bush. I lay almost gasping for some time, till by degrees I was thankful to find myself decidedly relieved, and I felt confident of being able to proceed, and hoped to reach our destination during the early part of the night. As soon therefore as the sun had set, I made a start. I was very feeble and stiff, and walking was a great effort, but resting and walking alternately, I got over what seemed several miles, when the character of the country changed from the sandy scrub to one comparatively open with grass and shea oak trees, and a little further, to my joy and deep gratitude to my Heavenly Father, I noticed that many trees had been felled and removed; sure tokens of approaching habitation. With new energy I pressed on for a short distance, when the bleat of a sheep sounded faintly in the distance. Still a little further, and I was overjoyed to see a dark mass showing up in a clearing. Another, and again another. "Thank God! the Station at last." I made to the nearest hut and knocked, receiving an answer that my friends had arrived; that I was quite given over, and that blacks had been sent out to search for me with water, though it was not expected I should be found alive. As may be supposed, the first thing I wanted was *water;* but I could only take a very little at a time for several minutes, being too parched to swallow more than a spoonful or two at at a time. Gradually my *thirst* and power of swallowing returned, and I DRANK. Never did water taste more sweet and delicious to me. I had a very warm greeting from my friends, who I found had all laid down in the woolshed. I lay down also; but what with the re-action caused by the feeling of security and plenty after all I had gone through, and what with excessive fatigue, I could not sleep. Soon after daylight we all turned out, and went up to the kitchen to

breakfast at the usual bush hour of six. By the kind permission of the proprietor of the Station, we remained at Weetera for that day to rest. We sauntered about a little, but spent the greater part of the day resting, and talked over the experiences and adventures of the previous days' tramp. Shortly after sunset, we turned in once more in the woolshed and enjoyed a sound night's repose. The following morning we started soon after breakfast, with three or four black fellows as swag carriers and guides on our way to the Station, where we were to take up our abode for some time to come.

(*To be continued.*)

JACK'S DELIGHT AT BEING SAVED.

DURING the month of May last, the writer was privileged to give a gospel address in one of the Mission Chapels at the East End in the neighbourhood of the docks. This service appears to have been greatly blessed to several precious souls. Amongst the fruit of it was a policeman, who had but recently lost a darling child. His inmost desire was to meet his lovely one in glory, if only he knew how to get there. The Lord was so good as to put the honour upon His servant of showing the way that night. He laid hold of Him who is "the way, the truth and the life," and went home happy as a prince of heaven.

Since then, he too has gone aloft to swell the anthems of redeeming grace; but not before giving good evidence of his true conversion to the Lord.

One of his most intimate friends—and it is with him we have now to do—was a sailor. He was a weather-beaten, stalwart and well-seasoned salt, who with his wife lived near by. Jack, as we will call him, had, it seems, a praying mother; and a good City Missionary in the district took much interest in him. But for all that, he was remarkably obstinate and indifferent to the efforts of the missionary, to bring him under the power of the Gospel of Christ. No impression, apparently, could be made upon Jack. But the Lord Himself knew how to overcome the difficulty; and He did it in His own precious way. There can be little doubt that the happy testimony of the dying policeman awoke in his heart a sense of distance from God, and to say the least, made him reflect. To hear from the lips of one whose feet were already touching the chill waves of Jordan, such expressions as—"Where would I have been if the Lord had cut me off in my sins?" "It's a beautiful journey, I shall soon be at home." "Come and see how a Christian can die": To hear such expressions from one who but a few months before was without God, and without hope "even as others," was a circumstance not to be easily shaken from the memory. At all events we have reason to believe they were the means of raising many a solemn question in Jack's breast, which, like most sailors, had a heart with a good big soft place in it that required only to be found out. The Lord knew where it was, and when to touch it.

The first time we saw Jack, was during the funeral service held in

the same chapel after the death of his friend, the policeman, when, by special request we went to give the address. Although a stranger, Jack's deep attention and evident unrest, drew our notice to him as the first to speak with in the *after meeting* which followed the service. He had come into the meeting as he said, "feeling wretched" about his sins, and the burden of a heavy load lay upon him; but he did not "feel anything of that now." Still, we could see he was far from happy. After pointing him to various portions of the Word which we judged suitable to his case, he was at last able to say, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities—with His stripes *I am* healed, and the Lord hath laid ON HIM *my* iniquities." He added, "I am saved now," but as if the thought was too much for him, he buried his face in his hands apparently desiring to be left alone with the Lord. We felt we could but thank God, and pass on to the next anxious one.

Our next, a son of the deceased friend,—was happily soon brought into liberty, and we were dealing with a third case, when Jack somewhat startled us. As if he had suddenly emerged from the dingy "fo'csle" and mounted the capstan, Jack stood erect upon a form in the centre of the meeting. For a moment we thought he was beside himself, when, moving his arms as if setting the last stitch of canvas for glory-land, he repeated at the top pitch of his powerful voice—"Hallelujah, I'm saved—Praise the Lord, I'm saved." Without a moments hesitation and in the still glowing exuberance of his first joy, he leaped over several forms shouting as he came to lay hold of the hand of his friend whom he had just left. "Praise the Lord, I am on my way to glory now, Come along to glory, Charlie—Come along to glory, Charlie." He seemed as if, with all sail spread, and the wind right aft, he could sweep aloft at once and take "Charlie" with him.

It has been our happy privilege to witness many cases of conversion to the Lord, but never before have we met with one so demonstrative and sudden in its outburst of joy. And when all the surroundings were perfectly calm and solemn there seemed no *natural* excuse for it. Surely it was the work of the Lord, although "wondrous in our eyes." But as sudden as was the outburst, so also came the calm. For a moment it was like a boat tossing too and fro upon the billows, and in an instant translated to the placid bosom of some inland lake. But Jack's testimony was not yet over. His face wore a new smile—the smile of calm serenity—as with his right hand upon his heart he now faced the people, who stood amazed, and said to them "this is something worth coming for, I am not ashamed to confess Christ now, before all." Happy Jack! The fire set a-glowing in that East End Chapel, may it burn brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,

Go on, Jack—the Lord keep you, and give you grace to—

—tell to all your mates around
What a dear Saviour you have found.

We are glad to learn that Jack's outward walk continues to give evidence of the great change within, and our prayer is, that he may be enabled to steer a straight course, and bear a bright testimony until the Lord comes.

W. C. M.

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

THE Castles in question were strong and massive erections of stone or brick, faced and defended by outer-banks of earth and deep ditches. The entrance being through a strong gateway, was closed with doors of wood covered with iron, and further guarded by a portcullis or grating of iron bars let down from the building over the arched gate. The central part was the citadel or stronghold of the place. It was built with massive stone, much thicker than the other parts. It was generally a high square tower, running up four or five stories, with a turret at each corner, and a winding staircase in each turret. The central part was called the keep, having a few gloomy rooms above, and dark vaults below. The upper rooms were inhabited by the knight or baron who was lord of the castle—thus the castles were dwelling-places as well as fortresses—he there lived riotously with his visitants and retainers, while in the vaults the wretched victims of his lawless power, pined with hunger, or suffered torture till relieved by death, unless they possessed property beyond the reach of the oppressors—property which would be tendered as the price of liberty.

When you visit Lincoln, while not overlooking its Cathedral, you will notice, on the hill west of the cathedral, some remains of Lincoln Castle, one of the most ancient of the strongholds of oppression, having been founded by William the Conqueror. The remains consist chiefly of the outer walls, and the gateway tower. On the site of the interior the county-jail and court-house have been erected.

Such dens of thieves once covered England. Then, instead of the iron road, there was, as we have seen, the iron neck-tie. In those days of wrong and outrage, a day might pass without the appearance of a single traveller in many of the most frequented tracks in our land. To borrow the quaint language of a chronicler: "Thou mightest go a whole day's journey, and not find a man sitting in a town, or an acre of land tilled. The poor died of hunger, and those who had been well to do begged for bread."

Colchester is thought to have been a Roman station. It was formerly surrounded by a wall, some vestiges of which still remain, and it contained a castle of great strength, built, according to some, by a son of Alfred the Great. Its remains now serve for a house of correction for petty offenders. Prior to the civil war in the time of Oliver Cromwell, the wall, castle and fortifications were entire, and held out with great obstinacy against the parliamentary forces until after Charles the First was beheaded in 1648, in which year it surrendered.

Connected with Nottingham Castle, which, as you know, was built by William the Conqueror, is "Mortimer's Hole." You may recollect that, during the reign of Edward II. Roger Mortimer, a powerful Welsh Chief, distinguished himself by his opposition to the then ruling favorites.

It was a year after the celebrated Battle of Bannockburn, that the party of King Edward obtained a signal victory at Boroughbridge, where the same Mortimer and his nephew were taken prisoners, and afterwards committed to the Tower. His Queen, Isabella, disgusted with her husband's weakness of character, and offended by his neglect,

had then fled to the French court, where she formed a strong interest in her favour, being joined by many of the discontented party from England.

Roger Mortimer the younger, having probably heard of the strengthening power of the Queen, became naturally impatient of his close confinement, and though the part of the tower, which he occupied in company with his uncle and many of their noble adherents, was a high and narrow turret, he did not despair of effecting his escape. In the hope of aiding this design, he is said to have administered to his attendant a powerful sleeping draught; after which he broke through the wall of his prison to a part of the neighbouring palace, where, being supplied with a ladder of ropes, he climbed up a chimney to the roof, and thus accomplished his design, though not without imminent danger of detection on his passage to the Thames, whence he escaped to the sea-coast, and subsequently joined the Queen at the French Court.

The poor, weak King, whose cause became gradually deserted by all, some time after this offered a price for Mortimer's head; yet such was the contempt in which he was held, that little regard was paid to this offer; and in proportion as his cause declined, that of the Queen and Mortimer, who was now her favourite, advanced. Ultimately the King was committed to Berkeley Castle, where he was cruelly murdered. Mortimer, whose counsels ruled the Queen, had now no scruple in assuming the highest power in the realm. But unfortunately for his interests, those who had aided his designs, when their object was the same as his, grew as jealous of his authority as they must have been distrustful of his principles. Dark deeds, which in his humble career had been connived at, were now brought to light; and the young prince especially—he was little more than fourteen—was indignant at the influence Mortimer exercised over his mother.

It was during the holding of a parliament at Nottingham, to which the Queen and her favourite had repaired in all regal state, that the storm, long gathering against them, appears to have arrived at its height. Mortimer, like all guilty men, was pursued by secret fears, and harassed by suspicions from which no human being could protect him. Though he and Queen Isabella occupied the castle, and though its strongly built walls, and the commanding eminence on which it stood, might well appear to be proof against all enemies without, Mortimer is said to have placed so little reliance on those within, that he always kept the keys of the castle himself, receiving them every night after the gates were closed.

Notwithstanding all this care, it is more than probable he was unacquainted with a singular subterranean passage, extending from the court of the castle to the foot of the rock on which it stands. It is said that this wonderful passage was originally excavated during the invasion of the Danes by some of the Saxon chiefs for their better security, and there were many proofs of its having been used for purposes of defence and protection in later times. The part that has obtained the name of Mortimer's Hole is a narrow, dark passage, branching off to the right, and communicating with the keep of the old castle, in which were the state apartments. Through this dark passage then, the young King Edward

was conducted by the governor of the castle, one night after Mortimer had as usual received the keys, and retired to rest, as he supposed, in perfect safety. Nor was it long before the silence of his chamber was broken by the whole party of armed men, who followed the young prince in his enterprise. They burst upon him, seized his person, in spite of the terrors and entreaties of the Queen, and dragging him out by the same passage, sent him direct to London, where he was shortly afterwards executed as a traitor.

Such, then, was the origin of the name of "Mortimer's Hole." We may learn from the story, that "there is no peace to the wicked;" that, secure themselves as they will, they are never really safe, since those who have assisted them in their crimes are liable to be the first to execute upon them the judgment their crimes deserve.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR CHILDREN—THE FOOLISH LITTLE LAMB.

A shepherd once upon a time
  Had flocks of woolly sheep
And pretty lambkins in their prime,
  Which he with care did keep.

So kindly did he tend such lots
  Of sheep and lambs: I ween
No happier flocks on any plots
  Of pasture e'er were seen.

For food they had the fresh green grass,
  For drink the water clear;
From place to place he let them pass,
  No danger did they fear.

Then every night when it grew dark,
  This shepherd led them all
Into a cosy sheltered park,
  Surrounded by a wall.

Against this wall a fold was set,
  To shut them safely in
Away from deadly foes and wet,
  And dogs with glossy skin

Lay round about this ample fold,
  To guard them while they lay
All snug and warm, both young and old,
Until the break of day.

Then came this shepherd every morn,
  And opened wide the door
When out they skipped—tossed tail and horn,
  And frisked about once more.

But 'mong those flocks so kindly tended,
  One foolish lamb there was
Who cared not when the day was ended,
  To be shut up. Because

She judged it better for to roam
  About in clear moonlight,
And so instead of going home
  She came one lovely night

Unto her wise old mother, and
  Poured forth her childish plaint,
"Dear mother, I can't understand
  Why we must bear restraint."

"The dogs," said she, "are not shut up,
  Why then should *we* be, pray,
Oh, mother, let us roam and sup
  Just where and when we may."

"My dearest child," the mother said,
  "Your talk is really silly,
Our shepherd kind this fold has made
  To screen from frost winds chilly.

"Besides, my dear, were we to roam,
  On strangers' lands, you'd find
There was no place like 'Home, sweet Home,'
  Bear that truth on your mind."

"Dear mother, that's all very true,"
  The wayward lamb replied,

"But I'm more frolicsome than you,
And may not thus be tied.

"I am resolved this very night,
To roam about at will,
And scamper in the clear moonlight
Across the neighb'ring hill."

So off she ran and *meyed* "Good-night,"
Unto her mother dear.
She capered on—her young heart light,
Withont one thought of fear.

But by and bye she came unto
A large, thick coppice wood,
And scrambled onward, onward through
The thorns and briers rude

Her fleece was sadly torn, you'll guess,
Her feet with pricks full sore,
Said she then "Such an awkward mess
I ne'er was in before."

"I now will turn me back and go
Home to my mother dear,
How very sad she'd be, I know,
Could she but see me here."

Back, back she tried, but now alas!
No road could she espy,
"Oh! mother bring me some nice grass,
Else must I pine and die."

Poor foolish lamb! a distant howl,
Unlike her mother's voice,
Hark such a fierce and angry growl,
Oh, such a dreadful noise!

Meantime a wolf came rushing on,
With fiery glaring eyes,
That in the distance wildly shone,
"Oh! what a glorious prize,"

Cried he, "My hungry cubs shall feast
Right royally to-night.
This pretty plump and well-fed beast
They'l crunch up with delight."

The lamb thought on her mother's words,
The wolf drew near a-pace,
And pierced her throat with fangs like swords,
While tears ran down her face.

"Ah! me," she faltered, "I'm undone.
Oh! mother, dear, how sad,
A fate is this of mine—alone,
To meet a foe so bad."

The savage wolf her carcase drew
Off to his dismal den,
"See here, my cubs, I've brought to you,
A young fat lamb again."

The cubs in joy then seized upon,
And tore her limb from limb.
"Thank you papa," they growled anon,
In that dark cave and dim.

Dear children when you feel inclined
To have your own sweet way
This foolish lamb aye, keep in mind,
And never disobey.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.

SCRIPTURE STORIES AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

ELIJAH.

1 Kings, 17 Chap., 1st to 7th verse.

AND Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew or rain these years, but according to my word." And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." So he went and did

according unto the word of the Lord; for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land."

A beautiful story, simply told, of courage to do right, and of faith, which was not disappointed. This is the first recorded message from God entrusted to Elijah. We can imagine his feelings as he journeys to find Ahab, feelings over which sometimes faith, sometimes fear would predominate. He, an insignificant man, " one of the inhabitants of Gilead," to deliver such a message to a mighty king. How would it be received? Would not Ahab's anger be roused against him? and even if he escaped now, presently when the drought came and there was famine in the land, not only Ahab, but all his countrymen would curse him. Yes, it must surely cost him his life. And then he would remember that God, whose word he was obeying, was surely able to protect His servant; no one could harm him, unless it were His will, and even if it costs him his life, would he not gladly lose it in his service? Could he not leave the consequences with God? His duty was simply to obey His word and deliver the message. If we could only remember this, how much trouble and worry it would save us. We see wrong-doing going on day after day, we know that it ought to be stopped, that we ought to make it known, yet if we do speak, we shall make him or her our bitter enemy. We shall be pointed at as a tale-bearer, and probably not even be believed, thus injuring ourselves and doing no good. But with all this we have nothing to do, only do what is right and trust the rest to God. Elijah was not left to be the victim of Ahab's wrath, nor to starve during the famine, but God sent him to hide by the brook Cherith. God always does protect His servants that do His will, and *nothing* can hurt them. Only have faith, and if all things seem against you, still believe, the day will come when you will thank God for it. We, as christians, all have a message to deliver, " Go home and tell what great things the Lord hath done for you." It sometimes needs a lot of courage to do this. It is not pleasant to receive the cold stare, or sneering look with which the message is received. We would rather not be thought over-religious, peculiar, different from other people. And so we make excuses for ourselves. We say, *we* are not good enough, our lives are not consistent with our belief. But it is not ourselves we preach, but Christ Jesus. It is His message (not of anger and punishment) but of love and pardon and peace we have to deliver, and though our lives be unworthy, still we know, and we can let others know, that it is not our faith, but our *want* of faith that makes them so. Or we say, " of what use is it to speak," we never do any good when we do. There it is again, we *cannot* leave the consequences with God. We are too impatient, we expect to see fruit at once. Suppose the farmer was to leave off sowing corn, because he could not at once gather in the harvest. He cannot make the seed grow, he leaves that with God. Neither can we make the seed grow, but if we sow no seed, we shall certainly have no harvest. We cannot tell what just a few words in Jesu's name will do. Simply obey God's word and deliver

His message, fearing nothing. Elijah did not suffer, he was hidden from Ahab's wrath, and God commanded the ravens to feed him. With what wonder and awe and gratitude must he have watched the birds flight through the air, alighting at his feet with bread and flesh. Can we not imagine him falling on his knees to praise God for this wondrous instance of his love. And the same scene repeated twice a day, day after day, must ever have awakened fresh feelings of gratitude in his heart. We are not told how long Elijah remained by the brook Cherith. He was alone there, no human being near him; was it a lonely time with him? Did he long for the time to come when he would again be mingling and working with his fellow men? I think not, I think it must have been a time of near and close communion with his God. Such apparently lonely times are sometimes given to us, we have many hours to ourselves during the day, or, though mingling with others, there is no one in sympathy with us, we are alone. Do not repine, take such times as a precious gift from God, if rightly used, they may be greatly blessed. God is, as it were, calling you apart that you may know Him better; and we know that St. Paul counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. Pray that you may use those hours rightly, and though you may seem to be doing nothing, yet do not think it is wasted time. God is preparing you for the work He is preparing *for* you. But if you waste those hours, if you fritter them away, how will you be able to do the work when the time comes? And it is in your power to do more for others in those apparently lazy hours, than you could do in the most active life. You can pray. What a poweful weapon for good this is. God has promised that what we ask according to His will, we shall have. He has said, Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. How much we lose by not doing this. Ask for His Holy Spirit to teach you how to pray, and what to pray for. Ask for spiritual blessings for others, pray earnestly for them, you may thus be the means of turning many to Christ, even if you haven't the opportunity of *speaking* a word for Him. Would that be wasted time?

Elijah's faith must have so grown in those days of quiet communion with God, that he would watch the brook as the waters daily grew more and more shallow, until it gradually dried up, without a troubled thought, or a shadow of a doubt. The God who had so wondrously and mercifully provided for him hitherto, should undoubtedly be trusted for the future. If He had so willed it, the waters of the brook would never have failed, but He had other work for Elijah to do. *We* cannot always see now, the why, and the wherefore of certain events, but be sure there is a needs-be which our God knows. If we only had more faith, there would be an end of all our doubts and worries about the future. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee."—*To be continued.*

MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Plant has just published his "Meteorological Retrospects" for 1882, from which it appears that the past year is the thirteenth in succession which has failed to reward the English agriculturist with a really

good harvest. The year 1873 was tolerably dry, but the harvest was not above the average, and since 1873, says Mr. Plant, we have not had a single dry year. It is true that he is speaking only of the Midland counties; but these embrace the very heart of England, and we know that the description is equally true of many other parts as well. Some of the southern counties had, indeed, better fortune; and in parts of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey the sun has shone when it has been visible nowhere else. But, as a general rule, Mr. Plant's description is as true of England in general as it is of the Midland districts. The rainfall registered at Birmingham during the last eleven years has not only been largely in excess of the rainfall registered during the previous eleven years, but greatly above the average since quite the beginning of the century. Mr. Plant has had opportunities of comparing his own observations with those of earlier meteorologists, and he finds that the records of rain taken at the Birmingham Philosophical Institution for many years previous to 1846, furnish no such inequality of distribution, and the register of Mr. Thomas Swanwick, of Derby, whose records were from 1809 to 1836, give no long spells of wet years like those which have prevailed since 1870. His own register begins in 1861, and between 1846 and 1861, we had a remarkable succession of fine seasons—a circumstance which contributed very largely to reconcile the farmers to Free Trade. So that out of very nearly the whole century we find no such period of continued wet weather and bad harvests as we have had during the last eleven years. It is difficult, indeed, to remind ourselves of what a really fine summer used to be, when it was possible for country people to live almost entirely out of doors, and a continuous spell of dry warm weather could be depended on for all open-air amusements—days when it was a real luxury for Londoners to make excursions either up or down the river, and to sit on the balconies of the "Trafalgar" or the "Star and Garter," and never feel a shiver. All this kind of weather has now become as total a stranger to us as the rigours of the arctic regions, or the blaze of the tropics. It is thought by experts that this cycle must be near its termination; and it is well to hope for the best. But we have hoped in vain too often, to be very sanguine now; and, as far as agricultural prospects are concerned, there is too much reason to believe that the wheat crop of 1883 will again fall below the average in consequence of the wretched weather with which farmers have generally had to contend.

Amongst the most important Acts of Parliament which come into operation with the New Year, is the Married Women's Property Act, which introduces wholly new principles, and, in fact, revolutionises the law upon a vital subject. It concerns every husband and wife—in a marked manner those who married on New Year's day or afterwards—but more or less, every married pair; even those who may have celebrated their golden weddings. This sweeping enactment destroys the whole idea of the legal unity of husband and wife, and treats them, so far as property is concerned, as independent. Affection and usage, to say nothing of settlements, will, in the majority of instances, render the Act almost inoperative; but its power will appear when quarrels invade the family, and husbands and wives stand upon their rights.

The magnitude of the London milk trade is really considerable, 74,437 gallons of milk are consumed every day, and 59,550 cows minister to our requirements, and which are probably of the value of £1,370,000. The cost of the milk drunk is more than four millions-and-a-half annually. These figures apply to the metropolis alone, and to a population numbering about one-eighth of the entire number of the inhabitants of Great Britain. It is very probable that these figures might be higher if exact means of computation existed, for they are only based on the supposition that each person drinks only a quarter-of-a-pint daily, and no account is taken of the quantity used for cooking purposes.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 FEB 83



THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER II.—THE GOLDEN LION.

The inn of the *Golden Lion* was well, too well-known to most of the male inhabitants of the town, which is the scene of my story; not only on account of its excellent cookery, but because its cellars contained the best wines in all the country round. This hostelry was, therefore, responsible for many of the ruby-coloured noses to be found in such abundance in the town, and many were the sad wives, daughters and sisters who earnestly wished that the *Golden Lion* was not in existence.

There might be found representatives of every class of society existing

in the little town, from the grave burgomaster down to the domestic servant. The only difference was in what they drank, one taking his glass of wine in the parlour, kept for guests of distinction, while the other sipped his pint of beer in the public room. Neither of the two men who met together there on the evening of the day when our history commences, Worzel and Meyer, took anything likely to get into their heads, both being extremely temperate men. Worzel had before him a glass of the mildest gooseberry wine, and the postman, who had, as we have seen, refused his friend's offers of treating him to wine, was partaking a cup of coffee. But sociality, even in its most sober form, has a tendency to make men feel so genial and comfortable that matters are often told on these occasions which else would have been kept close, one of the numerous reasons why it is far wiser and more discreet to avoid public houses, and the like places altogether. And to tell the truth, the wily Worzel had invited Meyer to the *Golden Lion* for the express purpose of getting from him all the information he could respecting his father-in-law.

"So you went up to see that old owl in the watch-tower," he said, after a pause. "He's got a queer sort of a place up there?"

"You've been into his room then?" said Worzel, taking a sip of his coffee.

"Yes, of course I have."

"Did you happen to notice what curious pictures he has got hanging up there?"

"Yes, isn't there one framed in black?"

"Yes; you have examined it, I dare say?"

"I was on the point of doing so, when old Baldamus got me into a long discussion, which turued away my attention from the picture."

"I dare say. I can quite believe it," said the postman, with a bitter laugh. "But that picture would have been worth your examination, it had much to do with my father-in-law's past history."

"Do tell me something about it," said Worzel.

Swallowing the remainder of his coffee, Meyer said, in a solemn tone of voice, "My father-in-law belonged, not very long since, to the upper class of society, in this town, and stood in high consideration. He was a merchant, in a large way of business, and was reckoned a very able, energetic man. He was very strict with those he employed, but showed those who took pains to please him much kindness."

"Then Baldamus had once a fortune?" said the agent of police in much surprise.

"Certainly," replied the postman, "but I must go on with my story. He was so successful, and so much thought of by every one, that folks thought this would end in his becoming burgomaster. All this, you may believe, didn't tend to make him more humble, or more willing to be contradicted. So haughty did his manners become, that he would hardly have uncovered his head to the king, as the saying is. His wife and daughter had a good deal to put up with from his temper, for if they didn't give way to him in everything, there were high words and most unpleasant scenes."

"You surprise me," interrupted Worzel. "Baldamus always appeared to me such a worthy, excellent man."

"Stuff and nonsense," cried Meyer, in a tone of irritation. "Very likely he is, but there is no man living more hard and unforgiving than he is.'"

"I can believe it," said Worzel, shaking his head. "But how did he lose all his fortune?"

"He speculated, and as at first all his ventures were very successful, he kept staking larger and larger sums until——"

"Of course, of course, I know. The old fellow was ruined."

"You are right, but he managed to get up again."

"Got up again, you don't say so!"

"My good fellow, don't keep interrupting me, or I shall not be able to finish my story," said Meyer, impatiently.

"No, no! pray go on, and I'll be as quiet as a mouse," answered Worzel, and the postman continued his narrative.

"The principal inhabitants of our old town, not wishing my father-in-law to remain in misfortune, applied for help on his behalf to the Baron von Prachwitz?"

"Ah, he is a real gentleman."

"Who lent him a certain sum to go on with."

"What generosity!"

"You needn't be so lavish of your praises yet," said Meyer. "Wait till you hear more of this precious Baron."

"Pray go on, Mr. Meyer."

"Well, my father-in-law was able to set his affairs in order. He pledged himself to pay back the capital, by instalments, in a certain number of years, and was doing so regularly, and all might still have gone well if he hadn't begun his speculations and ambitious schemes again. He became a member of the Town Council."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And the Baron von Prachwitz, too."

"Indeed."

"One fine day—"

"Yes, I can quite fancy."

"What can you fancy, hey?" said the postman, rather nettled by the irrelevant interruptions of the police-agent.

"Ah, yes, pray go on, if you please," replied Worzel, humbly.

"One day, then, my father-in-law and the Baron got into a dispute about some difference of opinion at the council board. One angry word led on to another, so much so, that at the last they found themselves sworn enemies. It so chanced that my father-in-law's opinion was the one adopted by the councillors. That circumstance—."

"Yes, yes, I see," recommenced Worzel, wishing for an opportunity of edging in a word, but the postman took no notice, and went on.

"From that time forward Prachwitz left no stone unturned to find out the best way of revenging himself on my father-in-law. In order to do so better, he exacted the immediate payment of his debt.

"Baldamus was in the greatest perplexity, and was unable to satisfy his creditor, who, a few weeks after, declared him a bankrupt."

"Yes, yes, yes," muttered Worzel, at the same time scratching his head. "Some have the purse, others the money."

"I am quite certain that the Baron would not have pushed matters so far, if he hadn't been egged on by a young man in his employment, a sort of secretary. This Mr. Friedrich, as his name was, had fallen in love with Charlotte Baldamus, my wife that now is, and the old man's only child. Her father had answered him very gruffly, and sent him off about his business, when he came to propose for Lottie, and the young man, who must have a very bad disposition, determined to be avenged, and tried all he could to incite the Baron."

"Against Baldamus?" said the not very brilliant police-agent. "Ah, yes, I see it."

"Mr. Friedrich tried to persuade himself that he might make use of the unfortunate position in which my father-in-law then was to renewing his offer for his daughter's hand. But he was very greatly mistaken. The old bear was ruder to him than ever. After telling him that he, being in rank but little better than a valet, he was no match for a daughter of his, he quietly shut the door in his face; and certainly Friedrich did rise from a humble station; but afterwards Lottie was allowed to become my wife, though my position is still more inferior to my rival, but old Baldamus was even worse off at the time of our marriage than at that I am speaking of."

"Are you nearly at the end of your story?" said the police-agent, who began to grow rather tired of the long narrative, or rather to feel that when Meyer began to get upon the portion of it which concerned himself, there would not be much chance of his concluding.

"Not yet," answered the postman, "for we are just getting to the point of the story."

"My good friend, returned Worzel, "we cannot go on without taking something to strengthen us for further exertions. I vote we have some supper. What say you to stewed kidneys and roast potatoes. Here, waiter!"

No sooner ordered than prepared. The dishes were brought up smoking hot, and the postman could not help feeling ashamed of the irritability he had shown his generous entertainer.

"You quite shame me by your kindness," he said, to Worzel.

"Oh, don't say anything about it," he replied. "One hand washes the other. If you didn't refuse to take wine, I would get you to drink wine with me to the health of Baldamus, the old madman. Upon my word, I should be tempted to send him part of our supper if he didn't live perched up at such a height."

Their meal ended, Meyer continued his narrative.

"You may believe that the poor old man had rough enough times after this. His wife died, and he himself was dangerously ill for many months. A good deal was done for him by friends in the town, but it was only enough to keep him above want. Besides, you see, folks didn't like to speak too much in his favour for fear of offending the Baron. At last the magistrates took pity on the poor man, and offered him the situation of town watchman. But he had become possessed with a feeling of the deepest hatred towards all mankind. He hesitated a long time before accepting the situation, not wishing to be under obligations to any one, and it was only at the urgent entreaties of his daughter

that he at last could be brought to consent. His temper became more and more embittered, and at last he became the strange being he is now, hating his fellow creatures, and wishing to have as little as possible to do with them. From the moment he found himself a ruined man, he had but one thought in life, and that was how to revenge himself, sooner or later, upon his enemy. All his ideas turned on that one subject, but as yet without any result. He grew visibly thinner and thinner every day from the disappointment of being baffled in all his hopes in this respect, and he would, I'm sure, have died by this time, if it had not been for a discovery he has lately made.

"He found out that Baron Holm von Prachwitz, who has only lived in this town a few years, was before that time very poor for a nobleman, in fact only a poor country gentleman. The only relation he had still living was a very rich uncle, from whom he had nothing to expect, because the old gentleman had a son. But this cousin of the Baron's turned out such a ne'er-do-well, that his father had to send him out to America. Some years afterwards the poor old man died suddenly—some people said of a broken heart—no tidings ever having arrived of his son, notices were inserted in all the newspapers, both German and American, to announce to the young man the fortune that was awaiting him. Some years passed without any news of him arriving. The town council then decided to make over the interest of this large property to Baron Prachsitz the only surviving relation, and to place the capital in the public funds. In this way the Baron, from a comparatively poor man, found himself all of a sudden very rich. He came to settle in our town, and leads a life of ease and enjoyment. But when all this came to the knowledge of my father-in-law, his mind became filled with the idea of getting his revenge, by finding the real heir. He hasn't the slightest doubt of his being still alive, and looks forward with the greatest possible delight to the day when the cousin, supposed to be dead, will come back to dispute the Baron's claims. At these times it is really dreadful to see the old man's face. His countenance gets quite a diaboiical expression, and he bursts into such a strange laugh that you feel your hair stand on end.

"I've seen him in that state myself' I'm certain," interrupted the police-agent.

"Did you really? When was it?"

"About a month ago."

"It was just before the king came here. I had to go and tell Baldamus that all the bells in the tower were to ring on the occasion. After I had given him the message, we began to chat a little, and I happened to tell him that the king was to be received by twelve members of the town council, among them was to be the Baron von Prachwitz, when all of a sudden, he burst into the strangest laugh I ever heard. At first I was quite frightened, and I couldn't tell whether I ought to laugh too or hold my tongue. But now I understand what he was laughing at."

"It so happens," continued Meyer, "that a family in our town, tradespeople, have emigrated to America. My father-in-law has been having a great deal of correspondence with them, and this very day I have brought him a letter from them."

"What do they correspond about?"

"Can't you guess? This family have promised Baldamus that they will do all in their power to find out the real heir, Kurt von Hopenstein, the Baron's cousin, and that they will not stop their researches till they have found out positively whether he is alive or dead."

"Well, and have they found anything?"

"No, they hav'nt come upon any traces of the man, and I fear there isn't anything to be done in that quarter. But the old man has'nt given up the idea. And I don't grudge him his hope, for it is the only pleasure left him in this world."

"Queer sort of pleasure," said honest Worzel, "to count upon the moment when one can have one's revenge upon one's enemy."

"What do you expect? We are men, and not angels. I'm quite certain you would take it just in the same way my father-in-law does, if you were in his place."

"I don't think so. Men ought not to avenge themselves. Its written in the Bible, though I don't know who said it, whether it was Saul or Zachariah, or who else, for its many many years since I said good-bye to the school-benches. Our master used, I know, to say that 'whoever tries to avenge himself, draws down upon himself the anger of God.'"

"Every one has his own idea," replied Meyer, as he rose from table. "The Bible speaks of two courses to be taken, and my father-in-law holds to the precepts of Moses—eye for eye—tooth for tooth. He has solemnly sworn that he never will give up his intention of being revenged, and a Christian, you see, is bound to keep his word."

"Yes, yes; you are perfectly right, replied Worzel, also rising from table. It's time to go home now, for it's getting late. Good night, friend Meyer, I hope we shall soon meet again."

The two friends soon after separated to take the paths leading to their respective homes, the postman full of thought, while Worzel talked to himself in his usual way, uttering his thoughts somewhat in this fashion:—

"Yes, it is some one in the Bible who says—'My beloved, avenge not yourselves—do nothi ng unto others which ye would not have them do unto you, for vengeance is mine. Who was it that said it? It couldn't have been Saul—then it must have been Zacharias—king Zacharias, I think it was.'"

(*To be continued.*)

AN AMAZING WATER-FALL.

"Each word we speak has infinite effect,
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell."

The following account of one from among a group of geysers unexpectedly discovered by an exploring party in the wonder-teeming land of the Far West, is taken from "Wonders of the Yellowstone Region," edited by James Richardson p.p. 139—141.

On first approaching the spring, no water could be discovered, but we could distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance

below. Suddenly it began to rise, boiling and spluttering, and sending out huge masses of steam, causing a general stampede of our company, driving us some distance from our point of observation. When within about forty feet of the surface, it became stationary, and we returned to look down upon it. It was foaming and surging at a terrible rate; occasionally emitting small jets of hot water nearly up to the mouth of the orifice. All at once it seemed seized with a fearful spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through and out of the apex of this vast aqueous mass, five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvellous height of two hundred and fifty feet. These lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceeded from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing,—dipping and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing only to be succeeded by others; again and again, amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling, sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapour, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle, radiant with all the colours of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the Head of Divinity. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display. Two of these wonderful eruptions occurred during the twenty-two hours we remained in the valley. This geyser we named "the Giantess."

When we think of the beauty, power, and grandeur, continually giving out its force and joy all over the world, how marvellous it is! While many are plodding on, toiling for daily bread in garret or cellar, under dull skies, amid dreary scenes, with eyes bent on what is mean and material, perhaps the only brightness known throughout life being a cherished flower or two in the tiny window-garden—in those same hours, near at hand, and thousands of miles away, trees are waving, waters are rolling, sunshine is drawing forth colour, nature is pouring out her treasures, full of wonder, grace, purity, gladness, splendour. But it is *something* to *know* that all this does exist, that the whole earth is not like our poor little corner of it; that some are seeking out those glorious things, and will bring us news of them, such as the above, wherewith we may fill our minds, which may remind us of unseen beauty yet to come, beauty which through faithful fulfilment of the very duties that are so irksome to us now, we may hope one day to reach. It is like the sweetness that comes when we unselfishly rejoice in another's gifts: not envying them, but admiring, and loving, and

learning from them, and so making them our own. Try to rise in the morning with some picture of this unseen beauty, formed by what you may have heard or read, in your mind ; keep it there as much as you can, through the day's drudgery ; and see if it will not raise what is poor and lowly, and hold you up by whispering to you of what mighty works that God who is your father, and cares for every little thing about you, can do.

Then I think the picture might further help us to bear with our neighbour, to love and consider him more. The travellers never thought of all that being *in* the geyser ; it seemed quiet enough at first. And have you not sometimes been astonished, even alarmed and confounded, at the storm a chance word, or a thoughtless deed, has raised in the heart of another? Ah ! let us take care what we do. There is a fire smouldering in every human breast ; and who knows whether *he* may not fling the spark which shall make the blaze burst forth, never more to die out, but to burn on, a raging flame, consuming either all the good, or all the evil in its path. And *there* is *the question. Which* passions have we, all unknowing, lighted up?

Remember, too, that the explorers of those vast regions were *seeking out* their marvels, patiently journeying through forest and wilderness, waiting till each fountain-spring put forth its power and displayed its depths. So let us watch for the hidden treasures of nature and grace in ourselves, and others. However wide the wilderness, however tangled the forest of this world's wrongs and riddles, there *are* lovely spots, rich in flowers that only want the dew of love to draw out their sweet incense ; there are grand heights from which visions of glory and of peace may be drunk in, if we will climb them by fortitude and sympathy, and unselfishness, and forbearance. These would give us sweet thoughts, would make our hearts glow warm, would melt the hardness which sordid tasks and lonely struggles bring. Let us then earnestly search for, and treasure up every little portion of every sort of beauty that comes in our way ; till we find springing up around us an enchanted palace, which yet is most real ; a castle in the air, which yet has firm foundations in " the Land that is very far off."

SEA-VERDURE.

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER III.

About an hour after leaving Weetera, one of our black guides proposed leaving the track and going round by " White fellow wurley, only piccaninny ways, big one water sit down." After a little discussion we agreed to follow his plan and plunged into the scrub. In doing so we were a good deal influenced by the " big one water." and very glad we afterwards were that we had been so. I will here remark that the aborigines use the expression " big one" to imply anything large in size or quantity, and if they desire to convey the idea of *very* great or large,

they lengthen out the word "big" in a very odd way; for instance, they would describe a very large flock of sheep as, "b-i-i-i-g one sheepey." Also "sit down" means to be found, to remain or stop—live or reside. It is usual to use the same word in various senses. Induced, as I have above observed, by the prospect of abundance of water, we followed our sable guides into the wild bush, over an undulating country, covered for the most part by Shea oaks, interspersed with large patches of mallee, and undergrowth of different kinds. In traversing this rather agreeable country, we often started a Wallaby or some other native animal, which would bound away with wonderful rapidity and be soon lost among the bushes. We were somewhat amused by the eldest of the blacks suddenly stopping, and quietly, though firmly, putting his foot down on what appeared to *us*, a little patch of moss and dried grass, level with the ground, into which his foot partly sank; he then stooped down, and with his hand felt carefully at one end of this patch of dried stuff, and quickly drew out a small animal about the size of a very large rat, called a bandicoot, which he knocked on the head and quietly dropped, and, without turning his head, proceeded on his way. His patient and obedient "lubra" or wife, who was following behind him, on coming up to it picked it up, and deposited it in the net she carried at her back for the purpose of containing the *spoil* of the way. These nets were often an object of amusement to me, and I have seen rolling forth from their distended meshes the most miscellaneous assortment of comestibles, dainty and delicate, doubtless to aboriginal palates; but to our English notions, simply dis— well: I won't say that, but *objectionable*, It may be fairly said that it is any fish or flesh, or fowl for the matter of that, that comes to their net. But to proceed. We kept on for about eight miles, when we came to a flock of sheep feeding in the thin scrub; and, after a very short search found the shepherd, who gave us a favorable account of the country, and told us we were only two or three miles from the hut were he was stationed, and that if we would call, the hutkeeper would give us a hearty welcome, which we found to be the case.

He set before us a genuine bush dinner. Cold mutton of excellent quality, damper, and tea; to which, after our eleven miles walk, we did ample justice. After our dinner we rose to proceed, but our new acquaintance insisted on our remaining for the rest of the day and going on in the morning; adding as an inducement that they so seldom had any travellers pass that way, that it was a real boon, to have somebody to converse with, from whom news could be obtained. We, therefore, fixed to stay. We looked round at the place, the hut being very similar to one before described; and close to it were the sheepyards which interested us much, being the first time we had seen any.

There were two "brush" yards, one for each flock for folding the sheep at night. These brush yards are made of boughs of trees placed along the ground so as to form a thick, though rude fence, affording both shelter and protection; and are well nigh universal in South Australia. In size, these yards are about fifty to sixty yards each way, with an entrance from twelve to fifteen feet wide, usually closed with two or three hurdles. We also went down to the well, about one hundred yards off the hut, and examined the sheep troughs and the arrangements for watering the sheep, which is done by a common

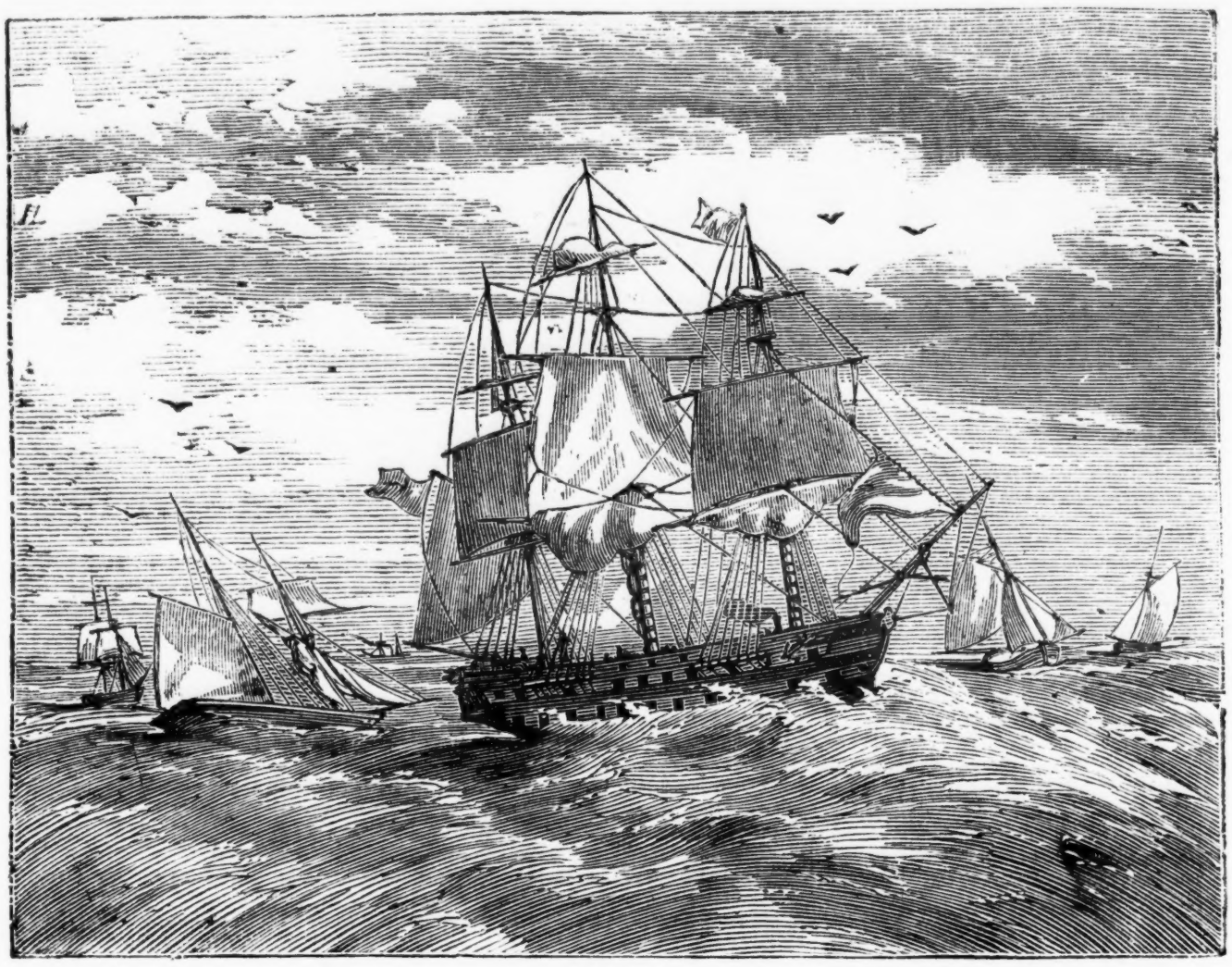
lever whip; the bucket used being a five gallon oil can with a strong handle fitted to it. The sheep in this part are usually watered daily. One flock on going out in the morning, and one on its return in the evening.

About an hour before sundown the hutkeeper went down and filled the troughs ready for the evening watering, and after a short interval of waiting we saw a cloud of dust some little distance away, and very soon the sheep, in a long long string in single file, came jumping and scampering and bleating up to the troughs. As they had drank sufficiently they slowly drew off towards the yard; and when the whole flock was watered it was supper time. Before the second flock came up all was ready. The shepherd came on ahead of the sheep, leaving them about a quarter of a mile off to draw in by themselves. After all was made secure for the night, we conversed for an hour or two, when our hosts turned in unto their bunks; and we three travellers spread sheepskins on the mud floor and rolling ourselves up in our blankets, were soon in the land of dreams. The whole party were up at dawn of day; our hosts each went off to his occupation, and we, shouldering our swags, started for our destination. After proceeding about five miles, *bush* miles; we came to another hut; where were a party of black women belonging to the district, and with all due respect to the sex, candour compels me to acknowledge that they were not attractive. They were all young, and *one* a really splendid specimen of the human animal; their countenances were—I do not like to say it, but it is true, their countenances were—*ugly*. Their hair, naturally *jet* black, burnt by constant exposure to a *rusty* black, and *matted*, and tangled and dirty, as only hair left absolutely to itself from babyhood could be. Costume? Certainly they wore something by way of partial covering; and, as in more civilised communities, their tastes differed in this respect. One young lady, the handsome one, wore an old ragged guernsey shirt *et preterea nihil*. I presume she considered that the saying that, "beauty when unadorned, adorned the most," held good in her case; any way, she acted up to it. Another damsel rejoiced in an ancient blue and white scotch twill man's shirt; another, in a venerable blue blanket, or rather a part of one; and so on. In fact their dress may be described as of a primitive and simple character, and not likely to impede the free use of their limbs. Like the men we had come across before; all had exquisitely formed hands and feet. One of these poor creatures had a half-caste child of some few months old in her arms, of which poor little creature I shall have to speak again in another chapter. We had the usual bush refreshment at this hut: tea, damper, and cold mutton; and after resting awhile, proceeded on our way, and arrived at the head station of the sun, about two o'clock. We were very glad to have got there, and to unpack our belongings, which we did after we had refreshed ourselves at the well and in the kitchen, and as we expected to remain for three or four days, we made our quarters as comfortable as we could. Here we came across a "character" in the person of Old Jack the cook. He was one of the roughest diamonds I ever came near, but he *was* a diamond for all his roughness of exterior, and inveterate habit of "growling;" which is the bush word for finding fault and grumbling. The old fellow had a kindly heart, and did his best to make every one comfortable. I never

saw him idle, and the amount of work he got through was astonishing. He had been a whaler, and had seen a good deal of knocking about, the consequence of which was, that the old gentleman considered himself superior to the ordinary run of mortals, and did not forget to let them know it. The surest way to get into his good books, was to listen to the "yarns" he was so fond of telling, or "spinning" as he would have called it, and what was more difficult still, to appear to believe them. In person he was as peculiar looking, as he was rugged in his ways: standing about five feet nothing in his boots, he had the breadth of shoulder of a man of over six feet, and to a pair of thick bandy legs, and ditto of long brawny arms, he superadded a very large bullet head; abundantly thatched with coarse hair. To this specimen of humanity we now introduced ourselves, and although sundry growls issued from his capacious chest, at the unseasonableness of the hour of our arrival; a most capital meal was speedily placed before us, for which our walk had prepared us to do full justice. This completed, we lit our pipes and smoked dozily for an hour or so, when we turned out to have a look round.

The "Station" consisted of three buildings; one, better furnished and larger than the others, and standing a few yards in advance of them was the one occupied by the proprietor; commonly called by the station hands—"the Cove." It consisted of two rooms, a bed, and a sitting room, of fair size, and besides having a planed door properly hung, rejoiced in the unwonted luxury of glazed windows. This building; as the proprietors or overseers hut or house generally is called, is known by the high sounding title of, "Government House." The other two buildings were the men's kitchen, where Old Jack reigned supreme; and the sleeping apartment which held six bunks, both being under one roof, and the store and cart shed with a loft over it. These three formed the head station of this sheep run on which were fed some 12,000 sheep. It was situated at the head of a small open flat of about sixty or eighty acres in extent, surrounded by a slightly undulating country covered with Shea-oaks, here and there interspersed with patches of mallee, and occasionally of other shrubs. A small garden was enclosed close by Government House, where a good many common vegetables were grown. As the evening closed in the various "hands" employed at the station came in, and after supper and a smoke we all retired for the night. The next day was Sunday, and the glorious old day of rest, was fully appreciated and enjoyed. A few days were spent at the Head Station, during which we made ourselves generally useful, and then orders came for me to go and take charge of a hut about six miles off. Accordingly on the appointed day I went off in the station bullock dray, driven by a black-fellow to a small but comfortable stone hut which was to be my home for some time. The dray took all needful utensils for cooking and other purposes, with rations for three men for six weeks. The hut was situated at the end of an open space some two hundred yards broad by three hundred long, not quite on the level, but gently sloping from the hut. The well and sheep troughs were about the centre of the open, and a few fine gum trees grew singly here and there. Having now reached my destination, I will refer my readers to the future number of this magazine for an account of the adventures that befel me there.

To be continued.



A CHRISTIAN SAILOR-SONG.

I have an Anchor sure,
Cabled within the veil;
Strong to life's strain endure,
And weather death's dark gale.
The love of God coil'd round the soul,
Holds fast while endless ages roll.

Upon the Rock I stand,
Insured by changeless grace;
Safe if on sea or land,
In Christ my righteousness,
No saint aloft more safe with God.
Than sinner washed in Jesu's blood!

All sail is spread for home,
God's Word our compass true;
While, o'er the billows foam,
Faith keeps the land in view.
Through Jordan's mists we'll clear the bar,
Since Jesus shines our Morning Star!

Where Christ our Captain stands,
We ll make the shining shore—
Thanks to His pierced hands—
And cross the surf no more.
The log aloft each tack will show,
His mercy shaped our course below!

Then moored at Jesus feet,
Our dock the golden strand,
We'll join the ransomed fleet,
That sings in glory-land;
There swell with white-robed crews above,
The wonders of redeeming love!

W. C. M.

DEEP SEA BEDS.

In a communication to the London Geographical Society, Captain Osborne states that the bottom of the North Atlantic is occupied by two valleys, the eastern extending from ten to thirty degrees west longitude, and traceable as far as the equator, with an extreme depth of less than thirteen thousand feet. The western valley, he says, reaches from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of west longitude, and they are separated by a ridge in thirty degrees west longitude, along which the average depth is only sixteen hundred fathoms, and which can be traced northward to Iceland and southward to Azores, so that it is volcanic in character at both ex-

tremities. Its extreme breadth is found to be somewhat less than five hundred miles, and the depth of water is found to increase on both sides of it according to the distance from the axis. From Captain Osborne's researches in regard to deep sea beds generally, he is inclined to believe that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms, nor bare rock, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not affected by currents or streams, even by those of the magnitude of the gulf streams, and that it rather resembles the American prairies in general appearance, and is everywhere covered by a kind of mud.

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER III.

At Kenilworth was a famous castle, founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, of Norman extraction, Henry the First's lord chamberlain and treasurer in 1120. In the times of our warlike barons, it was renowned for superior strength. Kenilworth was garrisoned by Henry the II. on his son's rebellion. Wheat was then, according to the account of the stores laid in the castle, about 2½d. a bushel. The carcase of a cow, salted, was charged two shillings.

Henry the III., in 1242, rebuilt the outer wall to the south. It was then that ground, six acres in breadth, was ordered to be cleared on the road from Coventry to Warwick; for the woods were so thick, that they served as a secure shelter to numbers of thieves and outlaws, to the great annoyance of travellers. During the same reign, the castle, which was then in possession of Montford, son of Simon Montford, Earl of Leicester, endured a six months' siege, but was at last taken by the king's forces. Stone balls sixteen inches in diameter, and weighing nearly 200 pounds, and supposed to have been thrown with engines during the siege, have been dug up here at different times.

Edward the II., who was afterwards murdered at Berkeley Castle, was a prisoner at Kenilworth. Edward the III. considerably enlarged Kenilworth castle, and Henry the VIII. repaired and ornamented it; but it was when in the possession of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, that it reached the summit of its grandeur.

Queen Elizabeth frequently favored her nobles with a visit, but they had to pay dearly for their whistle: for the courtly revel and the sumptuous feast were costly to a degree often inconvenient to the host she honoured. The entertainment given at Kenilworth to Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester in 1575 ranks among the most splendid of old English revels. All the vanity that gorgeous spectacles and masks and music and interludes and hunting and feasting, with spectacles for the common people, could afford, was here provided, so that even in after years "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth" became proverbial.

It is said that this entertainment was continued seventeen days, and that it cost a thousand pounds a day.

History tells us that about the year 700, a Saxon lord Dodo or Dudo founded Dudley Castle; that Earl Edwin, its possessor at the time of

the Conquest, quitted it at the command of the Conqueror, that it might be tenanted by William Fitzasculph. In the possession of the family of Fitzasculph it remained during the reign of the Henries and the Edwards until, in the time of Edward the III, it came into the hands of the Dudley family. Its owners were not free from trouble during the reigns of the Tudors, and in the time of the Commonwealth it underwent a regular siege. Dismantled and ruined by the Parliamentary army, it never again lifted up its head so proudly as before; for though it was in a measure rebuilt, it assumed more the appearance of a tenement than of an embattled fortress.

Lady Godwin, a pattern of kind-heartedness and charity, once lived here.

It would require an antiquary to point out distinctly where once stood the different parts of the castle—the towers, the kitchen with its enormous chimney, the dining-room, the great hall 75 feet long by 50 broad, the oriel windows with their painted glass and stone stanchions, the covered gallery and portico, the chapel standing in gloomy state.

When the castle was abandoned by its owners, as a residence, and left in decay, some coiners took possession of its dreary vaults and dungeons, and carried on their unlawful trade there on the sly. This continued until by accident they set the place on fire, and fearful was the sight of the flaming pile. Wreaths of flame wrapped round the goodly towers and massive walls, mounting up far above them, while the thick black smoke poured forth from archway, door, window, loop-hole, arrow-slit, and crevice. The conflagration did its work, and what before was mighty and majestic, was left a huge unsightly ruin, burst and rifted by the flame, and made hideous by the volumes of black smoke which had attended its destruction. Its glory had departed, and its gorgeous rooms of state would be thenceforth the abode of the nightbird and the bat, and the habitation of the lizard and the toad. Speaking of the bat, "Do bats ever fly in the day-time?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, sir," said the boys, confidently. "What kind of bats?" asked the astonished teacher. "Brick-batts," yelled the triumphant boys.

Time was, when there was an extended chase or park-like land far and wide round the castle; and there the bounding deer were hunted in the woods, and the wild-fowl taken in the water. Barons inhabited the castle, and their hinds and cottagers dwelt in the immediate domain.

Old Humphrey asks: "What would Dodo the Saxon have said, who founded these embattled walls more than a thousand years ago, if, on entering the castle gate, armed at all points, at the head of his bold retainers, he had been told a town would be erected within bowshot of his strongest tower? What would Earl Edwin, or William the Conqueror, or William Fitzasculph, or the Henries and Edwards of England have thought, had it been whispered in their ears that the time would arrive when the turrets of this once goodly keep would be in ruin; the halls empty; the court-yard grown with grass, the adjacent lands cut up with canals and coalpits, and the whole surrounding country covered with fiery furnaces and smoking chimneys?"

And he goes on to moralize:

"If massy tower and thick and solid wall
Beneath the touch of time thus fade and fall,
For man some better building should be found,
Ere his poor frame shall moulder in the ground."

On the summit of a rock, 160 feet above the level of the sea, stands the ruins of Dunnottar Castle in Scotland, covering an area of about three acres of ground. It was built during the contention between Bruce and Baliol, by Sir William Keith, the great mareschal of Scotland; but many additions were subsequently made to it. On the land side the castle has been rendered inaccessible, except by a narrow, steep, and winding path over a deep gulley. In 1296 this castle was taken from the English by Sir William Wallace; it was re-fortified by Edward the III., but re-taken by the guardian, Sir Andrew Moray. In 1651 the regalia of the kingdom were deposited here to preserve them from the English republican army, and a garrison was placed in the castle, under the command of Ogilvy of Barras. The garrison held out for a long period with great resolution against the English, but was ultimately reduced by famine. Previously to this, however, the regalia were conveyed away by stratagem, and hid under the pulpit of Kinneff church. Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kinneff having obtained permission to visit Mrs. Ogilvy, the governor's lady, packed up the crown in some clothes, and carried it out of the castle in her lap, while her maid carried the sword and sceptre in a bag of flax upon her back. At the restoration, Ogilvy for this good service was made baronet, and the brother of the Earl-Mareschal was created Earl of Kintore; nor were honest Mr. Grainger and his wife forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS—AFRAID TO DIE.

"Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."—Heb. ii. 14, 15.

Afraid to die! When Jesus died,
Heaven's pearly gates to open wide,
Afraid to leave this vale of woe,
To that bright land of bliss to go!
Afraid to go where Christ has gone,
And in Himself Death's sting withdrawn,
Afraid to die! Why shouldst thou fear
If Christ is thine, and Christ is near?

Afraid to die! To feel Death's touch?
Lov'st thou this land of sin so much?
Afraid to leave this house of clay,
And soar to realms of endless day?

Afraid to loose the grasp of earth,
And seek a land of holier birth!
Why shouldst thou fear, O trembling soul,
Since Christ is near while billows roll?

Afraid to die, for life is dear,
And friends of thine are very near.
Afraid to leave those friends behind,
New friends and old in Heaven to find?
Wouldst thou then live to see them die,
And thou be left with no friend nigh?
Why shouldst thou fear, since all must go,
To life above from life below?

Afraid to die!—To enter life!
To cease from sorrow, sin, and strife.
Afraid because thy sins are great,
And thou wilt sink beneath their weight,
Is this thy fear? Then bring all sin
To Christ whose blood can make thee clean.
Then thou'lt not fear; for Christ has died,
Those sins and stains of thine to hide.

Afraid to die? Well may'st thou fear
If Christ be spurned, rejected here.
Learn how to live, and thou shall find
No fear of death shall cross thy mind,
Live that no vain regrets shall be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.
Yield back the life to Him who gave,
And thou shall find Him strong to save.

Afraid to die! Oh cease thy fears,
Through Christ death now no terror wears,
If He *is* thine what cause for fear?
Thy Friend through life, in death is near
Where thou shalt miss His face no more
To bear thee to that better shore,
This life on earth doth swiftly move—
The shadow of the life above.

FAIRLIE THORNTON.

FOR THE YOUNG—FAITH.

By EMILY SEARCHFIELD author of "Life's Panorama."

I once saw a picture, the subject of which, was "Faith." It showed forth a woman with a face pleadingly passionate, while yet a chastened look shone through all—she was clinging to a cross. Roses and lilies grew at her feet, yet the cross was there, partly covered with ivy too, as though should the cross crumble or decay, the ivy would still hold it together, causing it to remain a living cross for her while time and life should be hers, and yet—*she clung to it.*

It is a fine evening in late summer-time, and a young girl, too young for sorrow to have in anywise dimmed the brightness of her blue eyes,

stands meditatively beneath a cottage porch. A rose tree is climbing over this same porch; and intermingling itself with the former, choking it, as one might say, is a whole mass of strong, luxurient ivy. The roses have all long since dropped into decay, yet the girl knows that the rose tree is still there, knows too, that probably when next summer comes, it will blossom as fairly again; but with it all, her soul hankers after its blossoms now, and she wishes a little regretfully, that the rose season were not over.

"Ruth!"

She starts and enters the cottage. An aged woman is sitting close by the fire which is now dying out upon the hearth—it is a warm evening, and after the boiling of the kettle for tea, granny will not have the fire replenished.

"What is it, granny?" The young girl is very fond of the old woman, for as father and mother both has granny been to her.

"Nothing, child, only as I looked out at the porch a something struck me. The roses are gone, the ivy remains, and yet the roses will come again—you believe that, don't you, child?"

"Yes, granny, to be sure," and sitting down, Ruth waits for more; for granny is a wise and good woman, whose words though simple are worth their weight in gold.

"Ruth, the roses of youth are gone for me, while yet like the ivy, I am living and green for my Lord; and child, I know, too, that the rose-roots are not dead either, my love and faith tells me so much, when all, save they and my God, is failing and leaving me alone."

"Granny, you talk a deal of faith, and yet it doesn't seem so much after all. We can't help but have faith in the good God, when we're so happy, and all about us so lovely—and granny, when we grow old, we're only so much nearer, and God's gifts, it seems to me, are the same all life through."

"Child, faith is easy enough for the young. God lets them be blithe and full of hope, else their untried hearts would fail them; but little by little, we learn of disappointments, and trials, and we grow weary by times, and 'tis then, dear, if ever, that our faith fails. It comes, this trying of our faith, to all in turn"—and granny's voice quavers with emotion—"and sometimes, I think, a sharp trial comes to us rather early in life, as a sort of touchstone to our strength, when if we triumph through our strong belief and trust, the conflict is so far won, in that other trials as we go on, seem as mere trifles, because that having conquered once, and proved God's grace and our own power, we will not fail, and so lose all we have won through Him."

"Granny, did you have such a trial?"

"Yes, child—listen and I will tell you about it. When I was young like you, whan I knew no ebbing in the tide of life, when I said that to-day was like yesterday, only far more sweet, and that to-morrow should be better still, then in all that delights the heart, and pleases the eye, in the midst of all my joy and my glowing fancy, I first learned to love your grandfather. Ruth, some day love will come to you, and then of a truth will you know for yourself how I loved him, for dearie, my whole heart, and life, and hope, seemed to be his. He was a soldier,

Ruth, or at least an officer's servant, and when we were married, the officer's lady taking kindly to me, I went and lived at her house with her, and so Roger and I were as happy as the day was long.

"I didn't love God then, Ruth—I just said my prayers and went to church and Roger did the same; but now I know, that saving for our love for ourselves and our worldly friends, our hearts were cold and dead within us. But my lady loved God, and so did the Colonel, our master; and Ruth I soon learnt to love Him too. I had my first baby after a while—your father, Ruth—and a dear treasure he was to me, so that I well nigh worshipped him, and says my lady to me one day—'Madge, could you give your little darling up to be killed, instead of that guilty murderer who is to be hung to-morrow?' I forget who the man was who was going thus to suffer for his ill-doing—and I said to her 'No,' after the fashion of any other mother.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

GOLDEN JEWEL.—Such a title would have been agreeable to the eastern taste, as one of their celebrated books was entitled—"*Bracelets of Gold.*" Writing in letters of gold, still continues in the East. In the Royal Mahommedan Library in Egypt, the greater of the books were written in letters of gold; such as the Turks and Arabs of our day make use of in the titles of their books. The Persians are fond of elegant manuscripts, gilt and adorned with garlands of flowers.

COOKING A HARE.—The Arabs in the vicinity of Aleppo have a singular mode of cooking a hare. A hole is dug in the ground is filled with dried brushwood, and upon this when thoroughly kindled, the hare is laid without any preparation, or even removing the flue or entrails. When the fire has ceased blazing, the earth that had been dug out and laid round the edges, being now thoroughly heated, is raked over the hare, which is left thus covered up till sufficiently roasted. Its own gravy with a little salt composes the sauce. The dish is said by those who have eaten it to be excellent.—*The Bible Educator.*

SHORT NOTICES.

Sunday School Addresses, published monthly by Mr. ELLIOT STOCK, should be ordered by each reader. Will prove most useful to Sunday School Teachers.

We have received the following publications from 67, Paternoster Row, printed in good bold type; these are very suited for distribution amongst the weary and hard-working either as manuals or separate in packets.

Words of Consolation for the Tried and Sorrowful. *Light and Help to Cheer and Gladden.* (A companion to the above.) *Pleasant Readings for Homely People. Chains for the Neck.* By W. J. H. A text book of heavenly truths and counsels for the young. *Neglected Vineyards;* or, the World, the Home, and the Heart; *Strong in Him,* Price One Penny.

Chart and Compass for 1882. S. W. PARTRIDGE and Co. 5*s.* Beautifully bound in blue cloth, this annual contains many interesting facts concerning sailors and mission work. To a seafaring man, we know of few books that would be half so entertaining or profitable reading. We understand Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased to accept last year's volume. It is ably edited by the Rev. E. W. Matthews, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, from whom also it may be purchased.

BRITISH
28 MA 83
MUSEUM



"RUTH, I AM COME." (page 57.)

FAITH.

By Emilie Searchfield.

(*Concluded.*)

"Then she says:—'Madge, can't you see through this, how God loves the world, the murderers, and you, and I, and the rest? He sent

His only Son to die for us, the just for the unjust; and now, Madge, wont you give Him your heart and your real love in return?

"With that I was quite vexed, and told my lady I was no heathen, and so with one quiet sorrowful look she went away. But I could not rest; my little baby and God's love seemed somehow knit in one, and then, because I could not forget, but kept thinking and thinking, a new light seemed to come to me, and then, Ruth, I gave myself up to God, myself and all I had. Well, not long after this, the French began to make war with our country, and upon that the Colonel's regiment was ordered out. I was anxious and worried, while yet I tried to have faith, for as I said, 'Would not God be in the battle?' Still one thing hurt me even more than letting him go, and that was—Roger was not a christian, God was not in all his ways and thoughts. He was kind and good to me, but well I knew that he was neither kind nor good to his God. I talked with him, but all to no purpose—he said I was good enough for both, while as for himself, he was as he was thankful to say, no heathen or terrible sinner, more than other men.

"I prayed, I wrestled with God for him—I would give *anything* I said for his soul, and in time my answer came. Fever broke out in the barracks, and all who could assist, or were in anywise fitting for the work, relieved the nurses at times, for the doctors did not consider the fever to be so very catching. I had a strange dream though just then, which was that Roger had taken the fever, and that he was dying, and my dear, I grew low and despairing at the very remembrance of it. I didn't tell Roger about it, but I told my lady, and she told the Colonel, and then he promised on his part that Roger shouldn't take any part in the nursing, for says he, I don't want the infection brought out here if infection there is, not so much because of ourselves, but because it might spread, you know, in spite of all the doctors say. So with that I grew easier—as though, Ruth, I couldn't trust my God before the Colonel!"

"Well, night came on, the very night after the Colonel had made me this promise, and I and baby were down at the gate waiting for Roger—my lady was very good and didn't trouble me a great deal, only she used to say in time of need I was a comfort to have near her, so there I was, fresh and happy, waiting for Roger at the gate."

"Madge," and he took my boy from me as he came up, "What would you say if one asked you to do a kindness for him?"

"'I'd say yes if I could.' Oh, Roger I loved you so, and we were so happy!" and granny shed tears at the remembrance even now.

Ruth lays her hands gently on granny's, and presently she again resumes: "'Madge, Ford is a nigh knocked up,' he says, 'and his wife is ill too, so he has asked me to get the Colonel to let me take my turn with the sick instead of him to-night, but I couldn't promise him for certain, Madge, till I'd asked you.'"

"'The Colonel won't let you,' I cried eagerly, for Ruth, I was afraid."

"'Yes he will, for I've just asked him, and he says I may, for that I shall be as safe in one place as another, if so be as I'm in duty's path?'"

"That was enough, Ruth—I thought of Daniel in the den of lion's, of the three children in the fiery furnace, and oh, dearie, I was lifted high on the wings of faith, so I said—'Go, Roger, and may God be with you!'"

Another pause, in the which the rustling of the ivy leaves without, the buzzing of the night insects and the chirping of the grass-hopper are plainly heard.

"Granny, what came next?"

"Roger had the fever, Ruth—caught it, though the doctors still said as there was no infection, and—and he died. Still, dearie, he was safe, quite safe—he had watched a dying bed during that night, a holy death-bed, dear, one that unfolded to him the blessedness of a holy life and a heart love for God—well, well, he died, so they said, but when my first grief was over, I said that he lived."

Granny's voice has grown dreamy, almost as though heaven were open before her, and her dim eyes is taking Roger in his glory.

"It was hard though, for all the comfort, for all the knowing that I had gained my petition, that by faith and God's love my husband was won for heaven and glory—I sent him to death through faith, and as a great boon God had given me my dear one's soul; yet Ruth I found it very hard. 'Twas then the roses faded, then I changed to the evergreen of the ivy, standing all blasts, colds and heats, they all seemed as easy after my great trial; but please God, they are now well past and over. The flowers of peace and hope spring up here and there for me, my treasures multiplied in heaven, first old Roger, as I call your grand-father, then young Roger, and last of all, my lady, the Colonel and your mother—all crosses in the losing, but all flowers in the hope of meeting—ah, yes, dearie, our crosses, our trials, try our faith, but where faith is, glory and joy will most surely follow after."

And two years have passed since then; granny is lying in the grave now, and the little cottage shut up. Ruth being granny's only living relative is its sole mistress; but as granny's annuity ceased with her death, and the girl would have to earn a living for herself, she cast about her as the best plan, to find a nice place of service, near enough for her to come once and again to look after the dear old home, and hers and granny's treasures. She cannot trust the charge of them to strangers, they are by far too precious, nor does she need, for the Squire's wife is glad to hire her as maid to her little daughters, for Ruth is known and beloved by everybody living in the village.

She is at the cottage now, upon one of her evening visits thither—she is sitting in the dear old porch too, a far away look in her eyes; she is thinking of granny, and that now the great trial of her life is upon her.

A step comes up the garden path, and a flood of colour mounts to her fair cheek, small wonder that he who stands before her, gazes upon her so intently, so lovingly, for of very truth the picture she makes, with the clustering roses drooping till they touch her sunny hair, is sweet enough to please anyone

"Ruth, I am come. You have thought the matter over, dear, and—you won't disappoint me now."

He is holding her hands, and acting as though in all ways he were her lover, yet she hesitates to reply.

"Say yes, Ruth. Only try me, to give me up is like casting me off as hopeless."

It is a sore trial, but she thinks she is right—she will both believe and obey.

"Robert, I must do as God says—in His book I find it written: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,'—and Robert I cannot go against it. I—I didn't know you loved me at the first, and then Robert—then I tried to go against it for a little while, it was but a little while and you know it, for I have been truthful with you." She raises her head supplicatingly, for all she fears is the wounding of his true feelings.

"Yes, you are right, we both drifted on without the knowing. You have been truthful, but very cruel, and giving me up will not make me better. I might learn of you, if only—"

But she stops him. "God's command says nought of that Robert, and as to giving you up, it shall never be, but for a time. Oh, Robert, 'this passionately,' I believe honestly, truly, that 'tis but for a time. I shall wait for you—you will come back yet, and you will bless me then, Robert, for what I have now said."

"Never. Why one would think I was a thief or a murderer to hear you talk, and I am neither, nor worse than other men."

"Robert, don't be hard upon me. I will wait, and please God all will be right yet."

"Then it is still, No?"

"Yes," a little wearily, "till I can do that which is right, and—" she blushes deeply, while tears fill her eyes—"till you can help to guide me heavenward—till we can help each other."

He leaves her, but she is not hopeless—true, she weeps, but then her faith is strong, she prays earnestly, has prayed for long, and the conviction is great within her; stifling her very fears, that God will fulfil her petition. Ah, nothing but experience can show us our faith, nothing save God's touchstone of trial call it forth. And we! Well, the most of us can show it only in the common round of our life, and, daily alas! the most of us miss the showing it then, and so in like manner also miss the reward. We do not as a rule cling to our cross, do not let the green ivy of our faith and love cover in part the sombre proportions of it; do not let fall tears either, so bright and hopeful, that flowers spring up wherever they have fallen.

But Ruth clung to hers, common place though it was, her tears were hopeful, and she waited—waited in faith, although the time seemed dreary at whiles, and the pain for another grievous to be borne—she was sacrificing her all to God, giving her Isaac, even as Abraham of old, even as granny too, in the days gone by.

And presently the reward came—years had sped by, still not so many but that the roses might blossom again for her, and then 'neath the cottage porch Robert led his bride, but the sweeter the more chastened for the waiting time, and no whit the less joyful at heart or unmindful of his love. "One Lord, one faith," now—now, and throughout eternity.

It matters not what had brought him home, only I think that if we

asked and *believed* without wavering, we should be far more blessed than we are. Faith moves the world. Faith can never fail with our Father "Faith is the substance of things hoped for."

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Such is faith, only—

"We cannot trust him as we should,
So chafes weak natures restless mood,
To cast its peace away."

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Castle of Dunbar is of great antiquity. It was built—so states the record—by Kenneth the Second in the ninth century, and in 1073 it belonged to the Earls of March. Its ruins stand on a bold and projecting reef of rocks washed by the sea. Anciently, it was deemed impregnable. Beneath one part of the rock, is a large cavern with a passage to it from above, said to have been used as a dungeon. On the other side are two natural arches, through which the tide flowed. Under one is the fragment of a wall, where there seems to have been a postern for the admission of boats. Through this, it is probable, the brave Alexander Ramsay reinforced the garrison in 1338, when it was closely besieged by the Earl of Salisbury, and successfully defended for nearly five months by Black Agnes, the heroic Countess of March—further details by and bye. In this castle, Edward the Second took refuge in 1314, after his defeat at Bannockburn. In the same year the Earl of Murray took and demolished it.

About seven miles N.W. of Dunbar, and nearly three miles east from North Berwick, are the ruins of Tantallon Castle, once a stronghold of the Douglases. It stands on a high rock overhanging the sea, which surrounds it on three sides. The only approach to it is from the west, which was defended by moats and batteries. The strength of Tantallon Castle was proverbial. James the fifth besieged it in 1527, and obtained possession of it only by the treachery of the person entrusted by the Earl of Angus with its defence. In 1639 it was demolished by the Covenanters, the Marquis of Douglas, its proprietor, having espoused the cause of Charles the First: and in 1659 it was by General Monk, reduced and rendered untenable.

Two miles N. from Tantallon castle, and opposite to the Isle of May, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, lies the Bass Island or Rock, rising out of the sea 400 feet. At the base it is almost a mile in circumference. The island is steep and inaccessible on all sides, except by a narrow entrance on the S.W. A subterranean passage runs through the rock from E. to W., which may be traversed at ebb tide. About half way up the rock are the remains of a chapel. The Castle, now in ruins, was during the reigns of Charles the Second and his successor, used as a state prison, where the Covenanters were confined.

This picturesque rock is remarkble for the vast number of Solan

geese that breed upon it. The best season for visiting the Bass is in June and July, when its rocky sides are completely covered with their nests, while myriads of sea-fowl obscure the air like clouds. It also contains a rabbit warren, and affords a pasture for a few sheep.

In 1567, Queen Mary and the Earl of Bothwell marched from Dunbar Castle with an army of his dependents to Carberry Hill. Hither also the Earl retreated after the capitulation by the Queen, and departed from it into perpetual exile.

Near the town of Dunbar were fought two battles, both fatal to the Scots; the one in 1296, when the army of Edward the First defeated that of Baliol, and took the castle; the other in 1650, when the Scot's army, defeated by Leslie, was routed by Oliver Cromwell. Had the Scottish general been suffered to act upon his own judgment, he would have compelled Cromwell, whose position was bad, to make an inglorious retreat; but thwarting counsels prevailed. Cromwell, seeing the Scots descending from the heights where they were stationed to offer battle, exclaimed—and the result seemed to justify the confidence—"The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!"

Dumbarton Castle in former times was deemed impregnable. It was, however, once reduced by famine by Egbert, King of Northumberland in 756, and, once by Escalade in 1571. The latter exploit, one of the most daring enterprises recorded in history, was executed by Captain Crawford of Jordan Hill, and a small body of soldiers in the service of the Regent, Lennox. They scaled the rock and ramparts under cloud of night, and at daybreak, after a stout resistance by the garrison, placed there by Queen Mary's friends, made themselves masters of the place. This was the last fortress that stood out for Queen Mary during the wars that preceded the establishment of the reformed religion in Scotland.

At Fotheringay, Northamptonshire, are the remains of the castle in which Richard the Third was born, and Mary Queen of Scots, tried and beheaded, on Wednesday, February 8th 1587, after nineteen years of captivity in prisons. The parting with her domestics on the morning of the execution is described to have been a most affecting scene. When she prepared for her execution, her maids being unable to refrain from tears of lamentation, she gently chid them. At last, she quietly laid her head on the block, and the executioner struck the fatal blow—some accounts have it, that it was not until after three blows the head was severed from the trunk. He afterwards held up the severed head, according to the custom of the times, while the Dean of Peterborough cried out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" but there was no answering "Amen," save from one single voice—that of Lord Kent, if I mistake not.

On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Queen Mary's favorite dog, a gentle little Skye terrier, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold, unperceived, was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to leave the spot, and it remained lying beside the corpse and stained in the blood, till forcibly carried away. It lived three days after the execution, and partook of no food, but continued a kind of death lament.

Dublin Castle, the residence of the Viceroy, was built about the beginning of the thirteenth century, by King John, who visited Dublin, and who established its Courts of Justice. Queen Elizabeth, in the beginning of her reign, bestowed great sums to render the Castle a fit residence for her lord lieutenant.

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

HENRY OBTAINS EMPLOYMENT.—CHAPTER III.

Henry was not long in carrying out his brother's advice; he was tired of leading an idle life, and much to Mrs. Jones's satisfaction, he went out early on Monday morning, bent on having an interview with Mr. Mills, and entertaining very sanguine hopes as to the result of this proceeding. He was longing to hear once more the jingling sound of a good week's wages in his now empty pockets, and this, together with the reminder that he gave himself, namely, that the weather was still "horribly cold," lent an impetus to his steps, and in a very short time he was standing within the walls of Mr. Mill's spacious workshop, enquiring of the men who were by this time assembling, at what time they expected the arrival of the master.

"He won't be here for half an hour yet," said one. "It is only just eight."

"I suppose you've come to take old Stanford's place?" put in another.

"I have come with the intention of trying for it."

"Well, if you like to wait till the governor comes, I daresay he will be very glad to take you on;" put in a third. "Will you take a seat?"

"Thank you—I think I will go for a short walk," replied Henry, who, in common with his sex, disliked to sit still in the act of waiting.

"I will call again in half-an-hour if that will do. Are you very busy just now?" he added.

"Tisn't the time of year to be very busy, young man;" answered a middle-aged, experienced workman. "No doubt we shall want two or three more hands in a month or two. Ah, you didn't do right to be out of work at this dull season;" added the man with a chuckle.

In spite of Henry's real anxiety to obtain employment he laughed as he left the shop, privately wondering whether there was such a thing as a good time to be out of work. Certainly, one time might be worse than another: for instance, in the long winter evenings fuel for the fire, and oil for the lamp were additional expenses; moreover, the frosty air seemed to sharpen one's appetite, so that it was even more disagreeable to go without a good supply of food in the winter than in the summer; but then, the avaricious Mrs. Jones's were as greedy for their rent one time of the year as another; and, in good truth, there was no excuse why they should not be. Their ground land-lords splashed through the snow in pursuance of their quarterly allowance as bravely

and regularly as if the sun were all the while lighting up the pathway with his cheerful beams. It was very rarely indeed, that a spell of rheumatism prevented their going in quest of their dues, therefore, it behoved all the Mrs. Jones's to be ready with their golden pieces, even though the snow lay inches thick upon the ground, in consequence of which, hundreds of men were thrown out of employment.

Thus systematically contemplating not only his own affairs, but liberally taking into consideration those of the world at large, Henry came to the conclusion that it mattered little *when* men were oppressed with difficulties; they were sure to be unwelcome; whether casting the first shade upon the sunshine of prosperity, or deepening the already permanent gloom of poverty, the intrusion of difficulties would be met with a frown. He might have conjectured further, and acknowledged the fact that there is only one man out of a thousand (comparatively speaking) who knows how to turn his troubles to account, and reap the ensuing advantages. Henry Draper, however, was a young man, and, as such, could not be expected to dive too deeply into a knotty consideration; it takes experience, and a more extensive knowledge of the world to do this, and, though Henry's meditations traversed a somewhat lengthened range of thought, he was, for the most part, dwelling upon the much desired meeting with Mr. Mills.

Before, however, his wishes could be gratified on this point, he was destined to renew an old acquaintance with one, certainly of less importance than Mr. Mills, but sufficiently advantageous to the interests of friendship to cause Henry to rejoice that good fortune had kindly guided his steps to the present footing they maintained in a locality hitherto but unfrequently resorted to.

He was taking long strides from one end of the street to the other, when a young man, dressed in working attire, and apparently some two or three years Henry's senior, presently brought his hurried steps on a level with his own, and, instead of indifferently going onwards as any ordinary passer-by would have done, turned, and somewhat pointedly confronted Henry face to face. Seeing, however, that Henry remained perfectly unmoved, excepting the slight look of natural surprise at being thus earnestly scrutinized, and probably thinking he was scarcely justified in taking such a prolonged survey in the open street, the stranger once more quickened his pace in the attempt to banish an old recollection that had suddenly flashed across his mind. But the resolution to continue an uninterrupted course, seemed to be in vain, for twice he turned his head, much to the curiosity of the object of his attention, and finally, unable any longer to control himself, the stranger retraced his steps back to Henry's side, and there, pausing, said, somewhat hesitatingly:

"I beg your pardon, but may I ask if your name is Henry Draper?"

"It is;" replied the owner of the last-mentioned name; and as Henry replied, he looked somewhat curiously at the speaker, who exclaimed:

"I thought so! It was impossible that I could be mistaken. Of course you remember me?"

"No," was the reply," I am sorry to say you appear a perfect stranger to me."

"What! your old school-fellow Fred Turner a perfect stranger to you!" cried the young man, adding with a laugh: "Either I must have changed more than you have, or your memory is not very good in recalling old faces. Don't you remember—"

"Yes; I recollect you, and the old schooldays now," interrupted Henry smiling, as he stretched out a friendly hand to his companion, and many times since have I thought of my faithful playfellow." And wondered whether he were in the land of the living, or not, I suppose," laughed Fred. "Well you see I am still in existence, and I wish with all my heart I had time just now to stay with you longer, and hear how you are getting on, but as it is I shall be a quarter of an hour late, and it doesn't do to rouse old Mill's temper.

"Mills!" repeated Henry quickly; "are you working for him?"

"Yes; he is a crotchety old fellow, but, on the whole, as good as most masters."

"I am glad you have just put in the latter clause to your reply,' said Henry, "for I am now waiting about to see Mr. Mills, in the hope that he will soon become *my* master.

"Oh! Are you out of work? How jolly! I mean, if Mills takes you on, and I daresay he will, for I know he is grieving over poor Stanford's loss. Well, as we are likely to see a good deal of each other now, I will say good bye for the present;" and, with another hearty handshake, Fred. Turner quitted Henry's presence, very glad that he had satisfied his curiosity, while Henry stood watching the quickly-retreating figure of his newly found old friend, wondering for what purpose chance had renewed his acquaintance with Fred. Turner, after so long a separation.

But he had no time to meditate long upon the meeting, the effects of which still filled him with surprise, for, from the opposite direction. he presently saw the slightly bent form of Mr. Mills, who, bearing up as bravely as he could against the driving wind and bitter cold, brought his steps up to his place of business, and entered the shop just as Fred. Turner had hastily thrown off his hat and coat, and settled himself with an air of propriety to his work.

"Now is my time," thought Henry. "Good luck or bad, I wonder! Well, I have more reason now to wish good luck than ever I had before." And as if an added spring had been set to his desires, he hurried forward, almost forgetting the existence of Fred. Turner in his anxiety to have his fate decided.

When once Mr. Mills raised his eyes to inspect the tall form of the young applicant, this was not long being brought about. As William had previously remarked, Mr. Mills had always professed a high respect for Mr. Draper, they had been neighbours of long standing, and after the death of his intimate acquaintance, Mr. Mills had still kept up the friendly intercourse with the bereaved widow, bidding his wife comfort her in her trouble, at the same time admiring the patient endurance of the hardworking, devoted mother, as she manifested her love and earnestness in the bringing up of her family to follow the bent of their natural independence and worth of character.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that on Henry's applying to fill the

vacant place hitherto occupied by the now-suffering Stanford, he was met half way by Mr. Mills, who, having spoken to William on the subject, scarcely waited for him to plead his cause before he began entering into business details, the result of which was that Henry commenced the week to the present satisfaction of himself, and the ultimate relief of his landlady Mrs. Jones.

As might have been the case with many others, the preceding week or two of idleness had not unfitted Henry Draper for work ; on the contrary, he seemed to labour with double zest, which is implying a great deal, for at all times he was actually fond of work: anxious to begin, and loth to leave off. He had always been singled out by his fellow-workmen as a sample of unceasing industry, and in a new shop more especially, he soon became a mark for sharp, and perhaps jealously-disposed men who were not long in finding out the worth of the new comer.

It must not be inferred from this, however, that he was regarded with any feelings of envy, at least not at present; for the most part the men could not help admiring the energy and almost lightning speed of his movements, and foremost among his admirers was Fred Turner, who, in the course of the day, found one or two opportunities of praising his friend's skill as a workman.

"Upon my word," said he, "you do labour away with a will. I don't think I ever saw a fellow stick to it as you do. Don't you get dreadfully tired? and long to give up such hard work?"

"Well," replied Henry leisurely, drawing his breath between each of the following words, "of course, when the day is over, I feel glad of a rest, but no matter how tired I am, I never give up till I've done. Hard work, you know, Fred, sweetens repose; besides, I never reckon myself nearly as hardworking as my brother William."

"Ah, how is William getting on?" inquired Fred. with interest, "I don't remember, though," he added," that he used to be a particularly steady chap when I knew him. You were always the quietest, I am sure."

"Yes:" acquiesced Henry, "I am naturally quieter, but I haven't a quarter his business talent and shrewdness. I can go about things quick enough when the plan is drawn out for me, but I don't believe I could attend without help as he does to the cleverly-managed little business he is master of. You must go and see him, Fred., he has a pretty little wife, and two dear children."

"Oh, he is married, is he?" Well, I am not surprised, such a handsome fascinating fellow as he was, and is still, I shouldn't wonder."

"He is as handsome as ever," returned Henry, "but he has sobered down pretty considerably since he has been married."

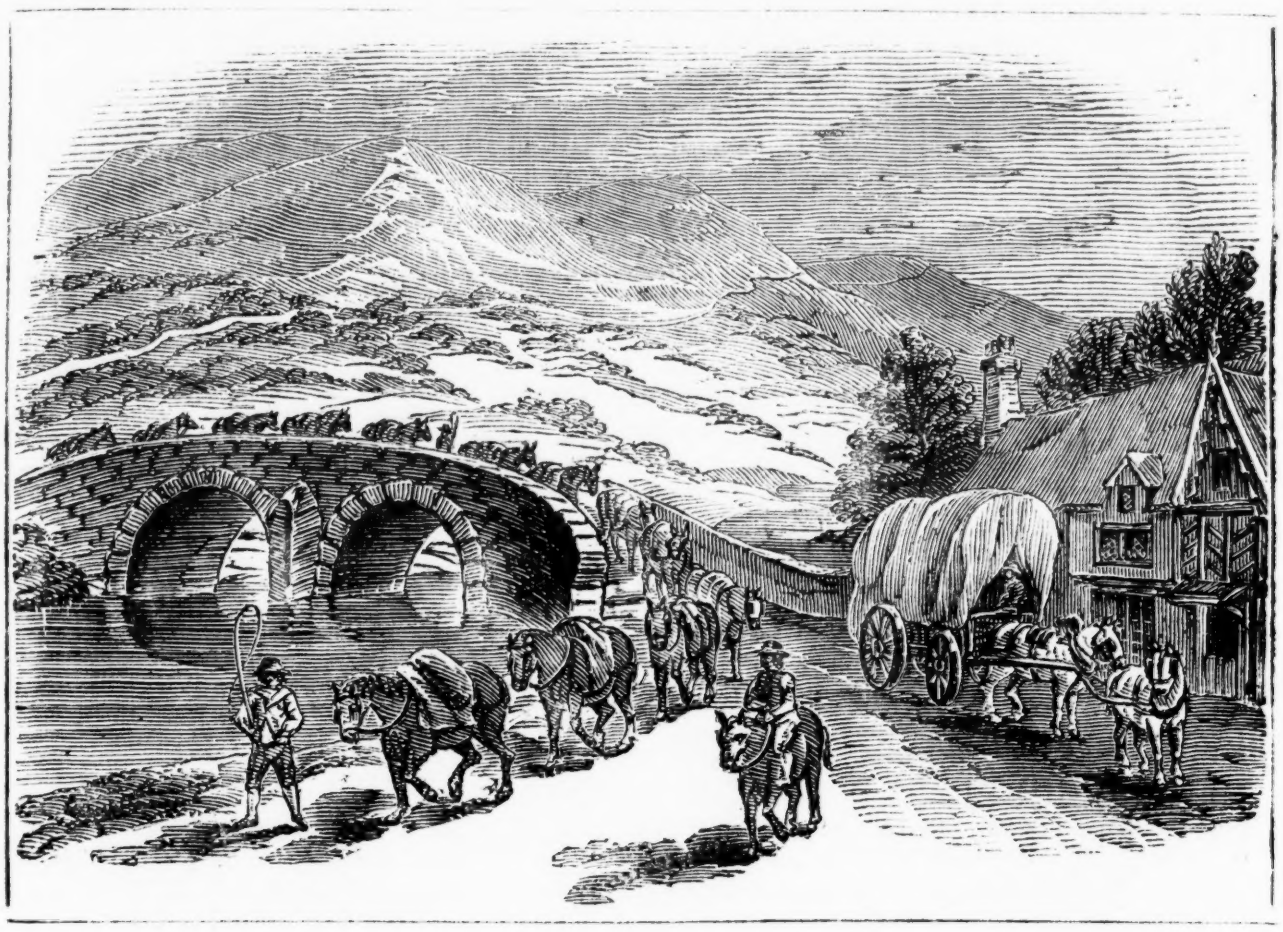
"Ah, I suppose so! Accumulation of cares and anxieties;" and Fred. gave a knowing smile as if, single man though he were, he perfectly entered into William's responsibilities.

Henry smiled in sympathy, but he was prevented making any reply for at this moment Mr. Mills came up to inspect their work, and their conversation, which had been carried on in an undertone was here interrupted, and, as no further opportunity for talking presented itself,

they were obliged to reserve what else they had to tell in reference to their past lives, till they left work in the evening.

The air still kept dry and frosty, and again the heavens glittered with silvery stars, and notwithstanding the wind refused to calm its fury, the two new friends set out from the shop together, determined to make the most of each other after so long a separation.

(*To be continued.*)



TRAVELLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

For many ages the only method of transport, either for persons or merchandise, depended upon mere animal power. The horse was the great agent of communication between the different parts of the country.

The transmission of goods and produce was effected by pack-horses, which were strong and hardy animals, capable of enduring much fatigue and privation. The pack-horse was furnished with two large baskets called panniers, one of which hung at each side, from hooks fixed in a saddle that rested on the animal's back, so as to balance each other.

They were united in strings, the halter of each being tied to the crupper of the one preceding, until the line terminated in the leader, which was, if possible, a stout, sagacions old roadster that knew the route by experience, and would not lead his followers astray into dangerous places. These strings consisted of a dozen, twenty, fifty, and sometimes even a greater number of horses; when very large, the pack was accompanied by several carriers, who were well armed, and rode beside the convoy on strong hacks.

The cavalcade, being thus arranged in Indian file, proceeded on its course at about the rate of two miles and a half an hour, winding

its way to the music of its innumerable bells, through pathless moors, tangled woods and dangerous morasses, or climbing the rugged hill-sides at a still slower pace.

They seldom accomplished more than from fifteen to twenty miles in one day, and always rested at night at well-known hostelries which afforded accommodation to man and beast. The dangers of foul ways and intricate paths were not the only ones that beset them in their journey.

They were frequently set upon by bands of armed banditti, who plundered the convoy and sometimes murdered the carriers. The consequence of this was, that when a merchant in a remote part of the country had goods of great value to transmit to a distance, he was often obliged to wait for weeks, and even months, until a caravan could be formed sufficiently numerous and well armed to bid defiance to the marauders, and do battle in case of an attack.

With the improvement of the roads, which proceeded gradually, better methods of transport were introduced; the pack-horse gave place to the broad-wheeled waggon, and stage coaches began to run to and from the principal cities and towns for the accommodation of the public.

The obvious advantages of the new method of travelling were soon apparent throughout the country. Coaching became almost a science; improvements followed one another rapidly, until at last it seemed to have reached its utmost perfection in the elegant mail, with its high-bred team, and its fourteen miles an hour.

It is astonishing that water did not at an earlier period become a medium of inland transport. For centuries it was seen that towns seated upon navigable rivers had enjoyed whatever there was in the country of commercial prosperity, and yet it was not till recently that the simple and obvious means of diffusing that prosperity, by opening new channels for the element on which it floated, were adopted. The first canal made in England does not date further back than 1755. Canals came into general use about the beginning of the present century.

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER IV.

I proceeded to take possession of this place and make it as comfortable as I could; and shortly after I had fairly set to work, the black bullock driver started for home and I was left alone.

Alone! What widely different meanings does this word convey? To the inhabitant of a large town it simply implies being by himself for a longer or shorter time, with the power of going among his fellow men at any moment. To a traveller in a strange place, it implies that none of his personal friends or acquaintances are with him. An individual living alone is understood to live with no one of his own position in life residing with him. Even the prisoner in his solitary cell has some one within a

few feet of him, and feels that help is near should necessity compel him to seek it. But *there*, far up in the Australian bush, six miles from the nearest human habitation, and over two hundred from the collection of forty or fifty houses called a township; without the power of holding any intercourse with one's fellow man; and not even a dog to wag his kindly feeling with his tail; *there* a man is ALONE. You look around, and what meets your gaze? An apparently unbroken forest; a few bright plumaged birds with harsh notes; and perchance a dingoe with drooping head and tail slinking along in the distance, perhaps stopping to utter his sharp wailing howl, which is answered from the depths of the forest. Hour after hour the same wild solitude. Night draws in. You close the door of your dwelling. Start at your own gaunt shadow dancing on the wall in the flickering light of the wood fire, with a half suppressed shiver you throw yourself on to your bunk, and *feel* that you are *alone*. The first sensation under such circumstances is certainly one of depression, and you are ready to exclaim with Alexander Selkirk:

"Oh! solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!"

By degrees, however, the mind assumes a firmer tone, and the depressing influences which seemed to crush it, gives place to a sense of reverential awe, and one realizes the fact, of the loneliness being broken by the presence of the Great Author of the surrounding solitude; invisible it is true; but none the less there, none the less felt: and you look up, humbled to the dust, yet cheered mightily by the consideration that though you are alone, you are alone *with* GOD.

The next day the two men who were to be in the same place arrived, and we soon settled down to a daily routine life, each day so like the previous one that the monotony became very wearisome. We had our breaks to the dulness however, but not so much in connection with our own occupation, as in occassional passers by, or some party of blacks coming and "sitting down" close by; or it may be some evening or night expedition. It was the second of these chances that now varied the even tenour of my way. I was quietly sitting inside the hut and looking out at the open door when I observed three of the black women or girls mentioned in the last chapter, quietly coming across the flat, and I noticed that the one who, when I had seen them a few days previously, had the little half caste child in her arms, was now without him. When they came up to the hut the first thing I asked was where the poor little thing was, when the mother told me with apparent unconcern that the "picaninney tumble down," meaning it was dead. I was surprised at this, as when I saw it before it seemed quite well. And upon questioning the girl more closely I nnderstood to my horror, that the unhappy little creature had not only been killed, but *eaten*. She could not at all understand my disgust, but simply repeated "All right, plenty eat um, what for no eat um?" Upon my mentioning this afterwards to some of the whites, there seemeed a difference of opinion on this subject, some considering it as perfectly natural and not at all surprising, while others doubted the fact and believed the girl could not

have understood my questions, or that I must have misunderstood her. My own opinion was then that there was no mistake on either side, and that the wretched child had actually been eaten. This view was afterwards entirely confirmed by an elderly black woman at a different part of the colony, quietly acknowledging that a party of white people who were known to have been killed by the blacks several years before, had also been eaten, and she told us she had herself partaken of the feast, adding with charming naiveté, that "white fellow pardoe (flesh) no good, too much salty taste um!!!" I believe there is *no doubt* of the cannibalism of the Australian blacks in their originally savage state; the opening up and settlement of the country has however completely put an end to the revolting practice.

The value set upon child life among them is even now lamentably low, especially with half caste and female children: as the following incident will show. It was told me by a trustworthy person who was an innocent and ignorant helper in the matter. He told me that he had some half bred greyhound puppies which he did not wish to bring up, and he offered one of them to a family of aborigines who were on the march, and had camped for the night near his hut. They did not at first see how they could bring it up: and retired to hold a "corroboree" (or talk) over the matter; they argued that the puppy when grown would be of great use to them in hunting; and that a female child, belonging to one of the lubras a few weeks old, would be of no use; so they accepted the pup, and deliberately knocked the poor miserable babe on the head; while the mother took the little dog and suckled it. I will now go back to my own more personal narrative. After having horrified me about her child, the black beauty cooly asked me for "Mungee," or food, and as I had been told that it was always much better to make the blacks earn whatever was given them, I set the three young ladies to work to bring me a supply of wood and water, when I gave them such scraps of bread and cold meat as I had, and about a pipeful of tobacco each. With this they were perfectly satisfied and went quietly down to the wurleys where the rest of their dark skinned friends had already assembled. In the evening after our supper we lounged down to the blackfellows' camp, where we found some twelve or fifteen squatted round the fire, and *all* the clothes, blankets, or covering that they had worn during the day, taken off and hung over the brush forming the wurleys; and themselves, to an individual without the slightest pretence of clothing of any kind whatever. After having spoken to one or two of the leading men about what we wanted we turned homeward, and looking back were struck with the wierd wildness of the scene. The bright blazing fire in the centre, surrounded for about two-thirds of a circle by the natives, the dark skins of those upon whom the firelight played, seemed to take a reddish tint from the reflection; and this was brought into more striking notice partly by the intense darkness of the forest background, and partly from the utter blackness of such as were between us and the firelight, looming up like animated statues of coal. It formed a remarkable picture, and one not soon forgotten. Our object in going down was to arrange with the men for a 'possum hunt by moonlight, as it would be full moon in a few

days. Another and very unpleasant excitement startled us about this time, in the shape of George losing himself in the bush, but providentially he wandered to an inhabited hut, and suffered only the discomfort of one supperless and shelterless night; our anxiety was however equally great, as we could not know were he was. I was once lost in the bush, though in a different locality, and the experience was far from agreeable. I went out in the morning, and when two or three miles from home, a thick misty rain came on, which not only obscured everything a hundred yards off but wetted me to the skin. I was thankful to have a dog with me. I wandered I knew not whither for hours till I came to a road, but did not know which way to take on it. Following it up some little way I came to a well and sheeps troughs just as it was getting dusk, and *cooeed* for some few minutes; but getting no reply I had nothing left but to stay in a rough shelter made by the shepherds to sit down in, while their sheep were camping at the well. I collected the dryest wood I could find, and took out my little brass box of matches to light a fire, when I found the wet had even penetrated into that, so that I could not get a light, I could almost have cried! Without food, cold and soaked through, with no power of a warm, ignorant of where I was, and darkness coming on fast! I laid down on the sandy floor of the shepherd's "gunyah" and got my dog to lay against my back, which arrangement imparted a degree of warmth to us both. And so passed as cheerless a night as I ever remember to have experienced, The sun showed himself in the morning, so I could tell in which direction to go, and by the middle of the day I got home, very weary, and very thankful to be safe.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER III.—A JOYOUS HEIR.

Baron Hohn von Prachwitz was seated at breakfast in his handsome dining-room, his secretary, Mr. Friedrich, being seated opposite to him. It was a very elegant apartment. The carpets, the curtains, the beautifully carved furniture, must have cost quite a little fortune, to say nothing of the valuable pictures, the crystals, the plate, the china, and all the other appointments of a handsome room and well-served table. But the Baron did not seem much to notice these things, so soon does man become accustomed to wealth and luxury.

"What sort of weather is it this morning?" he asked at length of his companion.

"The glass has gone up in the night, the sky is very clear, and there is a little wind."

"Very well, I'll go out for a drive to-day, before dinner. I'll decide later whether it shall be in the chaise or the landau."

"I forgot to tell your lordship that a man has been round to collect for the poor in the parish—I gave him a dollar."

"Give! give! always someone asking me to give something to somebody. When I'm burgo-master, I shall abolish collectors in this town."

Saying this, he took up one sheet of the newspaper and began to read, his secretary at the same time glancing at the other sheet, while a servant cleared away the breakfast things. Presently he interrupted the silence by saying—

"What o'clock is it?"

"Just ten."

"Impossible. Your watch loses. Look and see what time it is by the clock in the tower."

The secretary knitted his brows in an ill-humored sort of way, and remarked, after looking out of the window—

"The clock there, has stopped."

Friedrich was quite well aware that the clock was under repair, but he took good care not to tell his employer so."

"Baldamus appears to me to be trying all he can to defy public opinion," said the Baron. "I wish I were at the head of the town-council, instead of being only a member. He would long ago have had his discharge from that post."

"I wish with all my heart that you *could* discharge him," replied the secretary. "As long as that horrid old owl lives up there, I always feel as if a thunder-clap were just going to burst upon us."

"Are you afraid of that miserable wretch?" said the Baron in a tone of disdain.

"No, your lordship, certainly not. It is on your account that I feel afraid."

"What do you mean to say. What have *I* to fear from that individual?"

"That vindictive man, powerless as he seems, can do a great deal of harm, for his whole mind is set on getting his revenge. I really advise you, sir, to be upon your guard."

"You see ghosts in broad daylight," said the Baron laughing. "What have I to fear from that poor old watchman, who comes down from his perch, perhaps once in a year?

"I can assure you," returned Mr. Friedrich with a self-important air, "that he is bent on vengeance."

"I am sure," said his employer, "I would not grudge him that pleasure, if it is a pleasure to rack one's brains for nothing."

"One ought never to despise an enemy, particularly if he has such an iron will as Baldamus has."

"Really, Friedrich, I am surprised you should believe such nonsense," said the Baron, beginning to yawn.

"Your lordship would talk in a different tone of voice if you knew what schemes of mischief, this miserable old man was hatching," said Friedrich.

Prachwitz looked at him with an astonished air.

"You know something about them, then?" he said.

"Certainly, and if it wouldn't be tiring your lordship, I should be very happy to tell you all I know. We got through most of your necessary

correspondence yesterday—there is no particular business awaiting us to-day, so there would be plenty of time."

The Baron gave a faint smile, lighted a cigar, and turning towards the window, looked up at the old tower and said at last—

"Tell me what you know about it."

"I never trusted that Baldamus, but only yesterday I learnt what a rascal, what an old villain he was—"

"It's a good thing he is too far off to hear you," said the Baron, pointing to the tower, in the gallery of which the watchman might be seen standing.

"I'm not in the least afraid of him," replied Friedrich, turning with clenched fist towards the direction of the tower, "but I happened to overhear a good deal about him last night at the Golden Lion. I go there sometimes for a glass of light wine, and to see the evening papers, or have a game at draughts with the landlord, who is a capital hand.

"I was in a private parlour which opened into the public room, and, there, Meyer the postman was having supper, in company with the new police agent, Worzel. The two men were talking about the difference there was at one time between you and Baldamus. The postman told his friend a quantity of things which there no occasion for me to take up your time by repeating. But he ended his long history by saying that Baldamus had sworn a solemn oath not to rest until—"

"He had had his revenge upon me, I suppose," replied the Baron. "I do beg, Friedrich, that you will not insult me by telling me any more of such childish nonsense."

"Childish nonsense, if your lordship pleases," replied the secretary. "But when I tell you that Baldamus makes it his one object in life to find out something about your cousin Kurt von Hohenstein, you will think it no laughing matter. In order to gain tidings of this relation of yours, he is carrying on a correspondence with friends in America, who are straining every nerve to find the man out."

Prachwitz had become very grave while hearing these last words. The smile of haughty disdain that had previously curled his lip, had given way to an expression of fear. He knitted his brows, and began to pace up and down the room in considerable agitation.

"I felt it to be my duty to tell you all that I had overheard," said Friedrich "but if I had imagined hearing it would annoy you so much, I would have held my tongue."

"No, no," said his employer, "you have done quite right to tell me about it. At the same time, you are greatly mistaken if you think I am in the slightest degree alarmed at the threats of that miserable creature. My poor cousin is, I am perfectly persuaded, dead and buried, and if by any chance he should turn up again, I—but, no—that could never be. I do not entertain the slightest apprehension."

Just at that moment a servant came into the room with a letter for the Baron, who took it, and examined it attentively.

"It has the post-mark of Washington. Curious, very," said Prachwitz, shaking his head. "A letter for me from America—and directed to my former residence. It has been forwarded from there."

The Baron continued to examine the envelope of the letter with great

attention The conversation he had just been having with Freidrich, had filled him with vague forebodings. The secretary watched him with anxiety. At last Prachwitz resolved upon opening the letter. As soon, however, as he had read the first few lines, he turned deadly pale, gave a cry of anguish, and sank down upon the sofa, letting, as he did so, the letter fall to the ground. Friedrich hastened to his assistance. In endeavoring to support his agitated employer, he could not, however, resist taking a furtive glance at this mysterious epistle. He, in his turn became much alarmed, and some minutes elapsed before he was capable of rendering any asssitance to the Baron.

(*To be continued.*)

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

SCENE—Coffee-room in Scotch inn. Hungry farmer who has ordered dinner—"Lassie, bring ma denner wi' alacrity." Lassie—"Alacrity! It wis a steak ye ordered."

SHORTLY after the death of Mr. John Wright, a talented but unsuccessful advocate, the late Sheriff Anstruther remarked to Easkine in the street, "Poor Wright is dead! He has died very poor. It is said he left no effects." "That is not wonderful," replied the humourist; "as he had no causes, he could have no effects."

"Is your father at home?" asked an English gentleman of a Welsh boy he met on the banks of the Menai Straits, North Wales. "No, sir, he's gone to work at Rhosllanerchrugog." "Is your mother in, then?" "She's gone to the fair at Llanfairmaethafarneithaf." "Dear me! but where is your sister, then?" "My sister is at school in the little village called Llanfanpwllgwyngyllgogerychiryndrobwllseintysillogogogoch." "Good gracious!" exclaimsd the Englishman, "I am afraid I must go to school again."

SHORT NOTICES.

Sunday School Teachers have just now an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book at a nominal price. The publisher of the "Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury," is offering the annual volume of the Work at half price, viz., one shilling, or by post free, for one shilling and four pence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer, as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for the teacher's use, and the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited. Application should be made to Mr. Elliott Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

God's Answers, by CLARA M. S. LOWE, Author of "Punrooty." (Nisbet & Co.) A deeply touching and interesting book in the best sense. It presents to us the life work of a gifted and devoted lady (Miss Annie MacPherson) in her successful efforts to gather together in a few years some 3000 waifs, strays and orphans from the slums of East London, train them, and then transport them to carefully selected homes and good prospects in Canada, where she still watches over them. This is the chief feature of the work, which however, embraces many other praiseworthy efforts to carry the blessings of the Gospel and Christian loving kindness to many a cheerless and desolate home in Whitechapel, as well as to those who sit in darkness abroad. This contribution to the history of missionary and humane enterprise deserves a large sale, as the consecrated energy of Miss MacPherson and her noble band of helpers is worthy of imitation. The story is well and graphically told, with a cleverly written preface by the Rev. John MacPherson, himself a distinguished biographer.

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SPRING FLOWERS.

"The flowers are blooming everywhere,
O'er every hill and dale;
And, oh! how beautiful they are
How sweetly do they smell!

Go forth *my friend*, and sing and play,
And let your cheerful voice,
With birds and brooks and Merry May,
Cry out, rejoice! rejoice!

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER IV.—AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE.

Six weeks had passed since these singular events took place. A fine autumn sun shone over the old town, the narrow streets of which were lighted up by its rays. The old watchman was installed in the gallery of the tower, and was gazing pensively over the smiling landscape which lay at his feet. Close to him was his little grandson. Every time any particular object attracted the attention of the child he clapped his hands.

"I *am* tall now, am I not Grandpapa?" said the little fellow.

"The town looks like the box of toys I had given me under the Christmas tree. If it only belonged to me, all of it, what fun I should have."

"You'd have had enough of it soon enough, my boy," said his grandfather, gently stroking the fair head of the child. "You would find the larger number of people were no better than they should be."

"Would they be naughty? Then I would shut them up in that ugly black house with bars to the wlndows, and only play with the good ones."

"Happy child!" muttered the old man. "He doesn't yet know the world and all its sorrows."

"Grandpapa," asked the little man, after a pause. "You don't love people, do you?"

"Who put *that* into your head?" said Baldamus, knitting his brows.

"It was father and mother. They said that you didn't love the good God, nor the people in the world either."

"Have your parents said that to you?" said the watchman. "Tell me the truth, child; for it's very wrong to tell falsehoods."

"They didn't say so to *me*," replied the child in a frightened tone, "but they often talk about you, and once I heard them say *that*."

"Alas," exclaimed the old man with a sigh. "Do you think, then, Augustus, that God doesn't love me?"

"Oh, no, grandpapa, I don't think so, because you are always so kind to me, but sometimes you look rather cross."

Baldamus took the child upon his knee, and pressed him tenderly against his heart.

"Grandpapa," said little Augustus, after a long pause—"You are crying! Don't do that, or I shall cry too."

The old man made no reply, but he caressed his grandson affectionately, while tears chased each other down his wrinkled cheeks. After a few moments' silence, he said—"You're a very little boy, Augustus, but I will tell you why it is that I do not love people. But you will always love grandpapa in spite of that, I know."

The child fixed his large eyes upon the old man, who thus continued—

"You know, my dear child, there are two sorts of people in the world, the rich and the poor."

"Yes, I know," cried the little fellow, eagerly. "And I know that love and your respect for *me*? It was a great misfortune for my

when a man is rich, he can eat cake every day, and ride in a carriage whenever he likes. And I know that you are very poor, grandpapa."

"I should be rich if they hadn't taken away everything that belonged to me."

"What," said the little boy with an air of incredulity—"Could you have real live horses of your own?"

"Yes, my boy, and a fine carriage, too."

"But you haven't got enough teeth to eat cake with," returned the child, who could not imagine anything superior to his favorite dainty.

"That wouldn't matter, you should eat the cake instead of me, and I would give you ever so many playthings and toy-guns, and soldiers."

"Oh, how I do wish I'd got all these things," exclaimed Augustus.

"I can't give you anything now, my poor child," said the watchman, bitterly, "because wicked people have taken away all my money."

"What bad wicked men they must be," said the child, bursting into tears, and throwing his arms round his grandfather's neck.

"Don't you think I've reason to hate them?" cried Baldamus in a tone of passionate anger. "But patience, the hour of vengeance is coming. I know someone who will become as poor as I am now—and I shall be able to rejoice at the sight of his misfortunes. I shall then mock him, as he has mocked me."

So saying, the old man burst into a loud laugh, his features contracted, and he began to gesticulate, and to clench his fists.

Poor little Augustus became frightened, and took refuge in a corner of the gallery. All of a sudden he rushed back into the room, exclaiming joyously—

"There's father!"

These words recalled the old man to himself, and he turned round to meet his son-in-law.

"Good morning," said Meyer, as he entered, "I've come for Augustus. Lottie was hindered from coming."

"Very well, very well, take him away," replied Baldamus gloomily. "But do be on your guard in future what you say about me before the child."

The postman looked with astonishment at his father-in-law, and then said, after a moments' silence—

"I don't understand what you mean."

"It seems to me, as if you and Lottie were in the habit of discussing my conduct before the boy, who has understood it all. A child is sure to let out everything it hears."

"All that Lottie and I say about you can be openly repeated to you. We consider your desire of vengeance a great sin, for which God will one day be sure to punish you."

"That's right, go in for being religious," replied Baldamus, contemptuously. "But do you consider yourselves perfect? Are there no beams in your own eyes?"

"We are sinners like all the rest, but sin fills us with horror. At least we *desire* to keep the commandments of God."

"Probably, then, you have forgotten the fifth, for where are your

mile from Veray, turning a headland, the head of the lake opens to view, with Chillon's grey walls rising out of the water, and reposing daughter ever to have married you, for you are always exciting her against me. Ten years ago, any one who should have told me that I should one day have a postman for my son-in-law would have felt the strength of my arm."

These violent words were followed by a long pause. The postman had taken his little boy into the room, after which he returned into the gallery. Baldamus was leaning upon the balustrade, and gazing round him with an expression in which sorrow and rage were combined.

"You are very harsh in reproaching me for my poverty and my humble station in life," Meyer said. "You know I never imposed upon you, and you were glad to see your daughter settled in life. It is true I am a poor man, but I am honest and industrious, and that is better than being rich. As to the fifth commandment, I assure you I have not forgotten it. Believe me, I should love you as a son if you would only let me. It is your hardness that prevents it."

"Enough of that," replied Baldamus in a haughty tone. "We shall never understand one another."

"Just as you wish," replied the postman, rising to take his leave.

Having reached the threshold, however, he turned round and cast a glance behind him.

"Well," said the old man, "what more do you want of me?"

"I have an interesting communication to make to you. It will only serve to excite still more your thirst for vengeance, which fills me, as you know, with horror. I only make it, to shew you that I am devoted to your interests."

Saying this, he drew nearer to the old man, who looked at him with eager curiosity, and said in his ear in a low tone—

"A short time ago, Baron Von Prachwitz got some letters from Washington. His secretary, Mr. Friedrich answered them, sending some money in his name. I have not been able to find out the destination of his answer and the moneys, but I dare say I shall be able, sooner or later. The whole affair seems to me mysterious enough, and I thought you might be interested in it."

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER V.

Escorted by Inglis, let us now pay a visit to the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva. "I left Veray," writes Inglis, "about 4 o'clock, taking a carriage as far as Chillon, that I might enjoy alone, and at leisure, the interesting and delightful scenery of these beautiful and almost classic spots.

"I was particularly fortunate in the choice of an evening. The weather had been unsettled for a week previous to my arrival at Veray, but the same evening it cleared up, and as I passed along the shore of the lake toward Chillon, all was beauty, serenity, and repose. About a

against the dark woods that lie behind. Clarens lies in a bay within a bay, and climbs up a gentle acclivity—gentle at first, but afterwards steeper, and crowned with the old walls and towers of Chateau Chatelard. It is more a concentration of hamlets than a village, and the walnut and fruit trees and weeping willows that surround and mingle with it, form a perfect *Vallambrosa*. All the way to Chillon the country continues charming; and every moment the massive walls of the castle become a more prominent object in the magnificent picture that stretches around.

"Apart from the historic interest of Chillon, it is interesting from the beauty of its situation, from its forming one of the most conspicuous objects in one of the most enchanting scenes in the world. The castle is built upon a rock which, in former times, must have fallen from the neighbouring mountain; and both the strength of its position, and the strength of its walls, have more than once enabled it to make a stout resistance in times of trouble. A drawbridge leads into the castle, and I was of course conducted into the dungeons. The principal dungeon is large, cold, but not dark. Several stone columns run along the middle of it; and to three of these are still attached the rings to which the prisoners were chained. It has often been reported that these dungeons are below the level of the lake; but this is an error. The floor of the dungeon is about the average level of the lake.* But although these dungeons are not quite so damp and dark as they have been represented, they are bad enough to have served as a fitting receptacle for the victims of tyranny."

The chief historical interest attaching to the Castle of Chillon, gathers around François de Bonnivard, (born 1496; died 1570) who has obtained the fame of being a champion of liberty. At the age of 23, he was first imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy, for the space of two years; but he was soon in arms again, and fighting for the possession of his ecclesiastical revenues. On this occasion the city of Geneva supplied him with the means of combating for his rights; and he, in return for this timely assistance, made over his birthright to the city. Remaining still an object of jealousy to his old enemy, he was subsequently attacked by the emissaries of the Duke on his way to Louvain, and having been delivered up into his hands, was sent to the castle of Chillon, (at that period a state prison) within whose gloomy vaults he was immured for the space of six years, viz., from 1530 to 1536. At the expiration of this time, Bonnivard was liberated by the Bernese, who seized the castle, and set the prisoners free; but his troubles did not end here, for a succession of disputes with the Genevese involved him in fresh difficulties, and at the age of 75 he finished his stormy and adventurous career, having bequeathed to the state his ecclesiastical possessions, and to the Genevese citizens his library, and some of his unpublished manuscripts—amongst others a History of Geneva—at which city they are still to be seen.

In his lengthened incarceration, Bonnivard had worn a track across the rocky floor of his cell, by pacing it so many weary days and nights.

* M. Simonds, who visited the castle in 1817, says he observed a hollow place full of water, which must come from the lake, and would rise above the floor of the dungeon, if it really were lower than the level of the lake.

In a note to the above poem, Lord Byron adds, that Geneva is still proud of the memory of a man "worthy of the best age of ancient freedom." In this notice of Bonnivard it is stated that, after having rendered Geneva free, he succeeded in rendering her tolerant. As to toleration, M. Simond relates that very shortly after his escape from the dungeons of Chillon, he became member of a tyrannical council, which proceeded to treat the opinions of those who adhered to the old faith with the utmost bigotry. Bonnivard, it is true, was somewhat in advance of others. He voted that time should be allowed for the Catholics to deliberate. The acts of the council produced many serious conflicts, but they were eventually enforced.

In estimating the justice of an eulogy on Bonnivard, regard should be had to the spirit of the times in which he lived, compared with that of the present day. The contrast will show how imperfectly the principles of national liberty were then developed, and that though he was, in some respects, a dauntless lover of freedom, he was, in others, when compared with our own times, incapable of valuing the rights and privileges of liberty of opinion and conscience.

Lord Byron's touching poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon: A fable," contains one or two descriptive allusions to the castle. The picture he has drawn of the sufferings of the two brothers of Bonnivard, while chained to the stone columns in the dungeon of Chillon, has no foundation in truth. With an exception which contributes to heighten the interest, the following part of the poem is an accurate sketch:—

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.
Which, round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have made me free."

And again:—

"There are seven columns of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray,—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft,
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

(To be continued.)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

The full moon rose in due course, and the night being beautifully bright, we summoned our black guides, and about nine o'clock started off for a 'possum hunt. A word about the opossum, or 'possum, as it is more often called, may not be out of place here. It is commonly found throughout the whole of the vast island continent of Australia, wherever the gum trees grow, these being its selected habitation. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits, very rarely appearing by daylight. Its food consists of the young shoots of the gum trees and the leaves and roots of certain herbs that grow in the vicinity of its haunts. In weight a full-grown 'possum equals a large rabbit, but it is a much sturdier animal, broader in the loins and back, with short, powerful neck and legs, with a long prehensile tail, the whole form wonderfully adapted to its arboreal dwelling-places. They are marsupial, in common with far the greater proportion of the Australian animals. In fact, I believe the only exceptions are those creatures which have been introduced and acclimatised by discoverers and travellers. In search of these interesting creatures we now started. Our party consisting of George, another white man, and myself, attended by sundry natives of both sexes and various ages. After proceeding about a mile and a half we came to the grove of gum trees that our natives considered as a likely place for sport, and so it proved. Our dogs were ranging and now and then giving tongue, as they came across the scent of a 'possum. We were carefully looking up into the trees to try and spy out our game in his places of refuge at the extreme end of the boughs, looking in the bright moonlight like a great bunch of leaves or a ill-shapen bird's-nest. We very soon found one, and then came the getting it down, which is not always an easy matter. Sometimes, if not too high up, they are pelted down with stones or such other missiles as came to hand. It was so in this case, and about five minutes' stoning dislodged the 'possum, which was quickly killed by the dogs, and deposited in the luba's net for the anticipated feast. The next "find" necessitated sending a darkie up the tree to dislodge. This done we move on again. "Yap-yap" goes one of the dogs; we follow up and see him jumping up against the stem of a tree, in which he has just "treed" the opossum; this one falls a victim to a black fellow's spear, which pierces it through and brings it down, biting savagely at the tough wood. And so the sport continued, till we had bagged eight or ten 'possums, when it was time to return to our hut. We left the scene with reluctance, for anything more picturesque and peculiar is seldom beheld than a 'possum hunt. The exquisite tracery of the trees against the marvelously clear moonlight, with the almost naked figure of the native thrown up in relief as black as ink against the sky, as he actively climbs after the game. Then on the ground the lubras have probably lighted a fire, which

shows up red and bright against the dark background of the forest, and forms a wondrous contrast to the pale, clear light of the moon, their dusky forms flitting about us as they pick up wood, now in the firelight, now in the moonlight, and now in the shade, their uncouth, potbellied picaninnies standing at the fire in a complete state of nature, all combine to form as wild a scene as can well be imagined.

In returning we recognised the absolute necessity for the guidance of the natives through the bush, it being almost impossible to find your way through a thick country by moonlight, when everything looks so very different to what it does by daylight that you cannot recognise the usual "landmarks" by which you usually guide your course. We arrived home about midnight, tired, but well pleased with our evening's expedition.

CHAPTER V.

Some short time after our possoming expedition, one of the shepherds at our hut was discharged for losing some of his sheep, and his place was filled by a Chinaman—a real genuine celestial; olive complexion, almond eyes, pig tail and all. He wore European clothes, certainly, but otherwise was a thorough good specimen of a "Johnny." He was a very decent fellow, clean in person and in clothes, and tidy and unobjectionable in his habits. His knowledge of English was, however, somewhat limited, and pronunciation defective, which rendered it difficult to understand what he said. He had a peculiar habit of bringing out his words in syllables, with a kind of jerk, and, in common with many of his countrymen, pronounced the letter *r* like *l*. This latter habit led to a very amusing occurrence a few months before he came to us. While travelling about to find work, he came to a large station, where he was asked to stay the night; and at supper, to his surprise and satisfaction, a large dish of boiled rice was placed upon the table. Johnny, whose real name was Pack Sing, was overjoyed, and went in for extra allowance; but when breakfast next morning brought a further supply of the much loved grain, his delight was too great to keep to himself, and he exclaimed—"You vel-ly good fel-lah cook-ee, plen-tee *l*ice gib um, vel-ly good you!" Poor Johnny, he knew not the blunder he was making.

A few days after his arrival at our quarters, he borrowed writing materials and sat down to write to a friend at a distance to inform him of his whereabouts. This done, the next thing was to fold his letter, but this seemed to puzzle him, for he made three or four futile attempts at doing so, each one more ingeniously wrong than the last. He then asked me to do it for him, which of course I did. After this came the directing of the epistle. Two or three perpendicular rows of signs were duly and carefully inscribed on the envelope, but when this was laboriously accomplished, our "celestial" friend woke up to the idea that the "barbarian" postman could not read it. This was puzzle No. 2. After a good deal of consideration, it flashed into his mind, that I *might* be able to put an address on his letter that the postman *could* read; which I accordingly did as well as I could from his dictation,

and the eventful letter was dispatched. Whether it reached its destination or not I never heard.

The aborigines of this district had never come across a Chinaman before, and they did not at all know what to make of him. They used to ask me, "What name that fellow? I think that fellow no good; him mucka *white* fellow; mucka *black* fellow—that fellow no .... good." Mucka means not, or no; and is the native word of negation.

Whether the natives could make him out or not, he was a capital shepherd, very careful and attentive, and the happy possessor of a very fine sheep dog. This same dog one day got hold of a poisoned bait; one of those we had prepared to lay out for the wild dogs or dingoes, which were not seldom troublesome; and to see the poor Chinaman's anxiety was, I am sorry to say, rather amusing to us, as it took the line, not of exerting himself to prevent harm coming to his pet, by using an emetic, but of praising up the qualities of the dog, and impressing us with the fact of his great value, and that he would not take ten pounds for him. I told him to give him as much sweet oil as he could get down, which he did; and this produced the desired effect, and "Hector" ejected the poisoned meat before it had time to hurt him. As soon as it became clear that no harm was done, Johnny's praises were not so lavishly bestowed on the dog; and as time went on, and he seemed uninjured, so did his value become "small by degrees and beautifully less." As there was no chance of compensation for his untimely fate, so it seemed there was no use in wasting breath over his valuable qualities. This subject of poison naturally leads to the manner of destroying the wild dogs, which are so very troublesome to the Australian sheep farmer. This is usually done by Strychnine. But, before describing the manner in which this is done, I would premise that these animals are the only exception that I know of to the wild creatures of Australia being Marsupial. On this ground, among others, I am led to the conclusion that the dingoe is not indigenous to this vast Island Continent, but a naturalized intruder. They bear so close a resemblance to what I call the "Chinese Fox Dog" as to appear actually identical; and may have been brought into Australia by the Malays from the islands contiguous to the North Coast; or they may be the descendants of those specimens known to have been on board Captain Cook's ship when he was wrecked in the same part. Be this as it may, they are still numerous and destructive, though rapidly diminishing, being pursued by everybody for the rewards paid for their destruction. The Goverment gives a half-a-crown for every *scalp*, and the proprietors of the various sheep stations, a bounty, greater or less according to their numbers, for every *tail*, so they may be fairly said to bear a profit at both ends.

They are usually poisoned with Strychnine. The way this is generally done, is by inserting about a grain of the crystals into a slit, cut in a piece of meat, about four or five ounces in weight, which is used as a bait. Any old piece of carrion is fastened at the end of a piece of cord, and dragged round the hut and yards, well outside all, and a bait prepared as above, pegged down every hundred yards or so along this trail. The wild dog, coming towards the sheep yards must crop this

trail, and will scent along it till he comes to one of the baits, which, if carefully set, he generally takes. Someone always goes at early dawn to inspect the line of the trail, and to take up and bring home any baits that he may find untouched. If one is taken, of course a search is instituted to find the dog supposed to have taken it, which is usually successful.

After considerable experience in the use of strychnine in the destruction of vermin I can only say it is impossible to be too exquisitely careful in the employment of this deadly agent, of the qualities of which the natives are thoroughly well aware, and stand in wholesome fear of "pison." I have made amusing and helpful use of this fear, especially on one occasion, when I had had flour stolen by the blacks several times within a short period. I happened to be "at home," when two or three black fellows came up, and, as usual, asked for "tuck out," this I declined on the plea of these thefts of flour; *of course* they knew nothing about the matter, and abused the "scrub-blackfellow" roundly. I appeared to take it all in, but very quietly got down a bottle which contained some potash, and in the presence of my black friends took about a couple of teaspoonfuls, and mixed up with a sack of flour. They appeared deeply interested, and asked various questions, to which I replied vaguely and rather mysteriously. They shortly departed, without again asking for the previously desired "tuck out," and the result was, I lost no more flour, and had no more black visitors for many weeks.

(*To be continued.*)

"JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED."

1. Cor., II. 2.

Weary, weary wandering one
  Straying in the paths of sin,
Look what Christ for thee hath done,
  What it cost thy soul to win,
Look to Christ upon the tree,
  Lo! He bleeds, He dies *for thee*.
Turn to Him who thus hath died:—
  Jesus Christ the Crucified.

Is thy pathway dark and drear
  Christian, who hath Christ put on?
Canst thou see no helper near,
  Feeling thou art all alone?
See! thy loving Saviour see!
  Hark! He saith "I am with thee.
Oh, in Him at once confide!—
  Trust in Christ the Crucified.

Burdened, art thou, or oppressed
  With a weight of earthly care?
Only One can give thee rest;
  Only One thy woe can share,
Flee to Him at once and find
  "Jesus' is a loving mind."
In His tender bosom hide:—
  Flee to Christ the Crucified.

Have thy friends and loved ones fled?
  Have dark shadows strewn thy way?
Are the hopes and joys all dead
  Which were wont to be thy stay?
There is One who changes not
  Howe'er sad thy outward lot,
One the same whate'er betide:—
  Jesus Christ the Crucified.

Is the sunshine o'er thy path?
  Are the joys of earth thine own?
All the pleasures this world hath
  O'er thy pleasant pathway strown?
Hast thou little of earth's care?
  Little of earth's woe to bear?
Oh, forget not in thy pride
  Jesus Christ the Crucified!

When with conflict sore beset
Thou art seeking for the light,
When, with bitter wild regret
O'er the past now sunk in night,
Bleeding from the bitter strife
Thou art weary of thy life,
One e'en then is at thy side:—
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

When the closing scene shall come,
And earth passes from thy view,
When the Master calls thee home
Ever to His promise true.
Passing through death's shadowy vale,
Let not strength or courage fail,
Oh, let nought from thee then hide
Jesus Christ the Crucified!

FAIRELIE THORNTON.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

THIS magnificient Palace stands on the northern bank of the Thames, is about twelve miles due west from Hyde Park Corner, and is situated in the parish of Hampton, in the hundred of Spelthorne, and County of Middlesex. Hampton manor is mentioned in *Doomsday Book* as then held by a Walter de St. Walarie, but in the time of Edward the Confessor it had belonged to an Earl Algar, and its value even then was estimated at forty pounds per annum—a large sum in those days. In 1211, Joan Lady Grey, relicit of a Sir Robert Grey, of Hampton, left by her will the whole manor and manor-house of Hampton to the Knights-Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem.

Cardinal Wolsey, the illustrious founder of this ancient palace, was the last of the churchmen of old whose munificence patronised that style of building, which originating with ecclesiastics, seemed to end in his fall. This prelate, like many of his predecessors, had studied the science of Architecture, and is supposed to have finished the designs for Hampton Court, the building of which commenced about 1515, under the direction

of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, who supplied the Cardinal with all the necessary expenses for building this most splendid palace. When finished, the building was in so magnificent a style, that it began, as Stowe remarks, "to excite great envy at court." The king therefore took occasion to question the Cardinal as to his intentions in building a palace that far supassed any of the royal palaces in England; but Wolsey replied, "he was only trying to form a residence worthy of so great a monarch," and that Hampton Court Palace was the property of King Henry VIII., which "gained him much favour."

In its present state, Hampton Court Palace consists of three principal quadrangles; the Western court is 167 by 162 feet, and is divided into several suites of apartments, occupied by private families; the middle quadrangle is 134½ feet' and is called the Clock-court; over the archway are the arms of Cardinal Wolsey ,with his motto, *Dominvs Mihi Adivtor* (God is my help), and on the small towers are the busts of the Roman Emperors in terra cotta, viz., on the east side, Titus, Otho, Galba, Julius; —on the West side, Vitellius, Augustus; and in the first court are Trajan, Adrian; and at the Western entrance are the Emperors Tiberius and Nero; they have lately been restored, but were originally sent from Rome by Pope Leo X. to Cardinal Wolsey to decorate this palace. On the south side of this Court the visitor enters a beautiful colonnade of Ionic order, erected by Sir Christopher Wren, which leads to the King's Grand Staircase; thence to

THE STATE APARTMENTS.

1. The King's Presence Chamber, which contains Paintings by the Old Masters.
2. The Audience Chamber.
3. The King's Drawing Room, the ceiling by Verrio—Mars reposing in the lap of Venus while Cupid is stealing his armour.
4. The Queen's Drawing Room.
5. The South Gallery with Portraits.
6. The Great Hall, in which may be seen some specimens of Arras Tapestry.

We now enter the Guard Chamber, a magnificent room, 60 feet long, 37 wide and 30 in height; and the first thing that strikes the attention of the visitor is the way in which he sees the muskets, halberts, pistols, and swords dispersed in various figures upon the walls, with the daggers, drums and bandaliers, frontlets, and other pieces of defensive armour, and all in the highest order. There are sufficient arms here for the equipment of a thousand men.

The STATE APARTMENTS are open to the public on every day of the week, except Friday, when they are closed for the purpose of being cleaned. The hours are from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, from 1st of April to 1st of October, and the remainder of the year from 10 till 4.

The GARDENS are separated by an iron fence from what is called the Home Park; and the walks in the Gardens, Wilderness, and Palace are about three miles in extent. But the great attraction here is the Maze or Labyrinth, which was formed in the early part of King William's reign. We now enter Bushy Park, and there we leave the visitor to wander in the sweet seclusion of Nature and contemplate on all he has seen and heard.

GEORGE RYMER.

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER IV.—INTRODUCTION TO SOPHIE TURNER.

"Now Fred," began Henry, as the two friends took each other by the arm, and commenced walking at a brisk, manly pace; "you have been inquiring into my concerns, haven't you something to tell me in return? It is some years since we saw one another—where have you been living all the time?"

"Well," replied Fred, if you like I wlll briefly give you my history since the time I left school, which was you know when I was fourteen, and it was I believe at that time that I lost sight of you."

"For which," put in Henry, "I was very sorry, for, if you remember, as boys we promised to be friendly and true as men."

"I remember," returned Fred, heartily, "and it was through unavoidable circumstances that that promise was never carried out. As soon as I left school, we went away from this neighbourhood altogether, as I daresay you can call to mind. My father had an offer of substantial work over at Holloway, and of course, though my mother was very much against it, to Holloway we went, and my father's prospects, answering in time to his expectations, we settled there permanently. I was apprenticed there, and having served my time, got employment, directly. On the whole we lived very comfortably till three years ago when my father died, leaving us without anything to depend upon but our own exertions. Of course, as far as Tom and I were concerned this would have done us no harm—at least to our worldly interests. We each had a good business, and were quite capable of supporting ourselves, but then there was the mother, and poor little Sophie. They were obliged to work hard at their needle, though you may be sure Tom and I did all we could to help them. But Henry," continued the young man, earnestly, "you wouldn't believe how patiently they took everthing. They never made a murmur."

"I can believe it, Fred," interrupted Henry, "my mother was as brave a woman to march through trouble as ever you could meet with. But I beg your pardon, old fellow; go on with your story."

"I haven't much more to tell;" returned Fred, "it would only be tedious to go into the privations of the last three years, but, thank God it is over now; they wont have to sit hour after hour stitching away for a mere pittance as they have been doing lately."

"Why," said Henry, laughing, despite the seriousness of the conversation, "have they suddenly dropped into a fortune?"

"Yes," returned the other, "their present means of subsistence is a fortune to them, and to us all, for my mother is now carrying on a good business in a tobacconist's shop at this end of the town—not half an hour's walk from Mills's place."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Henry, adding however in some surprise, "But, Fred, how is it we have never happened to meet before. You say you are living at this end of the town?"

"Yes; but we have only been at the new shop about three months."

"Oh, then it is not surprising that I have only to-day come across you. I live in Marylebone Street, and it is not often I come so near Oxford Street as this, for my brother lives the other side of Tottenham Court Road. I hope now I shall often see you—of course though, I shall be with you all day at work."

"Yes, Henry, but I mean to renew our old friendship, old boy. What do you say to come home with me now, and spend the evening with us? Tom, I know, will be agreeable to the arrangement."

"And I am sure I shall," heartily returned Henry. "I should like to see your new shop."

"Well," said Fred, "I think you will say it is a good looking little place. It belonged formerly to a distant and well-to-do relative who, just lately hearing of an excellent opening for him in America, kindly offered to put my mother into the business as it then stood, free of immediate cost, saying he was sure she was one of the many needy widows in the world, and that she could forward him, at her leisure, and in portions, the sum of £20 for the defraying of the whole of the expenses."

"What a God send it must have been," said Henry. "And does your mother find it answer pretty well?"

"Oh, capitally! Fortune is smiling upon us now as she has not done for a long time. Mother and Sophie feel themselves ladies all of a sudden, and yet they always seem to have plenty to do."

"Do you keep all the house for your own use?" asked Henry.

"Oh, no! we had plenty of furniture, so my mother furnished two rooms which she lets out to those two young fellows you saw working together at the opposite bench to-day."

"Do you mean the two I heard called by the names of Saunders and Atkinson?" asked Henry.

"The very two; as soon as the bill was put up, intimating that there was a furnished room to be let, they were the first to apply, and it was mainly through them that I came to work for Mills."

"I suppose then," said Henry, "you are a jolly set together. "Hail fellows, well met," as the saying is. "I can't say, however," he added, "that I admire the look of Saunders; he seems sly."

"Well," said Fred, carelessly, "I don't know; he is a slow, idle hand at his work, but on the whole he's as agreeable as most men.

"But," persisted Henry, "don't you think he has a sly look? He never appears to me to glance straight into anyone's eyes. I may be mistaken, but I certainly don't like the look of him."

Fred shrugged his shoulders, and then began to whistle, after which preliminary, proceeding to a reply, he said, turning quickly upon his friend, "I say, Henry, do you sit over your books a good deal—studying and pondering over them?"

"Why; what do you want to know for?" returned Henry, laughing. "I must say I am fond of reading."

"I knew you were," said his companion decidedly. "I suppose from boyhood you have cultivated your taste for literature, and it has made you over fastidious. You expect the world to turn out as it is described in books, and I can tell you it don't."

"Come Fred, I didn't mean to give any offence," said Henry, in his off-hand, good-natured way, thinking that perhaps the object of their discussion was one of Fred's specially valued mates. "I didn't know Saunders was such a favourite."

"Oh, he is no particular favourite of mine," said Fred, indifferently; "and I can assure you, my dear fellow, you have given no offence. Only to be plain with you," and here Fred lowered his voice to a confidential pitch, "my opinions, as far as Saunders is concerned, may, I don't say they are, but they *may*, be a little bit biased. I have an interest in him, that is, I mean in a certain member of his family. In short, though I don't tell everybody just yet, I am keeping company with his sister."

"Oh, I understand!" said Henry, looking suddenly enlightened; "and your love for his sister extends to Saunders himself. I hope *she* isn't sly."

"Well," returned Fred, coolly, "if you judge a person's character from the straightforward glance of the eye, I don't know exactly how to answer you. I don't believe there is anything sly about my Pollie, though I must own she doesn't always look unflinchingly into my eyes when I speak to her."

"Oh, that's nothing to go by in a woman;" remarked Henry. "They droop their eyes to make themselves fascinating, and upon my word they don't come short of their mark, for a girl does look pretty when she is a little bit shy, so long as she isn't so horribly affected as some of them are. I'd forgive 'Pollie,' as you call her, for not looking me full in the face, but I'm blest if I can see why her brother should cast such slouching glances at every one he speaks to."

"I can see you are not disposed to hear any argument in favour of my future brother-in-law," said Fred, good-humouredly, "therefore we will say no more about him. Perhaps when you get to know him better you will alter your opinion of him; he is like most other men, well enough in his way. But I suppose that doesn't suit you; it isn't sufficient in your estimation," added Fred, laughing.

"Not quite," said Henry, with a comical expression in his face, "I don't expect you to be the sort of man you are now standing up for. However, let us drop the subject, and tell me instead something about Pollie."

"You've not been long learning her name, Harry."

"Well, you see it is a tolerably easy one, and rather pretty, too, I think. Is the owner as pretty?"

"Well," replied Fred, as if this consideration were of little or no importance so long as the face and the person were suited to his fancy, "she is a very fine looking girl, and I like her face, though I don't think she really is as pretty as my sister Sophie."

"And may I ask what she is?" inquired Henry.

"She is nursemaid in a gentleman's family, and is earning very good wages. I don't know but what I would rather she was cook, I could then see more of her; as it is, she is generally tied down to the children. If she wasn't an orphan, I should like her to be anywhere but in service."

"You will have to make haste and take her out, then;" observed Henry, archly. "I suppose you make the most of her when she has her Sundays out."

"Indeed we all of us do that;" returned Fred, and he proceeded to speak further in praise of the fine looking Pollie, telling how her mistress valued her; how the children under her control loved her; how his mother and sister admired her, thus implying, by almost every word he uttered, how *he* regarded his Pollie, and between them the conversation was briskly kept up till the widow's tobacconist shop was reached.

Here Fred made a full stop, and paused; then, leading the way through the shop into the cozy little parlour at the back, he introduced his old schoolfellow to his mother and sister, who were there seated.

(*To be continued.*)

A RELIC OF OLD LONDON.

"In demolishing some old buildings in Whitefriars-street the workmen have laid bare about 30 feet of the ancient Carmelite Convent which gave its name to the locality where it stood, and to the disreputable district which in time extended round its gates. For more than a century and a half the narrow lanes which were once alive with jovial penitents, and at a later date noisy with the quarrels and tavern songs of swashbucklers and outlaws, have been only known as dull byways leading from Fleet-street to the Thames. Yet in all the less cleanly parts of London there are few spots more fraught with historic and romantic interest than the "rookeries" which surrounded the home of the White Friars. Modern improvements have, within the last few years, swept away the worst of these tenements, but, owing to financial reasons more than to any merit in themselves, several of the historical localities have been spared, and the antiquary has even now little trouble in tracing the places once notorious as the London Alsatia. Bare and uninviting as most of these courts are to the outward eye, they are replete with curious anecdote. Indeed, so far as Whitefriars is concerned, it is not going too far to say that were its chronicles completely known, the unimproving tale would comprise the biographies of some of the most notorious figures in the history of four centuries. Nor to the student of literature can the lawless land in which Scott laid the most striking scenes in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and which Shadwell painted scarcely less vividly, and with more originality, in the "Squire of Alsatia," be without lasting interest. Alsatia not only grew around the Carmelite Convent, but owed its doubtful privileges to the sanctity with which the pious father invested the neighbourhood. When Sir Robert Gray built a home for the White Friars in close proximity to the Knights Templars, the region now so densely covered with houses was a cool land of green fields and shady lanes. Bouverie-street and Ram-alley were part of the domain, which extended down to the river, then disturbed only by a few barges, and still alive with the silver salmon on which the monks feasted on Fridays and fasts. Even when Henry VIII. laid violent hands on the friars' home, and presented the Chapter House to his physician—the Dr. Butt who is mentioned by Shakespeare—it was an agreeable pleasaunce That "Child-like Prince," Edward VI., pulled down the church which Courtnay, Earl of Devon, had erected, and built houses for the courtiers on its site. The refectory of the oonvent was, however, still pteserved, and be-

came the Whitefriars Theatre; and, worst of all, the sanctuary for the rogues of both sexes who made their lairs in the vicinity of religious houses was continued. The place had even then become so notorious that it was a kind of border land between anarchy and order, and so continually the neutral ground on which the bailiffs and their victims struggled that it was named after Alsace, which, in those days, as in ours, was a frontier oft contested for by rival powers. Indeed, as early as Edward III.'s reign the Friars complained of their boisterous neigbours, though up to the time of the Protectorate the place had not altogether lost its respectability, for in Whitefriars the learned Selden and his reputed wife, the Dowager Countess of Kent, lived, amid their books. But as the wars between the Templars and Alsatians has began long before that period, the scholar must have been often interrupted by their brawls. When "they were up in the Friars," it was time for honest folk to seek a less compromising neighbourhood. From every den the bullies poured forth, brandishing rusty rapiers, and women of the Mistress Hackman type, armed with spits, pokers, fire forks, and shovels. If the musketeers arrived there was a flight of fraudulent bankrupts up allies dangerous for those not "free of Alsatia" to enter, or, as Shadwell pictures it, a rush for a boat to escape to the Savoy, the Mint, or some other more secure place of refuge. And if Alsatia had a Government of its own, it had also a language. The "Copper Captain" talks of "megs" and "smelts"—guineas and half-guineas—refers to money as "the ready," "rhino," and "the darby," and signifies a good hat by the phrase of "a rum nab," a luxury only attained by him when he was "rhinogorical" or in funds by "pigeon plucking," or worse. And, like Shakespeare's knight who "swore by his honour and was not forsworn," the Alsatian Paladin passed much of his time, in or out of his cups, in drawing his huge blade, boasting of "whipping five men through the lungs, in Flanders," and getting his nose pulled by those who estimated his courage at its proper value."

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

From grub and caterpillar free gooseberry and currant bushes. Be sure to proceed gradually with disrobing and disbudding trees. See that all plants in pots, annuals, &c., are well watered before planting out. Hoe and earth up the earliest cabbages; of cauliflower make another sowing, and plant out cauliflower plants. Crops of broccoli, &c. should be pricked out into beds. Of Brussels sprouts and savoys another sowing may be made. In the potato beds keep the soil loose. Frequent hoeing must be given to carrots, parsnips, beet, &c. To six inches apart thin out onions. Every fortnight sow varieties of turnips. Green Windsor and long-pod beans plant in rows, French beans on a warm spot. Thrice during the month sow peas in single file, if possible among other crops. Lettuce and salads may be sown fortnightly. Prick out celery plants sown last month; plant out in trenches at the end of the month.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

To boil vegetables green, it only requires that there be plenty of water, that they be put in the moment it boils, that they be boiled quickly, and drained off immediately they are done. If over-boiled, they lose their beauty and crispness. Boiling the water long, before the vegetables are put into it, hardens it, and turns the greens yellow.

Lay cabbages and all similar vegetables in salt water before using

them; this draws out the insects. Then put them into hot water, and let them boil quickly until perfectly tender, without being broken.

SPINACH.—This must be well picked and washed. Drain, and put it into a pan without any more water than that which adheres to it. Let it simmer about an hour. Drain it. Wipe out the pan, and put it back, with a lump of butter, pepper, and salt.

SALSIFY.—Scrape and wash the roots; put them into boiling water, with a little salt. When sufficiently boiled, drain and place them in the dish, without cutting them up. They are an excellent vegetable. Exposure to the air in scraping, or after boiling, makes them black.

CELERIAC.—The stalks of this vegetable can hardly be distinguished from celery. It is much easier cultivated. The roots are nice if boiled tender, cut into thin slices, and used in soup, or in meat pies. Or, scrape, and cut them thin, boil till tender, drain off the water, sprinkle on a little salt, put in enough milk to cover them; stew four or five minutes. When dished, put a little butter over them.

ASPARAGUS.—Cut the white stalks off about six inches from the head; soak them in cold water; tie them in small bundles, and boil them rather quickly. Be careful not to overdue them, or the heads will be broken. Toast a slice of bread brown on both sides, dip it in the water, and lay it on a dish. When the asparagus is done, lay it upon the toast, leaving the white ends outwards each way. Pour melted butter over the toast and green parts.

ARTICHOKES.—Trim a few of the outside leaves off, and cut the stalks even. If young, boil for half an hour, Serve with melted butter, in as many small cups as there are artichokes to help with each, having clipped off the sharp points of the leaves.

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

"DRINKWATER is dead at last," remarked Jonesbury as he entered the house the other evening. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. J.; "but then his widow lived comfortable. He's well off, isn't he?" "He is now," remarked Jonesbury, with an emphasis on the "now" that Mrs. J. didn't more than half like.

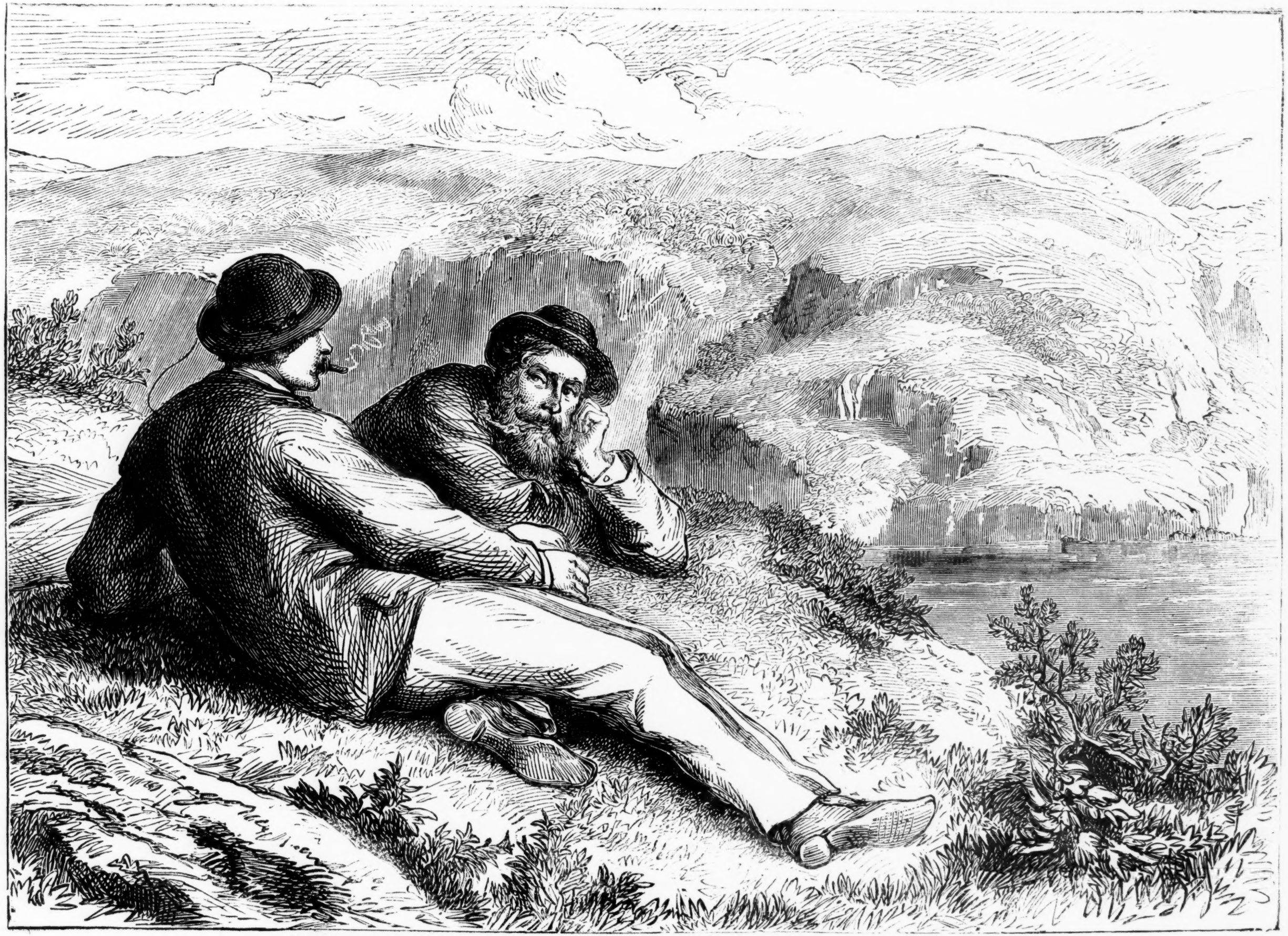
"WHERE are ye livin' now, Moike?" "In Donegal-street, number elivin. Come and say me." "Faith, I will. Shall I come in be the airy or be the front dhoor?" "Sure an' I don't care, but as I'm occupyin' the garret, perhaps it would be more convanient for ye to come in be the shky-light."

THE latest from the logic class. Professor: "Miss C., give an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises." Miss C.: "Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true." Class is dismissed.

DURING 1869 and 1870 Professor Park travelled extensively in Europe and the East. An amusing story is told of his contact with a German professor. No man can excel Professor Park in power to confuse those who have not the clearest ideas of that which they treat. The German professor had made some statements with which Professor Park did not agree, and he proposed a few questions. The German answered them one by one, but soon found himself involved, struggled to extricate himself, did not succeed, and finally brought the discussion to a conclusion by saying, with an emphatic gesture, "I wish Christopher Columbus had never discovered America!"

"WHEN I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers takes it, without clappering all day about it, as some people do."

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 JU 83



"HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS THOSE CHILDREN OF THE SEA."

OUR MARINERS.

How cheery are the mariners, those children of the sea,
Their hearts are like its yeasty waves as bounding and as free!
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels, in circles round the mast,
And sing, when deep in foam, the ship ploughs onward to the blast.

God keep these cheery mariners, and temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast, to their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship that could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand, to brave the mighty sea.

PARK BENJAMIN.

SUMMER TIME.

Oh! where is the voice of the summer heard?
In the flow of the stream, in the song of the bird;
In the hum of the honey-laden bee;
In the sound of the reaper's songs of glee;
In the sound and note of the nightingale's song,
Such music doth only to summer belong.

Oh! where is the smile of the summer seen?
In the golden cups that spring o'er the green;
In the light that maketh the bright blue sky,
Shine like a golden canopy!
But summer its sweetest smile bestows,
On the crimson leaves of the blushing rose.

Surely if heaven has given to earth
One thought in which we may guess its mirth,
'Tis the radiant smile of the summer glow,
As it wakes into life all things below;
But we are as captive birds that sigh
To wing our flight to a brighter sky.

Oh, while Summer lasts, enjoy it,
Let us to the fields repair,
Snatch some hours from toil and study,
Nature's blessed gifts to share.

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER V.—UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

Meyer had expected that the news he had brought to Baldamus would have produced a great impression upon the old man, but his father-in-law remained silent and without moving a muscle, and, not receiving any answer, the postman called to his little boy to accompany him, and took his leave.

Scarcely had the sound of their departing footsteps died away, ere the watchman's countenance underwent a thorough transformation, his eyes gleamed with a demoniac glare, his nostrils dilated, his breath became quick and convulsive, as he gasped out the words—

"God is just! Kurt von Hohenstein is still alive. The hour of vengeance has struck; that wretch will not be able to escape me, for it is very likely that he may try to make off with all the money. I shall try to get hold of him and tell him that the right heir to all he possesses is living. Yes, yes, I will go at once."

Saying this, Baldamus went into his own room to change his ordinary working-day apparel for his best suit, and taking his hat and stick, rapidly descended the winding staircase.

For some time past Worzel the police agent had been in the daily habit of taking his dinner at an eating-house directly opposite to the residence of Baron Prachwitz, the reason for which is very obvious. Mr. Friedrich and others from the Baron's house were in the occasional habit of coming into this restaurant, and Meyer had told his friends the history of the letters from America, and the sums of money sent in consequence by the secretary.

"I should much like to know who they are addressed to," Meyer had said to him, "but I can't make inquiries at the post office, as it might lose me my situation if I were thought to be inquisitive about the letters. So do, there's a good fellow, help me to find out."

"Trust me to find out anything of *that* sort," said the police-agent with a confident air.

He set to work, accordingly, to discover all he could, and to begin with, tried to scrape an acquaintance with the Baron's secretary. But that grand gentleman did not deign to respond to the efforts he made to get something out of him, and Worzel was in despair of learning anything from that quarter until a lucky chance favored his designs. One day, as he was just finishing his early dinner at this eating-house, he saw Mr. Friedrich enter the room in company with a stranger, the Baron's game-keeper, as he proved to be from the conversation the two men began to hold together. Friedrich found fault with him for not keeping the Baron better supplied with game, to which the other man replied—

"I'm sure, sir, you have no reason to complain; I sent six wild-ducks into town last week."

"Six!" repeated the secretary in great astonishment. "You must be labouring under a mistake, Koblas. No more than four came to us."

"Four! it was half-a-dozen fine large ones."

"That we shall see. I have got now in my pocket the note that came with them."

Friedrich took out his pocket-book and opened it, when, by accident, a letter of credit fell out of it. The agent of police immediately picked it up, and took care to read the address before returning it to Friedrich.

"John Sawyer and Co., Bankers, Washington," was the direction it bore.

"A valuable piece of paper, Mr. Friedrich," he said, returning the document to the secretary. "Five hundred dollars in a bill of exchange, a letter of credit, or whatever you call it. Dear me, and it is you who are sending it. Yours must be a good berth, for you to be able to afford it. I envy you, Mr. Friedrich."

"My good sir, mind your own business, and leave me to manage mine. You would be much more in your place out in the street, than here in an eating-house, where there are none but honest folks, who don't need your interference."

These words hurt the feelings of Worzel, who felt his dignity as an agent of police, offended. He grew red, and the veins of his forehead swelled. He finished the remains of his dinner, paid the landlord, and then, rising with an air intended to be majestic, approached the secretary, and said to him in a voice trembling with anger—

"I should like to know, sir, by what right you take upon yourself to remind me of the duties of my post? I may eat and drink wherever I please, I suppose. I advise you another time to behave more politely to agents of the police, or they may ask you one of these fine days how you manage to come by all the money you send by post. This isn't the first time you have sent this sum to America. Let me see—John Sawyer and Company, Bankers, Washington. I shall remember that address."

So saying, Worzel turned away in the direction of the street, while Friedrich watched him till he was out of sight with an uneasy expression of countenance.

On entering the street, the police agent had a narrow escape from being knocked down by some one who strode on rapidly before him. He was greatly astonished to recognize the watchman of the tower.

"What, you, Mr. Baldamus!" he exclaimed. "It is an age since I saw you."

The watchman gave a brief hurried answer, and passed on. Worzel would have liked to have followed him, but stood as if rooted to the spot when he saw the old man enter the residence of Baron Hohn von Prachwitz.

Let us for awhile leave the agent of police to his astonishment, while we follow Baldamus as he rushes up the steps so rapidly that you might fancy he wished to clear them all with a bound. He knocked, and the servant, who had not long been in the place, asked the name of the unknown visitor, and received the evasive answer—

"It is absolutely necessary that I should see your master, I have some important news to tell him. Make haste, and don't keep me waiting longer than you need."

The servant frowned, and went into the elegant sitting-room which we already know, and where he found his master lying stretched upon a sofa, smoking a cigar.

"Who is it?" inquired the Baron.

"A person I don't know wants to see your lordship."

"How many times have I told you that I never see people who come to beg—anyone who chooses to work can get a living."

"I wouldn't have interrupted you, my lord, if the man had looked like a beggar," replied the servant.

"What does he want of *me*?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my lord. He told me he had some important news to tell you."

"What nonsense. Those sort of people are always singing the same song. The very important news always turns out to be that they themselves have got no money. If he really wants to see me, let him tell me out plainly what he has come for."

The man went away again, and returned an instant after.

"Well!" said the Baron.

"He says, my lord, he has brought you news from Washington."

On hearing that name mentioned, the Baron rose from his sofa in great agitation, and casting a glance of terror round the room, exclaimed in a trembling voice, "From WASHINGTON? I wonder who it can possibly be. I must see him by all means. Let him come in."

The man-servant again quitted the apartment, while the Baron gazed with anxious eyes at the door—which presently opened. The two enemies found themselves face to face. They had not met for many years, and each looked at the other with an expression of detestation, which neither made the slighest attempt to conceal. Prachwitz attempted to speak, but fear and rage absolutely choked his utterance. At last, by making a great effort, he succeeded in bringing out the words—

"How dare you venture into my presence, and what have you got to say to me?"

"You needn't use that tone with me, sir," said the watchman in a menacing voice, "Your best days are over, I can assure you. You know I always swore that I would have my revenge upon you, and the time is come for the fulfilment of my promise."

"Be silent, old intruder, or I will have you turned out of my house."

"*Your* house!" replied the watchman with a contemptuous laugh. "I should like to know what sort of a town-house a poor country gentleman like you is likely to possess. This house and everything in it belongs to Kurt von Hohenstein."

"Ha! Are you then a wizard, who can conjure the dead into life again?"

"There's no question of witchcraft here. Your cousin is still alive."

"Who dares to say so?"

"I do," replied the watchman with a voice of thunder.

Prachwitz turned pale, his legs tottered, and he fell down upon a chair.

"What do you say now, my fine sir?" said the watchman in a mocking voice, at the same time seating himself in a chair exactly opposite the Baron. "Is your pride at all brought down, now, sir? It isn't very agreeable, is it, to be all of a sudden deprived of all one possesses. I know myself by experience what it is like. Poverty is an unpleasant sort of thing, more especially when one has been in the habit of enjoying all that wealth and luxury can offer. Yes, I know all that, thanks to you, Baron Hohn von Prachwitz. Where do you mean to make your town residence now? Perhaps you would like to come into my tower and turn watchman? I should be very glad of your help, for I am getting old, and in want of an assistant. But you'll find me a strict master, I promise you."

While Baldamus was thus speaking, Prachwitz had, little by little shaken off his feeling of alarm. Before making any avowal to his enemy, he determined to sound him as to what he himself really knew of the misfortune which threatened to fall upon him

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE natives, though they cannot be said to have a *religion*, have their superstitions; and, among others, entertain a dim sort of belief in what more resembles the transmigration of souls than anything else, though their mode of applying it is more material than spiritual.

They will tell you that if a blackfellow is well-behaved, does not steal, or spear any one, and does not run off with his friend's "lubra," or wife—although he will "tumble down," that is die; yet he will "jump up" white fellow, but that if he should give way to all or any of these objectionable practices, instead of a white fellow, he will "jump up" a wild dog, or a kangaroo.

They sometimes go to a Missionary Station where they pick up a kind of rough idea of a Supreme Being. Fred and I once had a black who had been for some time at one, and when we questioned him as to what he had heard and learned there, gave us a most primitive account of what had been taught him. He began his history by telling us of how "bad" it was for blacks or whites to *steal* or *kill* &c., and then explained in his droll broken language, that "First time Chinder sit down, then long way, b-i-i-i-g one Master sit down; my word, bi-ig one Master that fellow no gammon, and when blackfellow, all the same whitefellow, steal um tobacco, kill um fellow, lose um sheepy, like a that, then that bi-ig one Master; *Youua* call um, he catch um, and give um along of another fellow sit down along a ground long way," pointing downwards, "and that other fellow burn um! My word, no good steal, no good do bad things."

This is a very simple theology, but the way he described the great distance to the home of Youua or God, by telling us, "First time. Chinda come on," or in English "You first come to the Sun;" Chinder being the native name for the Sun; and then "long way;" with the word *long* drawn out marvellously; "Big one Master sit down." "Big one Master" being the expression used to imply some one above, or greater than others; and the more the word "big" is lengthened, the higher the degree of power intended; was reverent to a marked degree, and we were much interested. The natives are highly practical in their notions, as the following incident will show—

One of the more civilised and intelligent was taken to a Missionary Meeting, where he behaved with the greatest propriety, but upon being asked afterwards what he thought of it, at once, and very decidedly, gave it as his opinion, "that it was humbug."

"Why so, Jemmy?"

"Well, just you look; plenty fellow there, plenty jabber, my word, no gammon. PLENTY jabber! One fellow shut him eyes, and put him hand like a that," clasping his own to show what he meant; "and then he go on and big one jabber "daily bread," *but he don't give um any though; big one humbug that fellow.*" He considered that the expression "one daily bread," and praying for a supply, entailed getting bread then and there; of course, he knew nothing of the Lord's Prayer, and the ordinary, not to say formal, use of it. Their own superstitions take the line of dread of a malignant power, rather than of reverence for a benignant one. Fear, more than any other influence, underlies their dealings with the whites, or among themselves; the *lex fortioris* seems as a rule to be the only law they thoroughly acknowledge. The quarrels that not unfrequently take place among them, are seldom serious in their results, though they often get hurt. About this time we had a more than usual number of natives camped in our neighbourhood; and one evening we were annoyed by long continued and dismal sounds of lamentation and woe, proceeding from a wurley rather too near our hut. Accustomed though we were to screaming and howling, yet on this particular occasion the noise was so appalling, that George and I went, I fear in no very amiable mood, to see whatever it could be about. The first thing we saw was a dark-skinned belle with her mouth open, giving vent to her feelings in the most unearthly yells. We asked what was the matter, and managed, amid a hubbub of voices, to find out that the young lady had been rather severely beaten by the elders of the tribe for having, by her imprudence, caused a quarrel between two of the young men, in which, one had been slightly wounded in the heel by a spear. Had the girl's shrieks been all, it might have been bearable; but night was made even more hideous, by a running accompaniment of a sort of wailing and monotonous chant, which rose and fell from the utmost power of the performers, to little more than a whisper, in a most curious manner; but in all respect to the said performers, greatly more curious than beautiful. These sounds seemed to come from some persons who appeared to be lying on the ground, and mingled with the shrieks of the girl, and the groans of the hurt man, combined to produce a choral discord, entirely beyond my powers of description.

On fairly getting into the midst of the group, we could not forbear laughing at the serio-comic scene before us, in which to us, the comic greatly preponderated. The young man who had been speared was lying by a fire groaning vehemently; three or four of his friends of both sexes, seated on the ground, were leaning over his hurt foot, singing, or rather chanting their charms, to the strange accompaniment of two sticks knocked together to the time of the chant. A near relative and highly privileged friend would *spit* on the sore place, upon which the chanting would burst forth with renewed emphasis and vigour, and a fire stick or brand would be moved backwards and forwards over the place, then another spit, and another burst of enthusiastic chanting, till all the operators were streaming with perspiration, and becoming fairly exhausted by their labour of love.

George and I soon stopped this, and examining the young fellow's heel, were glad to find the hurt very trifling, and certainly not worth all the fuss these poor creatures were making about it.

By means of promises on the one hand, and threats on the other, we managed to induce them to help him as far as the hut, where we washed his heel well with warm water, and applied a bread and water poultice to the sore, at the same time exacting a promise that it should not be removed, which, to our surprise, we found the next morning had been kept, and that Billy was better. Having once taken him in hand, we continued to doctor him, and in three or four days he was, to use his own expression, "big one all right." He called us all sorts of good names, but evinced much more practical gratitude a few days after, as, when we were all out, he went up to the hut, stole all the tobacco he could find, and bolted.

Sometimes the quarrels among the natives assume a much more serious character, and life is occasionally lost in them. The accuracy with which they throw their spears is something wonderful, as also is the skill with which they ward them off.

I knew of a man who had offended the heads of his tribe in some way, and they tried to spear him; he stood alone, while the others advanced on him. Six spears were simultaneously cast at him; he warded off two with his hands, at the same time jumping high and opening his legs wide in springing, the remaining four spears passed harmlessly between them. He being now armed was a match for his assailants, and got off safely.

With a gun, one man can keep a number of the natives at bay. The value they set on a human life is small, also on human suffering; especially when they themselves are not the sufferers. A case of wretched cruelty came under the notice of some friends of my own, which exhibits their utter indifference to the pain they inflict on others, as well as the natural savagery of their ideas. It appears that two tribes, whose *open* hostility was kept in complete check by the preponderance of the white element settled in the district, had their hunting grounds divided by a range of hills. At the foot of the hills on each side, a large sheep station had been established; and, as usual, a good many of the blacks hung about to do such odd jobs as they were capable of and to avail themselves of such perquisites as might from time to time be forthcoming.

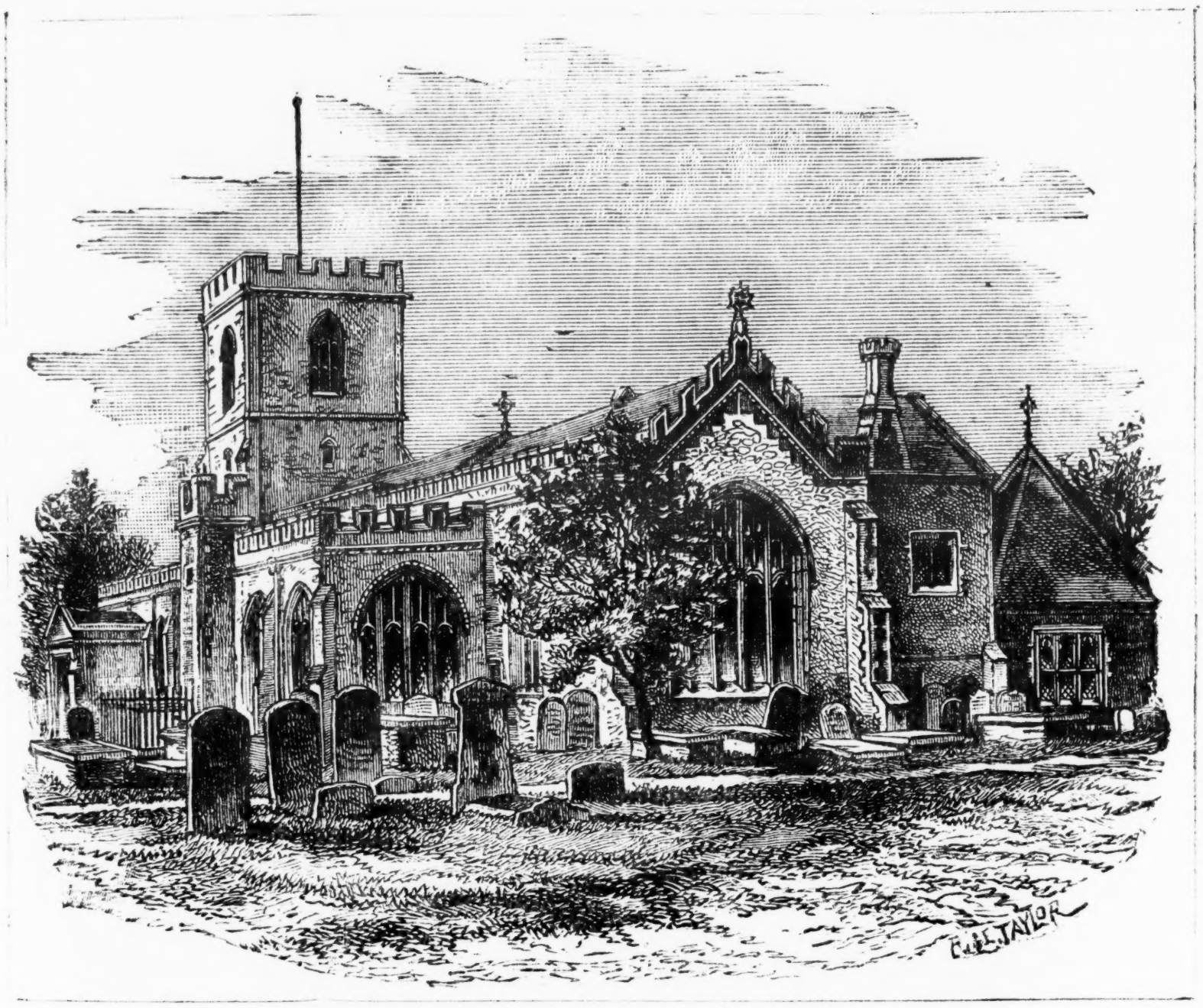
One unlucky day, a note was sent across the range by a black fellow, from one of the stations to the other; this he delivered all right, but he was foolish enough to wander too far from the station. The hostile blacks had seen and watched him, and when out of hearing and sight of any white help, they caught him, dragged the poor wretch to their wurleys, threw him on his face, cut a small slit in his side, and inserted a *reed* through which the operator sucked the fat surrounding his kidneys, and dividing it among those present they smeared their heads with it, and let the miserable creature go, to linger a week or two in great suffering, and then die. Greater refinement in cruelty it would be hard to find.

The degraded nature of the aborigines is also strongly exhibited in the unbridled indulgence of their appetites. I knew a case of a working bullock having by some accident broken its leg, which of course rendered it necessary to slaughter it. The place where the accident happened was too far from home for any appliances to be brought to dress the carcase, which was given to the blacks on condition of their bringing the hide up to the station. They at once commenced a feast, alternately gorging and sleeping till all the meat with the inside was devoured,—the operation taking three or four days to accomplish; during which time the participators in the treat scarcely left the spot where the dead bullock lay.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EVILS OF CASUAL DRINKING.

ONE of our contemporaries is informed by a medical man that "the growing habit with young men of taking nips of brandy" and glasses of "Irish" at all hours of the day is becoming a serious evil. The practice of taking a glass whenever one meets a friend or acquaintance is, it is added, but too common, and in the city it often means half-a-dozen or more visits to the "Shades" before luncheon. We hope our contemporary is wrongly informed. Certainly a more shady habit than that he describes could not be conceived. We are informed differently, and told that there is a marked tendency in the City for young men to take food, milk, or coffee, or sandwich, and not "nips"; further, that there is far more care in this matter in the City of London than in any other great city, as for example Liverpool, Manchester, or Newcastle, where casual and commercial drinking, as it may be called, is carried on with far less regard to consequences. Whether our information is right or that of our contemporaries, it cannot be too plainly known that medical authorities are absolutely unanimous in the opinion that "nips" of spirits and odd glasses of wine and beer taken casually, without food, are an unmixed evil that every sensible man should discourage. There may be differences of opinion as to the amount of diluted alcohol at meals which is consistent with health and longevity, though even here there is a conviction that the quantity is a very moderate one. But alcohol in the empty stomach of a city man, with little fresh air or exercise to burn it off, is sheer harm, injuring the fine textures of the stomach and the neighbouring liver and demoralising every function, from that of the brain to that of the kidney. No mixture of "bitters" makes this truth any sweeter or this habit less immoral. If teetotallers were less transcendental they might do immense good by forming a society, the members of which should drink no alcohol but at meals. Meantime, a word to the wise is enough; and no wise young man will continue a practice so unsanctioned by science and by religion. —*The Lancet.*



PLACES OF NOTE IN AND AROUND LONDON.

By George Rymer.

No. 1.—OLD STEPNEY CHURCH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

There is implanted in the mind of every properly constituted individual a feeling of veneration for the relics of bygone times; indeed, a reverential love for the memorials of a past age which exist in their midst, is a quality which never fails to characterise refined and educated communities. Among every people, places venerable by their antiquity, or by associations with the events which make up the national history, are regarded with affectionate interest; and this feeling becomes intensified in proportion to the general intelligence of the people, and to their knowledge of the men and deeds whose memories their famous sites or antique buildings evoke. In England, the love of antiquity is a feeling that deeply underlies the more demonstrative of our national characteristics.

It is a feeling which, in its aggregate action, has exercised a potent influence over our history; for even in the stormy times of Revolution it has supplied a counterpoise which repelled Anarchy and led to the New fabric being erected on the tried and solid bases of the Old; while, blending with that passionate desire for progress and improvement—which is another and more active characteristic of the people—it has moulded our Constitution and System of Jurisprudence into approx-

imates to perfection, and still is, To-day, the source of the success of the Parliamentary system and the foundation of the well-regulated Liberty which we enjoy.

In its *individual* action, the same laudable feeling has led to the preservation of many noble monuments of the greatness, the piety, and the skill of our ancestors—monuments, which the hand of Time, or the ruthless spite of Puritanical fanaticism would have destroyed, but which now remain, not only to delight the Student and Antiquary, but to exert an elevating influence over the minds of even the most careless and indifferent.

These remarks apply specially to "Ye Grande Olde Church of ye Saynte Dunstane Stibenhede, yclept Stepnye." As we pace this sacred place—

> "Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms fill the brain;
> They who *live in history* only, seem to walk the earth again."

And we repeat the words of the poet:

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to extacy the living lyre. * *
> Some village HAMPDEN, that, with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute, inglorious MILTON here may rest;
> Some CROMWELL,—guiltless of his country's blood."

This Church is one of the most venerable buildings in London—we might say in England—both for its age and associations. Westminster Abbey, with its traditions of Royal Founders and departed Kings and Queens—Barking Church, with its Records of Royal and canonised Abbesses—and that grim old fortress at our river side, "Her Majesty's Tower," in whose roll of prisoners the history of our country may be traced for many centuries—are the only places in the immediate neighbourhood that at the moment occur to our mind as capable of putting in a claim to rivalry with the old grey walls of Stepney Church. But Stepney is nearer to us than *two* of these, and dearer than all *three*; for who does not turn from the annals of bloodshed and crime and treachery which the history of the Tower of London unfolds, to the calmer, and sweeter, peaceful, domestic associations which cluster around—"Ye Olde Churche of Saynte Dunstan."

The origin of Stepney Church carries the mind back a century further than the Norman Conquest. On the authority of the old chronicler, Matthew Paris, it was originally built A.D. 952, by the energetic Churchman to whose name it has since been dedicated. But however uncertain the date of the original foundation of Stepney Church may be, we have good authority for stating, that the present structure is about six hundred years old.

And first, a word or two as to the individual to whom this church is dedicated—the Good Saint Dunstan. He was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 959, and papal legate in England, but died of grief May 19th, 998, as appears in the Calendar of our Prayer Book.

A curious legend is related of this same St. Dunstan. It is said that he was interrupted in his study by his Satanic Majesty, whose nose he

pulled, a painting of which, a late rector (Rev. R. Lee) informed us he had in his possession, and to this incident it is said the building of the church of Saint Dunstan is to be attributed, as witness the following :

> " St. Dunstan as ye story goes,
> Once pulled ye Devil by ye nose
> With red hot tongs, which made hym roar
> Till he was heard nine miles or more,
> Old men and women, girls and boys,
> Were muche alarmed to hear ye noise,
> But when they found the De'il near kill'd
> They then resolved a church to build."

This was nearly one thousand years ago, in the reign of the Saxon monarch EDRED, and less than fifty years after the death of the great ALFRED—a period when England, as it exists at the present day, had not been even permanently reduced under one sceptre, but when province was arrayed against province—for the reduction of the Northumbrians to obedience was the principal act of EDRED's reign—a period when that England which now claims sovereignty at sea against the world, was still subject to the periodical invasions of the hardy Danes, when the very foundations of the power and greatness and civilization of the people can barely be said to have been laid, and when it was even doubtful if London was recognized as the capital of the kingdom, though gradually growing in power and importance and asserting its claims to that distinction. Nothing can speak more strongly than a few facts like these of the great antiquity of the Church, or of the many changes that have taken place since its doors were first opened to invite the few dwellers among the fields that surrounded it to public worship.

In an article not designed as a biographical account of all the celebrated persons associated with Stepney or its Church, but simply to adduce some salient points connected with them as showing the claims of the sacred edifice to the regard of all lovers of antiquity, it would be out of place to refer to all the distinguished individuals whose names are met with in the records of the parish—a few only need be noticed.

The most celebrated is Dean Colet, who was vicar of Stepney in 1575, and the founder of St. Paul's School, who resided in a house called after him in White Horse Lane. An altar tomb of the Dean's father, Sir Henry Colet, Knt. is on the North side of the chancel, and forms one of the most conspicuous monuments within the Church. It has been twice repaired by the Mercer's Company of which he was a member. Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, brother of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, lies buried under the communion table. Sir Thomas Spert, knight, Founder and first Master of the Corporation of the Trinity House, has a memorial stone on the south side of the chancel, erected by the Corporation. A small brass monument is erected to the memory of "Nicholas Gibson, citizen and grocer, of London, and Avice his wife, who were Founders of Ye Free Schoole at Ratcliffe," the same, we believe, now under the liberal contro· of the Cooper's Company. Benjamin Kenton, a wealthy benefactor of the Vintner's Company, and founder of the Vintner's Almshouses in Mile End Road, lies buried in the chancel ; and Captain Mudd, contributor to the foundation of the Trinity Almshouses, Mile End Road lies buried in the churchyard near the tower.

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURNING to Scotland, one of the most common excursions of the citizens of Edinburgh is to Roslin Castle. It is said no scenery in Great Britian exceeds it in gorgeousness and romantic beauty. Here are scenes of the most perfect loveliness; altogether it is a most interesting and charming spot. It is seven miles south of Edinburgh, on the banks of the North Esk, on a peninsulated mount. On the land side it is separated from the country by a ravine, over which there is an ancient stone bridge. It is supposed that this castle was built by William de Sancto Clerv, son of Waldemus de St. Clair, who came over with William the Conqueror. The former obtained a grant of the barony of Roslin from Malcolm Canmore, and his family in after ages acquired great distinction and power, having very extensive possessions and many titles. They were Earls of Caithness and Orkney, &c. &c. Upon them also the honour of being patrons and grand masters of masonry in Scotland was conferred by James the second, and the same continued with them till lately. A Scottish writer has transmitted to posterity an account of the state maintained here by William St. Clair and his Countess, which presents a most imposing picture of feudal magnificence. In 1455, Sir William Hamilton, who had engaged in the treasonable designs of the Earl of Douglas, was confined in this castle. In 1544 it was burnt down by the English forces under the Earl of Hertford. In 1650 it surrendered to General Monk.

Near to Roslin is the scene of a remarkable battle, or rather of a succession of battles fought on February 24, 1303, between the English and the Scottish armies. The English, under John de Segrave, amounting to 30,000 men, were divided into three bodies, and encamped on different stations. The Scottish, amounting to 8,000 men, commanded by Sir Simon Fraser and John Comyn, attacked the first division of the English, and completely routed them. The remaining bodies advanced to the scene of slaughter in succession; the conflict was twice renewed, and ended in the complete triumph of the Scots.

On an island in a lake of the same name may be seen the massive and venerable ruins of the very ancient castle of Loch Leven, little of which now remains. It was one of the four that held out in the name of David Bruce, and refused to submit to Edward Baliol. It was of a quadrangular form, turreted, and encompassed with a strong rampart. It was besieged in 1335 by Sir John Stirling, (John de Strivelin), a follower of Baliol, with an army of English troops; but the castle, being surrounded by water, it was deemed impossible to approach it in the usual manner. A singular plan was therefore devised by the besiegers. There is a small river called the Leven; it runs out of the eastern extremity of the lake, and across this stream they reared a strong and very lofty mound, so as to prevent the waters of the river escaping from the lake, expecting that by this means the lake would rise, and by overflowing the foundations of the castle would induce its occupants to surrender. But Alan Vipont, who defended the place, being made acquainted with this device, sent out at dead of night a small boat with

four men, who made a breach in the mound; so that the whole body of water, breaking through with great fury, swept away the tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers, and nearly destroyed their army.

The remains of this mound are still shown; and whatever doubt may attach to the story, it is certain the English discontinued the siege, and retreated with great loss.

Within the walls of this castle the unfortunate Queen Mary, after her separation from Bothwell, at Carberry Hill, where she surrendered herself a prisoner, suffered the rigours of a close confinement, during which she was compelled to abdicate the crown she inherited from her ancestors. Stern and implacable was the lord of the Castle of Loch Leven; but there was one in the castle, a younger brother of this baron. This youth, compassionating her distress, determined, if possible, to effect her deliverance.

The first attempt made by George Douglas to accomplish his purpose had so far succeeded, that the Queen had actually entered a boat in the disguise of a laundress; but one of the boatmen, rudely attempting to lift her veil, she displayed, while repelling his familiarity, so white and beautiful an arm, that her superior rank was immediately detected, and she was sent back to be more strictly confined in the castle, from which George Douglas was expelled.

He still, however, contrived to keep up a correspondence with his younger brother, a boy of fifteen, called Little Douglas, who remained in the castle. The keeper used to have the key of the castle-gate placed on the table beside him when at supper. Little Douglas who served at table, contrived in placing a plate before him, to drop a napkin on the key, and in lifting his napkin lifted the key with it. He then slipped out to the queen; they gained the gate unperceived; he locked it behind them, and put off in the boat which lay at hand for the use of the garrison, the queen herself handling an oar. In their passage to the shore, which they reached in safety, he threw the keys into the lake; they were dragged up in 1805, and are or were deposited in Kinross House. The spot where they landed on the night of escape, 2nd May, 1568, is called Mary's Knowe, i. e., Knoll; it is on the south shore of the lake.

Lord Seaton and some of the Hamiltons were waiting at the landing-place (in a concealment from which they had a full view of the castle and the loch) to receive them. The queen mounted a swift horse that was in readiness for her, and galloped off to Niddry Castle in West Lothian, proceeding the following day to Hamilton. She had been a prisoner in Loch Leven rather less than eleven months.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

As the door opened, and the foremost figure of her son entered, Mrs. Turner looked up with her usual smile of welcome, but she was of course unprepared for the additional presence of a stranger. Being a

naturally nervous woman, she rose somewhat embarrassed, but Fred quickly put her at her ease, saying she had no need to fear a formal introduction, at the same time bringing Henry forward with so much tact that Mrs. Turner immediately put her hand out smilingly and cordially, bidding her guest be seated, also enjoining him to make himself at home.

"I think I have heard your name before," she said; "at any rate, for Fred's sake, I am glad to see you. And how, Fred," added the old lady, turning to her son, "have you so suddenly renewed the acquaintance with Mr. Draper? Come, sit down and cheer us up a bit with a little talk; we are both very quiet, sitting here alone."

"I should think keeping shop was rather a lively concern," put in Henry. "You see so many people."

"So we do," assented Mrs. Turner; "but we are always ready to listen to good news—aren't we, Sophie?"

"Yes," was the demurely given reply.

This was the first word the gentle-looking girl had spoken since she rose at the entrance of the stranger and quietly bade him "good evening." She was busily employed making something composed of very pretty colours, which Henry could not help admiring, though he did not remember ever having seen anything of the kind before: and, from admiring the work, his eyes presently travelled in admiration to the neat little worker. From time to time he glanced at her, and, much to his satisfaction, an ample opportunity was afforded him for the prolonging of his survey, as Fred, in accordance with his mother's wishes, was eagerly narrating the before described meeting between the two friends.

And certainly no prettier object could have fixed Henry's attention than the neat little figure, and now highly-flushed face, of Sophie Turner. Apparently she was about nineteen, small in the development of her figure, particularly girlish in her looks, and simple in her ways; notwithstanding, her manner was composed almost to womanliness, and upon her fair face there rested an expression of strong common sense, contrasting pleasantly with the entire youthfulness of her appearance.

Henry Draper had seen many a fair, pretty face before, but never one that seemed so thoroughly to claim his undivided attention, and he found himself wishing for a look into the eyes that were so demurely bent upon the pretty needlework.

While thus thinking however, Fred, having by this time finished his story, turned somewhat abruptly, and asked him if he would like a game at dominoes. Henry signified his willingness, and the two young men sat down in eager contest with each other. They begun, and went through the game, Mrs. Turner and her daughter meanwhile looking on, privately entertaining their own hopes as to the result.

It was a quiet game, but rendered merry and interesting by means of joyously youthful spirits, and a perfect harmony of good feeling and sociability from all parties.

Mrs. Turner watched the game to its close, congratulated her visitor upon his luck in winning, and then hospitably set about laying the cloth for supper. At this proceeding Henry rose, saying he had not intended to thus prolong his stay, but his kind hostess would not hear of his going without first having a "morsel" of bread and cheese.

Accordingly Henry was obliged to reseat himself, and, when he left

half-an-hour afterwards, he declared that he could not remember when he had spent such a happy evening before.

CHAPTER V.—SOPHIE SHOWS HER SPIRIT.

THE introductory visit to the home of Fred Turner, related in our last chapter, was not the last one made by Henry. Working all day together the two became as intimate as they had been when boys, and many an evening, on leaving the shop, Henry found his way, accompanied by Fred, to the cosy little parlour behind the tobacconist's shop. Somehow the loneliness of his former life seemed to be dwindling away; he did not always, as he had been wont, return straight to his uninhabited furnished lodgings, and there seat himself to his books, writing compositions from grammar, and playing his violin. These pursuits were in a measure forsaken, for Henry found that a game at dominoes or draughts with Fred was often more preferable than his own society alone.

As Fred had laughingly remarked, Henry Draper was fastidious in the choice of friends; he was always more ready to keep an old, trusted friend, than to make a new one, consequently his life was somewhat retired in its character. Still he was of a most winning, sociable disposition when thoroughly known, though not gifted with the fascinating manners and exterior of his brother William; and having met with a companion to his taste, he showed how easily he could throw off his reserve, at the same time that he felt how pleasant it was to mingle with the best part of the world, utterly ignoring the bad.

It will not do, however, to give him too much credit for the disinterestedness of his frequent visits to the friendly widow's tobacconist's shop. Perhaps, greatly as he valued Fred's hearty friendship, there was someone else even more attractive. He tried to persuade himself out of the fact, and offered the reminder, to the increasing warmth of his feelings, that he had often before seen as pretty a face as Sophie Turner's; though to be sure (and the acknowledgement was spontaneous) never one that had so captivated him. It was no good resisting the truth of it; if Sophie happened to be out with any of her girl companions, the air of the little parlour as he entered was sure to strike unpleasantly upon him, and even if, afterwards, he beat Fred in a game at drafts, and, truth to tell, he was generally the winner, the honour was less to him than if he had heard Sophie's soft voice say:—

"There, Fred! I do believe you are getting more stupid than ever. Mr. Draper always beats you."

At which, especially if the merry Tom Turner were present, there would be a general laugh, and the timid Sophie would retire, wishing she had not spoken. Tom, however, did not generally spend his evenings at home, his attentions were, happily for his sister's peace of mind, fixed in another direction.

Then occasionally William would meet Henry and his friend at Mr. Mill's shop door, and the three young men would walk miles and miles in the cold winter's air, at which times Henry, though he joined freely in the conversation, had the vision of a certain little figure before his eyes, and the desire in his heart that that little figure were at his side. Some times he wondered, as he watched her smiling happy face, whether she entertained any of the strong regard for him that he was beginning to

feel for her, and he certainly thought he would like to find out, but then of course he must speak openly to her on the subject, and there were two hindrances in the contemplation of this proceeding.

In the first place, he was not the only one whose visits were pretty frequently made to the widow's shop parlour. There was another, whose attentions were more marked than ever his own were, and who should this rival be but his fellow-workman, and Mrs. Turner's single man lodger, Saunders, to whom Henry had, as we know, from the first, taken a thorough dislike, It was easy for Saunders to leave the loneliness of his own room, and descend, ostensibly to have a little chat with his landlady: but the "little chat" grew into a lengthened conversation, at least, more often than not, and the few moments he had intended remaining merged into hours, so that the hitherto quiet home at the tobacconist's shop became a scene of liveliness and mirth. And as night after night passed, Henry confirmed his opinion that Saunders was a sly fellow, while Saunders on his part grew to regard Henry Draper with a jealous hatred. Saunders had never liked Henry, whose superiority of character, and quick skill in his work, so different from his own plodding, lazy ways, had always irritated him, and made him want in some shape or form to annoy him. Now, he was more jealous of him than ever, as he looked upon the good-looking young stranger as a rival.

(*To be continued.*)

ON EARLY RISING.

BY DOROTHEA.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

LONDONERS are proverbial for setting the above-quoted adage at defiance; or, which is as fatal to their reputation, they have the name of doing so. Whether in their indifference to health, wealth, and wisdom; whether from mere careless habit; whether from a natural enjoyment of their beds in the morning, and, a similarly natural disinclination to leave warm parlors, the cosy chat in the chimney corner, or an absorbing magazine at night, Englishmen, and, among them, Londoners primarily, are loth to get up in the morning, and to retire when the day's work should end. At the same time, late rising is not always followed by the burning of the "midnight oil." Some people are so fond of their beds that, slightly transposing the old saying, they go early to bed, and rise late; thus acting like people who can mollify an uneasy conscience by assuring themselves that they have at least performed *half* their duty.

Now, before we attempt briefly to set forth some of the advantages of early rising, illustrating our subject by examples, let us draw a line of mercy for those who, either from over-work, or ill-health, are entitled to additional rest both at the beginning and close of the day.

Delicate people, as a rule, require plenty of rest; the effort, so to speak, to live at all, is so great a strain on the physical powers that the work of a few hours will exhaust their strength to a pitiable degree; and, if the turn of their mind be quiet and placid, they yield to sleep

without the slightest difficulty. Invariably, the more sleep these people have the more they thrive; and, on the principle that a "creaking door hangs long on its hinges," they may, with care, live to a good old age.

On the other hand, there are strong, active minds that keep sleep from weakly bodies; such natures often fall short of the rest they need; to assume an attitude of repose with ever-wakeful eyes is not easy to them. Still, it would be well for these unhappily formed ones to have the full terms of rest assigned them, and to try to cultivate the habit of profiting by it. Such a thing is possible. Every man is in a certain sense, as far at least as he is a free agent, master of himself. He may not know it experimentally—it is because his faith in God is wanting, for, if he elected to go continually to the Divine Giver of all good gifts, he would receive grace enough to fashion his life as the Holy Spirit would have it formed. He may not believe it choosing rather to rail against a cruel fate that brought him into the world, cumbered by faults and failings received as an inheritance.

Another class of persons who may be excused the indulgence of lying in bed later than is compatible with high principle, is the rank of busy workers forced habitually to go beyond their strength in the performance, either of mental, or physical duties. Yet, these are not the people who generally avail themselves of the licence that would be assuredly granted them.

Those who use their minds a great deal, whether for private satisfaction, or as a means of livelihood, are often (and especially in the former case) too full of robust energy to resign themselves into the arms of Somnus. Again, the countless number of women, employed in workrooms and shops, would certainly gain flesh to their aching bones, and life to their weary limbs, if more time for rest were allowed them.

They must be decently clothed; sitting up far into the night therefore, they act as their own dressmakers; and often, when the girl is without father or mother, she is obliged to keep her own little home in order.

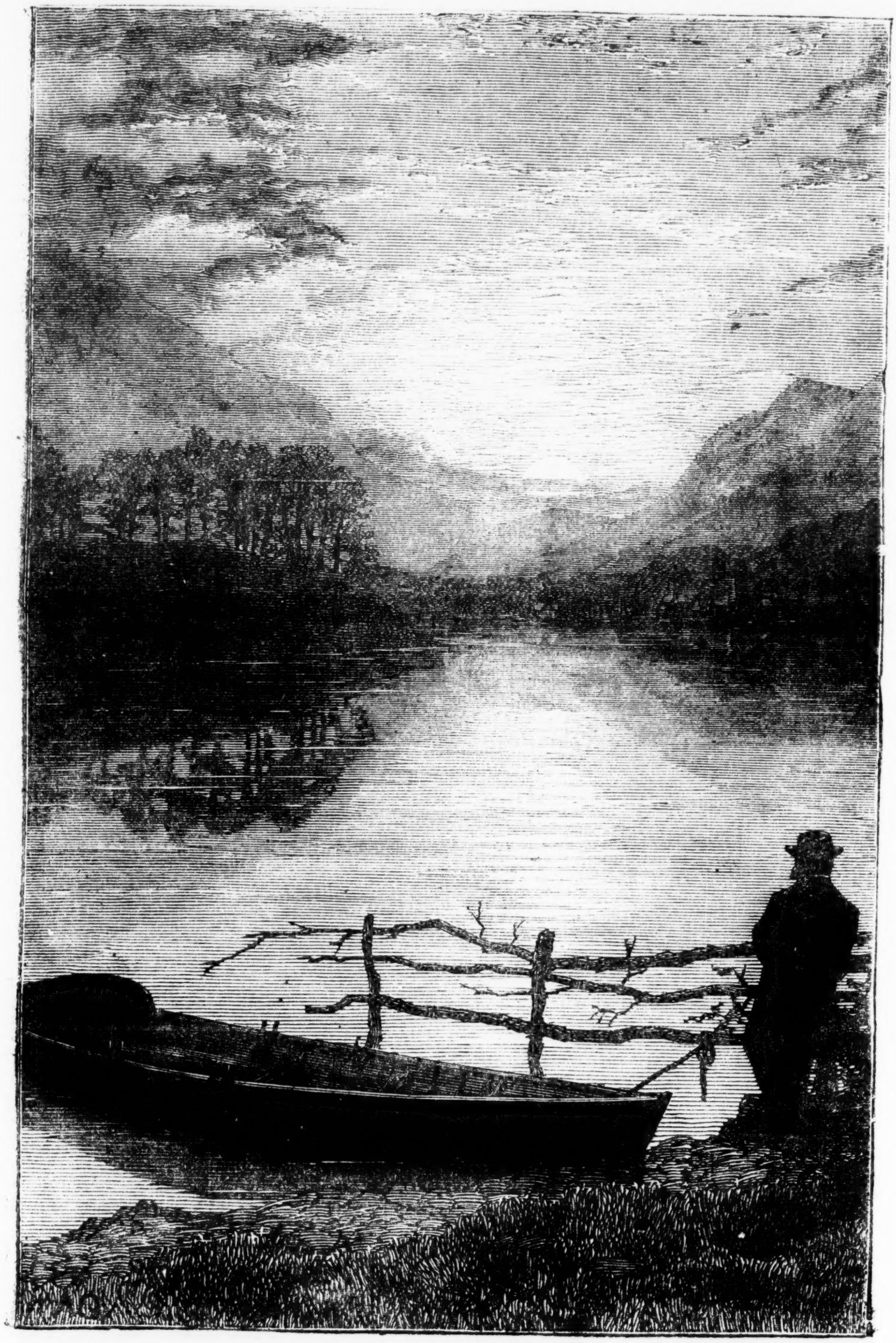
True, these women make the most competent, the bravest, and the most careful wives for the great army of our working men; as well as the most devoted mothers to the rising generation; but it is at the expense of much physical weakness, and of joyless souls.

(*To be continued.*)

GARDENING FOR THE MONTH.

"ALL bedding-plants and tender annuals should be placed in their summer quarters. Harvest and carefully store bulbs of tulips, crocuses, &c., first drying them carefully in the shade. Roses need careful attention daily. Transplant, stake, and thin dahlia shoots. Plant out parsley seedlings and cuttings in shady places for late bloom. By nets protect cherries from birds; thin apricots. Train and prune all summer shoots of wall and trellis-trees. Considerable attention must be paid to strawberries this month. Gooseberries and currants on walls should have their leading shoots tied in to prevent them being broken. This is the month for planting out such vegetables as Brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, kale, savoys, brocoli, leeks. Thin parsnips, carrots, turnips, and beet. Sow lettuce, endive, spinach, celery, mustard, cress, radishes, for dressing and garnishing. Plant out vegetable marrows, ridge cucumbers, tomatoes, and chillies. Plant out celery for succession; the main crop is mostly planted this month. Make another sowing of peas and beans for late crops, and another planting of broad and French beans."

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EVENING TIME.

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

"Your words have no effect upon me, whatever," he said at last. "Go away, and leave me at peace."

"Ah," said the watchman impatiently. "You don't believe what I say, then? That doesn't matter I promise you, for we have proofs. Haven't you had letters from America? And are you not in the habit oi sending large sums of money there through your secretary?

"That's right, go on," answered Prachwitz, attempting to appear calm.

"Very well, then, I *will* go on. Do you suppose we don't know for whom those sums of money are intended? You are trying to prevent the rightful heir from coming over to claim his fortune."

"Ha! ha. Just listen to this old fool—revenge must have rendered you blind, Mr. Baldamus. My confidential secretary and I can't receive letters from America without your imagining that they must be from my cousin. I warn you that I could make you repent of your mode of preceding. My stock of patience is at an end. Please to leave my house this moment."

The assurance with which the Baron uttered these words, made a strong impression upon Baldamus, who began to feel that his thirst of vengeance had pushed him too far. He saw his position was becoming rather a ridiculous one.

Prachwitz, who was a keen observer of human nature, and who could pretty well guess what was passing in his visitor's mind, determined to employ artifice to destroy the watchman's suspicions. Accordingly he rang the bell, and asked his servant to desire Mr. Friedrich to be so kind as to come and speak to him.

"You're surprised, I daresay, my dear Friedrich," he said, "to see this person with me. But it will astonish you still more to be told that the fellow actually came for the express purpose of insulting me in my own house. You know one of my friends in America has written me word that the price of cotton is falling, and has offered me very advantageous shares in a company that has been got up for buying it up."

"Certainly, sir, replied Friedrich with a smile, and I—"

"Yes," interrupted the Baron, "and as I didn't care to invest, you asked me to advance a sum of money for the purpose in your name. You've just been sending the said sum in a letter of credit to the bankers."

"John Sawyer and Co., at Washington," added the wily secretary, drawing his pocket-book from his pocket, and shewing the postal receipt.

"Yes—and this man pretends that these letters from America are from my poor cousin Kurt, and that I am in the habit of sending, through you, large sums of money to bribe him to stay over there instead of coming over to claim his property."

"And can you really allow any one to treat you with such

impertinence," said Friedrich indignantly, and with such a threatening air, that Baldamus exclaimed—

"Whoever touches me may have to repent it some day. I may, perhaps, have taken too precipitate a step, but I havn't lost my hope of revenge. God is just, and the day of retribution cannot be far distant. So saying, the old man left the room to return to his aerial apartment.

"The danger is happily over," said the Baron to his secretary. "This time, the game has been cleverer than the hunter."

"I've just had a little adventure, too," said Friedrich, who related to his employer the scene with the agent of police.

"Everything seems working favorably for us," said the Baron, laughing. "The agent will relate the whole affair to his friends the postman and the watchman, and the old fellow will be able to explain it by what he has just heard."

So saying, he went down into his dining-room, where, to his great surprise, he found the cloth not yet laid.

"Past one o'clock, and no sign of luncheon!" he exclaimed, when, after he had rung the bell, the servant made his appearance.

"I beg pardon my lord, but the clock never struck one to-day, he replied, at which, to the astonishment both of John and Mr. Friedrich, the Baron burst into a loud laugh.

The secretary and the servant looked with astonishment at one another, as if fearing their employer had lost his wits. Prachwitz, however, as if guessing their thonghts, replied carelessly—

"You needn't look so surprised, you two—I haven't gone out of my mind. Bring up the luncheon, John, and you, Friedrich, oblige me by coming with me into the next room."

Hither, accordingly, his secretary accompanied him, and the two remained closeted in earnest conversation for above an hour, while luncheon waited for them on the table, and honest John, by nature a little curious, wondered what could detain them so long talking, and what caused the bursts of laughter which he heard them both indulge in. But all that day Baron Prachwitz was in extra good spirits, and champagne flowed like water in his house.

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER VII.

ONE morning, at early dawn, as I was taking my usual look round, I espied a figure coming over the flat in front of the hut, that greatly puzzled me; as it did also George, and the Chinaman, who came at my call to assist in trying to make out the mysterious stranger. As the owner of the appearance drew nearer, so did *not* our wonder diminish. White man he certainly was not, and evidently not an *ab*original; though

as clearly he was an original of a very marked type. His swag, was really something wonderful ; for, besides the usual clothes—blankets, and canteen ; and possibly a quart pot and pannikin; he carried a frying pan, a good sized "billy,"* an old sabre, a double barrelled gun, a brace of horse pistols, two or three heavy dog chains, a thick great coat, and a bag containing flour and meat. Three useful looking sheep-dogs followed at his heels. Who, or what under the sun, could he be? Black as a native, yet without any of the distinguishing marks of one. Rather a small mouth, thin lips, and a somewhat prominent and well-chiselled nose. He soon let us into the secret, if secret there were, as to his individuality, and introduced himself as "Moustan ;" and told us that he had just come up from Port Lincoln, familiarly spoken of as "the Port ;" where had been down spending his cheque, and was now "on the Wallaby" looking for work. "On the Wallaby" is a common bush term, meaning—on the tramp ; and the word is derived from a small animal of the kangaroo genus, known for its wandering habits, called a Wallaby. We asked our new acquaintance in to breakfast, hoping to get some amusement out of him, and we were not disappointed. He proved very shrewd and intelligent, as is usual with East Indians. He was evidently much disgusted with the treatment he had met with at "the Port" especially from the publican where he had put up, and he entertained us exceedingly with his description of the way they had behaved to him, and also of how he had turned the tables on them. As his account of his Port Lincoln adventures may amuse our readers, I will give it here very nearly in his own words, as I wrote it down at the time. It is utterly impossible to convey any adequate idea of his action and the energy, almost approaching to fierceness, that he threw into his narrative.

"Well, you see," he commenced, "when I walked into the township, and up to the public house I was of course recognised, you see, by several people, and when I got into the bar, Mrs. P. holds out her hand to me and greets me very warm with—"How do you do, Mr. Moustan, very glad to see you. Will you have a nobbler Mr. Moustan ? And wouldn't you please to have a little dinner, Mr. Moustan ?" And so you see they could not make enough of me, for they knew I had a good cheque in my pocket, you see. Well, I fall in with a friend, you see, and I buys a gold chain of him, and a brooch or two, and some other little things, which I gives to Mrs. P. and her daughters; and, as you may suppose, it was Mr. Moustan this, Mr. Moustan that, and Mr. Moustan the other, and in fact nothing appeared to be good enough for Mr. Moustan. But by-and-bye as my money was getting less and less, it was 'now Moustan, you had better go in and get your dinner, if you mean to have any ! Now darkey do you want any supper ?' Well, you see, soon after this my money was all gone, and so Mrs. P. says to me: 'What do you do loafing about like this for ? You had better take yourself off into the bush again, and earn a little money for yourself !' And then I meet the old man, and he says to me, 'Well, you black —, why don't you hook it off up country again, you aren't wanted here.' So you see it was no more Mr. Moustan, but you black —. That was because my money

* A "billy" is a tin saucepan of any size with a wire handle and lid.

was all gone, you see. So I serve them a trick. I shoulder my swag and pretend to go off; but, instead of leaving the township, I go to a friend of old P, and I tell him that the chain, and brooches, and other things I give Mrs. P. and the daughter, had been stolen by the man I bought them of, and that I precious glad to get them out of my keeping you see. I tell him I not know that at first, only just find it out. Well, you see I then take up my swag again, and I goes on very slow along the road, and as I expected, I see Mr. P's friend coming along on horseback, and he cooey to me to stop, and when he come up, he call me everything bad about them brooches and things, and bring them all back to me. So I take them, you see, and go back into the township, and sell them all, and then go and spend the money I get for them at the opposition public house you see. So, you see, they had better have been civil to the last."

This latter part of the shrewd East Indian's story was told with a chuckling glee as to how he had *done* the publican's wife, that was inimitable. It may be taken as a pretty correct illustration of the way in which bushmen are usually treated in the townships. This Moustan had been fourteen years in the Port Lincoln district, paying his annual visit to the Port to spend his cheque. A fair type of the generality of bushmen. He was notorious for carrying the heaviest swag in the district, as can be easily imagined by reference to our description of it at the commencement of this chapter. After breakfast, my two shepherds took their flocks out as usual, and Moustan loaded up and departed, looking most funny. He usually preferred camping out, to sleeping in company with strangers in a hut; which accounts for the utensils he took with him. His double-barrelled gun was *said* to be a superflous burden, as no one ever heard of his shooting anything with it. He was not the only East Indian I was brought into contact with in South Australia. There was a well-known character at Port Adelaide, named Hassan Ali, who enjoyed a great reputation at one time. He used to delight the juvenile population by flying peculiarly shaped kites, and by some means causing a strong vibration in the string which produced a loud humming noise. I also had a Bengalee name Mahommed under my orders at one time of whom I may have to speak again. Having occasion to go into the head station later in the day, the first person I saw was Moustan, calmly sitting under a wurley he had made for himself, with all his numerous belongings scattered about.

I think I have already mentioned that the natives seldom remain long in one place, but frequently change their quarters. This may be accounted for chiefly from the necessities of moving from one hunting ground to another in the pursuit of some especial dainty only to be procured in certain localities, and at particular seasons. For instance, when the season for the white ant's eggs came round, all the blacks vanished from our neighbourhood to go and gorge on this much coveted food; which, I am told, somewhat resembles musty raspberry jam in taste, and which could not be procured near where we were. Their skill in tracking is, to us, marvellous, and is made use of by the authorities for police purposes; a native trooper or two being generally attached to the police force in each district. A couple of white troopers having

been sent after a black who had committod a robbery, took with them a native tracker, who for two or three days followed up the fugitive with wonderful precision, and not only kept unerringly on the track, but, as one of the troopers told me afterwards, amused them as they went along by telling them what he did here and there. "Here him sit down, and him lubra fetch um wood for fire; then they eat some bandicoot, and meer piccanniny time," (meer means sleep;) then, after following the track for some little distance, he would tell them of something else that had been done by one or other of those they were hunting; and so on, until they caught the man they wanted. I was greatly astonished one day by a boy of not *more* than twelve, quietly looking at the track of two horsemen who had passed about half-an-hour previously, and asking me about one of the tracks which was strange to him, and at the same time giving me the correct name not only of the other gentleman who had passed, but of the horse he was riding.

To follow up the subject of their skill in tracking, I hope in the next number to give some account of the way the natives conduct their hunting expeditions, and the contrivances they use for securing the game, which consists of flesh, fowl, and reptile of nearly every description.

(To be continued.)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

PASSING to Italy: Of at least fifty castles more or less interesting historically, let me select one only, the Castle of Petrella, famous for the sufferings of Beatrice di Tenda in the 16th century. Says Shelley, who has dramatised her life,

> "That savage rock, the Castle of Petrella,
> 'Tis safely walled and moated round about.
> Its dungeons underground and its thick towers
> Never told tales, though they have heard and seen
> What might make dumb things speak."

It appears that her father, Francesco Cenci, a Roman noble, the son of the treasurer of the apostolic chamber under Pope Pius the Fifth, was a most profligate person, having plunged into the lowest depths of infamy, and that he was saved from an ignominious end by his gold only, with which he corrupted his judges. He had four sons and this one daughter, all of whom he treated with the most abominable cruelty. He is even accused of having assassinated his two elder sons. Revolting at the horrible scenes she had passed through, Beatrice, in concert with two of her brothers and Lucietia her mother, accomplished the death of her hated father. Accused and found guilty of the murder, all perished on the scaffold in 1599, except the younger brother, that sentence having been passed upon them by Clement the Eight. This terrible event made a profound impression on the people of Rome, and for many ages the name of Beatrice was preserved in the popular airs. The

death of the family has been the subject of many paintings. A living writer, Benjamin Goouch, B.A. has a poem on Beatrice di Tenda's fate :—

By the scaffold steps they stood,
Two to die the death of blood;
He—a youth with terror bowed,
She—a dame erect and proud.
All the court and all the town,
All that late with bowing down
Would have hailed her footstep nigh,
Gathered now to see her die,
Here were meet in silence drear,
Curious half, and half in fear.
Pale her cheek and streaked her hair,
She was neither young nor fair;
She had nothing of romance
Thought to lure, or eye to trance;
Nothing in her cause to speak
Save her look of patience meek;
Nothing to appeal to art,—
Nothing but her woman's heart.
Bidden, now the youth outspoke,
Dreading doom of sharper stroke;
Open told the words his tongue
Spoke in secret, torture wrung;
Dying, stained his youthful fame,
Told his sin, his lady's shame,
Paused he with averted head;
Then she turned and proudly said,—
"Is it time or place to lie
When the living God is nigh?
Is there room for human fear
With eternal judgment near?
Pangs that wrung these words of thine,
Tortures ever such, were mine;
Yet they ne'er, though sharp and strong,
Forced my lips to do me wrong.
Had I known no nobler art,
Pride had kept us far apart;
Yet, however low wert thou,
Ne'er I deemed thee such as now.
Death, with truth and glorious fame;
Death, with lying and with shame;
These were offered; now 'tis past:
Thou hast chosen :—thine the last.
One sole witness for my truth
False to justice, false to truth;
Now the world abandons me,
But, O God, I fly to Thee:
Refuge of my wrong and pain,
Thou behold'st me free from stain;
Thou hast made my steppings sure,
Kept my thoughts and feelings pure;
If I knew no shameful fall,
To thy grace I owe it all.

Here perchance rebuke is said
For the slight I gave the dead,
That I kept not memory's truth
To the love that blessed my youth:
To the ohastisement I bow,
Thank Thee for Thy goodness now.
Pardon him whom Thy decree
Willed his grandeur all through me.*
On thy truth my soul relies,
Clear my name to human eyes;
E'en as Thou hast made me pure,
Let my blameless name endure."
Then she bowed her head, and died
With that trembler at her side:
Pardon, for his human fears!
Pity, for his feeble years!
But for thee, O woman rare!
Thou hast found thy noble prayer:—
Honoured in thy holy rest,
For thy saintly meekness blessed,
Beatrice, thy wrongs are known,—
His the guilt who stained the throne.
Victims of the tryant brood
Long in honour's roll have stood;
Horror only finds a place
For Visconti's loathly race:—
Shame the soil that bore their tread!
Shame the land such demons bred!

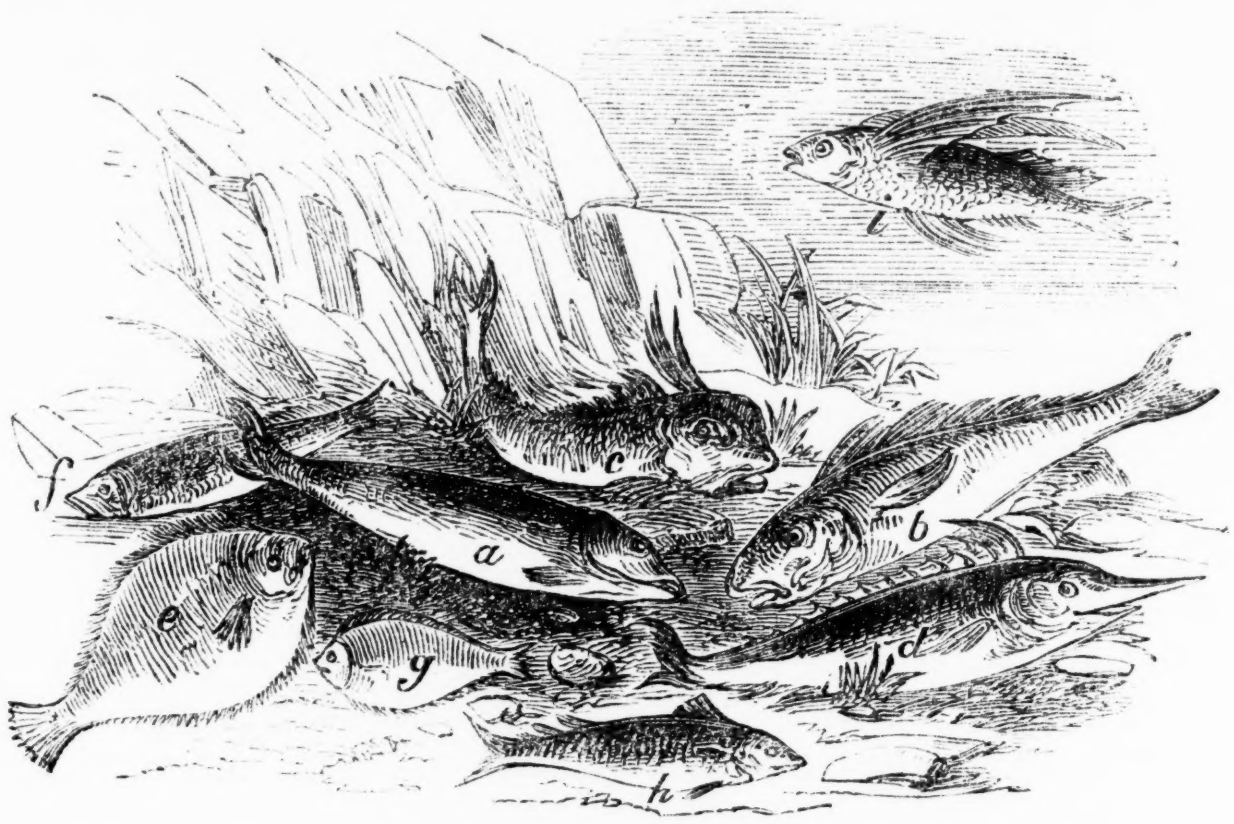
(*To be continued.*)

GROUND WORK.

THE importance of properly forming ground is very rarely sufficiently recognised. The other day we saw a croquet ground in the course of formation. To get the proper level, nearly 2 feet deep of soil had been taken from the top part of the ground, to be filled in at the bottom. A person who understood the work would have filled in the loose soil in layers 4 or 6 inches thick, and then rammed and consolidated it as the work proceeded. But as the operator thought he knew better than that, he wheeled the soil into its place to its full thickness, and having levelled it roughly, passed the garden roller over it several times, and having given the surface a smoothing with the rake, proceeded to lay the turf. What will be the consequence? Just this—when the rain comes, the turf in the soil will decay, and the whole will subside into a series of miniature pitfalls, rendering it useless as a croquet ground, and necessitating the renewal of the work. Now, in the formation of a croquet, cricket, or bowling ground, or even the formation of a lawn or flower garden, it is necessary that the ground should be removed to a uniform depth, and if it is not, it is indispensable that the soil in every hole should be properly rammed until it is brought to the

* "To-day Thou dost punish me, perhaps, for having violated by a second marriage the respect that I owed to the ashes of my former husband. I accept with submission the trial which Thy hand sends me; I recommend to Thy mercy him whose greatness Thou didst will to be achieved by me." *From the prayer of Beatrice on the Scaffold.*

proper surface level. In this manner the turf will have a smooth and proper foundation, and without that it is a waste of time to lay the turf at all. Soils differ much in the amount of compression which they require. Land free from vegetable matter, will, after a good soaking rain, go together so closely as to need but little further compression, but fresh soil full of fibre will rot and settle for years if it is not thoroughly consolidated at the commencement of the work. Loamy soils can easily be properly handled when they are dry. If you attempt to ram them when they are wet, you will form a palastic mass, through which the rain will pass with difficulty, and hence the surface will always be damp and Mossy; but if you ram such a soil when it is in a comparatively dry state, you may make it solid, and yet the interstices between the particles of soil will be sufficient to allow the surface water to escape with facility —*The Garden.*



a. Pike, *b*. Cod, *c*. Gurnard, *d*. Sword-fish, *e*. Turbot, *f*. Herring, *g*. Sole, *h*, Mackerel, *i*. Flying-fish.

A TALK ABOUT FISH.

The fish supply of Great Britian is a subject especially interesting at the present time, much is being written on the subject, and the International Fisheries Exhibition at Kensington is very properly calling attention to the consideration of how to feed the poorest classes with what should be a cheap and wholesome form of diet.

"Although we possess no official figures by which to denote the value of our annual harvest of the sea, it has been found possible to arrive at a pretty correct estimate of our fish wealth. It is known, for instance, that about 140,000 tons of fish are every year consumed in London and its suburbs, and it is estimated that about three times that quantity is required in other portions of the three kingdoms; say, in all, 500,000. The annual value of the herring family captured by the boats of the three kingdoms (pilchards, sprats, and whitebait included) may be set

down at three million sterling. That such figure is no exaggeration may be taken for granted. In Scotland alone a million barrels of herrings have, on an average, been cured during each of the last five years. Of herrings taken to be sold as "fresh fish," it is not possible to keep a note, but in all probability as many of the fish are sold fresh as are cured, say, to be well within the bounds of probability, a total of 1,600,000,000 individual herrings!

"It has been computed by a well-known fishery expert that the annual value of the round and flat fish taken by British boats, or brought to Billingsgate in Dutch luggers, will not be of less value than six million sterling—a million of the sum being represented by that favourite breakfast delicacy the sole. Shell-fish of all kinds, oysters, lobsters, crabs, and periwinkles, have been estimated to produce an annual sum of three millions, which brings up the yearly value of the British fish supply to nine millions sterling. Salmon and mackerel may be thrown into the bargain; the former fish brings a revenue of a little over £800,000 per annum, more than half of which is contributed by Ireland."

We now offer a few notes respecting the inhabitants of the sea.

Fishes form the fourth class of vertebrated animals. They are adapted for living entirely in the water, which however must be sufficiently charged with air, or they soon sicken and die.

Fishes breath by means of gills, sometimes called *branchiæ* which are formed of arches of bones, attached ot each side to the bone of the tongue, The filaments of the gills are covered with innumerable blood-vessels; they absorb the air contained in the water, which thus enters into the circulation.

Most fishes have an air bladder, by the compression or expansion of which they can render their bodies lighter or heavier than the water in which they live, and so rise or sink at pleasure. They propel themselves by means of fins, of which there are five sorts, viz. the *dorsal*, situated along the back; the *pectoral*, on the breast immediately behind the gills, corresponding with the fore-arms of other animals; the *ventral*, near the centre of the belly, corresponding with the hind-legs of land animals; the *anal*, between the belly and the tail, and the *caudal*, tail-fin or rudder, that being the principal steering apparatus.

The bodies of fishes, which by their shape are especially adapted for gliding through water, are defended by scales which overlap each other, and which are attached by their upper edges only.

Fishes are extremely rapacious, and possess extraordinary powers of digestion. They are constantly preying upon each other, and their appetites appear never satisfied. They are also amazingly prolific, a single fish producing often thousands of eggs, which it deposits in jelly-like masses called *spawn*, on sand, gravel, or sea-weed, leaving it to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

> "'Twas wisdom, mercy, goodness, that ordained
> Life in such infinite profusion—Death
> So sure, so prompt, so multiform."

Many kinds of fishes are gregarious, swimming and making their annual migrations in vast shoals, for the purpose of depositing spawn.

Naturally they are long-lived, but few of them long escape the many dangers to which they are exposed.

Fishes are seperated into two great divisions,—*osseous*, those which have a hard, bony, skeleton ; and *cartilaginous*, those whose skeleton is composed of elastic substance, or cartilage.

The first of these divisions is usually sub-divided into four orders, 1st the spiny-finned fishes, in which are the perch, gurnard, chœtodon, and mackerel families. Here we find the sticklebacks and that curious fish called the fly-shooter, celebrated for the dexterity with which it shoots a fly with a droop of water.

The following account of the nest-building stickleback is given by a writer in " Once a Week." A short time ago, it was my good fortune to capture a pair, male and female, of the ten-spined stickleback perhaps the most savage of this lively, but quarrelsome tribe. The three spined I have possessed in abundance before, but never these. On popping them into an aquarium, the little creatures, as these merry fellows ever will, soon made themselves at home, and in a few hours were observed hurrying to and fro, as busy as possible, with shreds of " weed " in their mouths ; in a few hours a perfect nest had been built the size of a walnut, and there it was—a beautiful object, depending from a stalk of the *Water Crowfoot*, as we see the nest of a humming-bird depicted hanging from the branch of a tree. A hole was formed right through it, evidently for the female fish to rest in as she deposited her spawn or eggs.

The lady wandered about the vessel, seemingly without much to care for, while the gentleman fish watched the nest with much apparent anxiety, manifestly on guard to protect it from harm, or unwonted intrusion.

Here also we find the mackerel, the tunny, the sword-fish, the mullet, and the goby-tribe, one of which is the wolf or cat-fish which feeds upon crabs and lobsters by means of its sharp pointed teeth, and a double row of enormous grinders.

The angler-fish also is here, on the head of which several long, silvery threads are found, which are moved at its will, and are mistaken for worms, by fishes which thus become the victims of the angler, in whose jaws, they are quickly engulphed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

Before Fred brought his old schoolfellow to his mother's home, Saunders had been in the habit of paying gallant attentions to his landlady's daughter, to whom, therefore, he thought he had the best right to offer his plea as a suitor, but he could not help seeing that Henry was regarded with more favour than had ever fallen to his own share, and it made him resolve that, come what would, he would win

Sophie for himself. Accordingly, he very foolishly strengthened his efforts, a proceeding noticed with feelings of anxiety by Henry, who, from this, formed the first objection to the offering of a proposal. If he could not secure the field for his own special use, he would have nothing to do with it. The second reason that held him back from making his feelings known to the object of his regard was, that he could not be said to be in a position to marry just yet. He could not think of distressing those slender shoulders with the burden of poverty: he knew what the result would be; young men of his acquaintance had recklessly entered into the responsibilities of married life; had taken their innocent and confiding young wives to a meagre home to share the pittance of a scanty week's wages; and, alas! all the bright mutual anticipations had been clouded, just for the want of a little forethought, and the exercise of a trusting patience. Truly in many of these instances he had seen exemplified the saying, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window, and, unfortunately, this is too frequently the case. It *ought* not to be the case; trial and suffering should bind love and sympathy together; but then human nature will go astray, and after all, it must be a powerful influence indeed that will arrest the ravages of the train of evils too often attending the blight of poverty. A man mnst look to a higher strength than his own, if he will turn poverty to a blessing, and so shape his aims that they rise superior to the sting of earthly woe. Perhaps Henry's reflections on the subject were not of quite so serious a nature, but he was resolved that he would not, as so many others had done before him, make the first mistake in his married life by entering upon it too soon. No, he would work harder than ever, and he did so; he commenced a banking account, and he remorsefully wished that he had begun long ago, instead of wantonly spending every farthing. Then the recollection of the romance his brother William had spun came into his mind. What if Mr. Mills really should at some future time make him foreman to supply his own place? Henry told himself it would be like a dream, indeed, he thought that unless he was advanced, the prospect of his being able to take a wife would be more remote than he cared to dwell upon. Thus reasoning he prided himself upon the honour he was maintaining in not entangling Sophie in a promise to wait for him; but it is questionable whether he was doing exactly the right thing, either by himself, or the girl with whom he was so frequently coming in contact. By not securing her promise, he was running the risk of never actually possessing; at the same time, by his manner and his unspoken eloquence, he was winning her affection, and leading her to believe, without making her sure, that he cared for her, thus occasioning her some suspense of mind. Being a man, however, this last consideration did not enter his head; he was enjoying himself in her presence, and, at a convenient time he would declare his intentions, so he continued his pleasant walks home with Fred, and one evening, when the wind was not quite so high, and the air not quite so keen, he asked Miss Sophie to take a walk with him, but it was a sober walk, for Fred obstinately clung to his disengaged arm all the time.

Meantime, Mrs. Turner looked upon the scene being acted before her

keen eyes, wondering what the issue of things would be, and privately hoping that if one of the young men was to be her son-in-law, it would be Henry Draper. She said nothing to her daughter on the subject; perhaps because Sophie herself was so very natural and quiet in her behaviour, but the mother was already indulging dreams in which the names of Henry and Sophie bore a conspicuous part.

Sophie's two brothers, however, were not quite so forbearing. They thought it good fun to see their sister so courted, and they did not forget to speak of it.

"Well, Sis," said Tom one evening, as he threw himself into his mother's favourite arm-chair which always stood at the corner of the fire place, and then drew his sister, who was passing him, into his arms, "Well, Sis," he repeated, "and what have you to say for yourself this evening?"

"Why, Tom, what do you mean?" asked Sophie, laughing. "I don't know that I have anything more to say for myself this evening than any other evening."

"Yes you have;" retorted Tom. "You wouldn't have said so much in a reply if Henry Draper had been here. Would she, Fred?" he added, turning to his brother.

"Don't answer him, Fred;" put in Sophie, and as she spoke, she passed her fingers in a confused fashion through her brothers hair, and added: "What a pity, Tom, you hair doesn't curl; it is a pretty colour."

Tom burst into a loud laugh.

"You artful little puss;" he exclaimed, "do you think that remark don't tell where your thoughts were when you made it? Other people have noticed Henry's pretty hair Miss Sophie as well as you."

"Come Tom," put in Mrs. Turner, "leave off teasing the child, do. Here Sophie," she added, "just take that kettle off the fire—will you?"

At this, Sophie exerted all her small force, and freed herself from the mock-firm grasp of her brother, who, forthwith rose, saying:

"Ah, well young lady I'm not so blind as perhaps you think. Mother pretends to look upon you as a child still, but if I'm not mistaken you are quite woman enough to fall in love with—"

Tom's saucy speech was suddenly stopped, for through the glass door he saw Saunders making his way to the parlour. Evidently Tom was not pleased.

"Here comes another of your admirers, Sophie;" he said. "I hope you'll be able to treat him with a double dose of civility to make up for the two of us, for upon my word I could knock him down for his impudence. Confound the fellow, what does he want here I should like to know. But never mind, Sis, he shan't get you; no! I'd rather marry you myself."

"Hush, dear Tom!" cried Sophie, looking terrified; "he will hear what you say."

"Let him!" retorted Tom; "I should make a better husband for you than that lazy fellow. I've made up my mind I'll have nothing to say to him;" and catching up his round hat, Tom escaped through a

side door muttering: "I'd as lief see her married to a crossing sweeper as to that cringing, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow."

Happily, neither the tender-hearted Sophie, nor Tom's unfortunate victim, heard these last words, and the latter, after dawdling about a-bit at the shop door, made his way into the parlour as if the simple worth of his character alone had previously paid his footing.

"Good evening Mrs. Turner;" he said as he entered. Mrs. Turner glanced up, and cordially returned the salutation, while Sophie hastened to seat herself at her work trying to feel charitably disposed towards the intruder, and yet wishing with all her heart that he would keep away from them.

This, however, Saunders had no intention of doing; he had come to ask his landlady's daughter to take a walk with him.

"It is so much milder," he urged blandly, "I thought you would be glad of a walk after being shut up in the house all day."

"Oh," said Sophie, assuming a carelessness which at that moment she was very far from feeling, "I am not confined to the house all day. I am running in and out of the shop from time to time."

"Still," Saunders went on, "a walk won't hurt you."

"Not if I cared about going," returned Sophie; "But I don't."

Both Mrs. Turner and Fred glanced up at this firmly spoken refusal, but neither of them made any remark.

Poor Saunders! his hopes seemed to fall to the ground at once, but he plucked up courage and said:

"Are you sure? Won't you think twice about it?"

"Not when once I have made up my mind, Mr. Saunders. I am busy, I can't go out this evening."

"You always are busy about something;" muttered Saunders. "I don't see, though, but what business could be set aside sometimes for pleasure."

Sophie, however, persisted in her refusal, and Saunders, after pleading his cause until he was tired, very reluctantly rose and took his leave. Immediately upon which, Tom, who had been listening outside the door all the time, burst into the room exclaiming:

"Bravo! Bravo! Sophie you are a brave girl! I never knew my timid sister could summon up so much pluck;" and the boisterous Tom compelled his petted sister to suspend business, that he might give her a kiss.

(*To be continued.*)

ON EARLY RISING.

BY DOROTHEA.

Having now, as we have said, drawn the line of mercy for the heroes and heroines of suffering, who have ever the first claim on the tenderness of the Holy Father; and having portioned them if they can and will accept it, the fullest rest that this restless world affords, let us turn to the number that remains, still a vast one, of those who should feel the

duty incumbent on them to rise early. Supposing the foregoing remarks to be correct, it will be safe to deduce the fact that, it is not so much those who need rest who indulge in bed, as those who are lazy. Nine persons out of every ten are late risers simply from laziness.

To deal honestly with these people however, it must be admitted that they are not necessarily lazy in every way, because they have engendered an idle habit. For the sake of an extra half-hour in the morning, they will work hard enough the night before; all preparations will be duly made for breakfast in the delightful anticipation of not getting up quite so early.

"You may call me five minutes later to-morrow morning Mary," said a little girl to her elder sister one night, as she received her last kiss and covered her head up with the bed clothes.

"Why? How is that?" asked Mary.

"Oh! because I am not going to put on my dress before breakfast," was the cool reply. "I am going to wear my dressing-gown and *that hasn't so many buttons to fasten* so I shan't need so much time to dress."

Well, it may be argued, (setting aside this childish anecdote) so long as the work is done, it matters little when it is done; and, if so great an enjoyment is derived from feather-beds, and downy pillows, why should any one be denied it? For reasons obvious enough to those who will open their miuds to receive them. In the first place, work done with such a motive is not generally from the highest Christian standpoint. In the second, enjoyment gained from lower things is sadly fleeting, the mind that can be satisfied with it, is not only wanting in vigour and spirituality, but, by yielding to minor pleasures, is holdirg itself back from ever reaching higher things.

We are not all born with vigorous and high-toned minds; but, we can all, by an effort of the will, try to attain to spirituality of thought and action. The only difficulty here, is with our wills.

It is remarkable, speaking paradoxically how much trouble people will take in order to save themselves.

A girl, young and healthy, lively in manner, capable of sound, restoring sleep by night, with a refined and cultivated intellect, and employed in a light business, will jump up with alacrity in the morning, kindle a fire, and put the kettle on. Then, slipping into bed again she will watch the flames rise and play about the warm coals, for living alone, her chamber serves the purpose of bedroom and parlour and kitchen all in one. Thus she will lie contentedly, till the sparks have all vanished, the flames are exhausted, and the red patch in the grate is so glowing that the kettle begins to boil. Its cheerful song is an invitation to the young white-robed inmate to make her tea or coffee.

Up she starts again, pours the steaming water over the Chinise or Indian, or Mocha product, as the case may be, and then the tea-pot or coffee-pot is left on the hob to "draw" the beverage. The small table is pulled to the side of the bed; there is the clatter of a cup and saucer and a spoon; a knife is applied to the bread and butter, and perhaps a relish is cooked. By this time, the brewing process being complete, the happy victim of indulgence returns once more to her downy pillows, and enjoys a lengthened breakfast.

If anything can be said in favour of such proceedings, surely much may be brought against them. Is there anything in such a practice to strengthen the moral tone of character? Will the poor and needy ones of this world go to these people for advice in their difficulties, for prompt action in relieving distress, or for self-sacrificing effort of any kind?

There are many erroneous ideas respecting sleep. It is often taken like ignorant people take medicine—with the notion that it is impossible to have too much of it. In either case, it is a fallacy; medicine should only be swallowed in the exact proportions prescribed by the medical man; and, sleep should only be yielded to according to the requirements of the system. Some people, irrespective of the labour they are engaged in, need more sleep than others who may, with impunity, stretch themselves on their couch for only a few hours without any danger of ensuing fatigue.

Still, even for the most sleepy of constitutions, it is possible to encourage slumber to an unwise degree. It does positive harm when the necessary amount is exceeded. Mind and body alike become enervated, and the daily duties are performed with a lack of energy painful to those who are constantly "oversleeping themselves," and excessively irritating to the energetic portion of the community at large.

(*To be continued.*)

"SCRIPTURE STORIES, AND THEIR TEACHINGS."

17th Chapter, 2nd Kings, 8th and following verses.

"AND the word of the Lord came unto him, (Elijah) saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there, gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said: Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said: Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said: As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and for my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her: Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel: The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she and he and her house did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah." Sometimes the way is all dark before us, our road seems full of difficulties, this brook (this means of supplying our necessities) is fast failing, we cannot see a step before us, we know not which way to go. Shall we go this way, or that?

how shall we decide? which is the *right* way? But it was when the waters were *dried* up, *not before*, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah. Why try to bear the troubles of the future? If we are trusting in God, seeking only to do His will, when the right time comes for acting, we shall be shewn what to do, our steps will be guided, even if it is in the dark. Elijah did not know why he was sent to this particular widow, he may have thought how much better it would be to stay quietly and safely where he was. But it was enough for him that such was not God's will. We do not know, perhaps this poor widow had taken her trouble to the Lord, and so Elijah was sent in answer to her prayer. Let us rest in the assurance that if we are trusting in the Lord, even if the way is all dark, we shall surely be guided aright. Let us remember that promise in the Proverbs, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he *shall* direct thy paths." Elijah found the poor widow gathering sticks, about to cook the last meal for herself and her son. He asks for a drink of water, and she goes immediately and willingly to fetch it. When we are in trouble, we many of us seem to think it a quite sufficient excuse for neglecting all the little opportunities of doing kindnesses that come in our way. In fact, we do not see them, we are so absorbed in the contemplation of ourselves and our troubles. Whereas, if we were to do as God tells us, and leave our cares with Him, our heart would be "at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise" with others. Elijah calls after her for a morsel of bread, and then she tells him of her dire necessity, tells him simply and unmurmuringly. He tells her to make the cake and bring it first to him, adding that wonderful promise from the Lord that the barrel of meal should not waste nor the cruse of oil fail, till the famine was over. What does the widow do? does she begin to doubt and to question? What power had this man to fulfil his promise? He had given her no proof of his power. But no, she simply believes his word, and acts accordingly. What simple faith was hers, and how it shames our faith as Christians. God's promises to us are so exceedingly full and precious. We have only to believe God means what He says, and we cannot do otherwise or we would make Him a liar. The thought is too awful. Elijah's promise was conditional, she was first to give her all to him, and then the promise of unfailing supply would be fulfilled. So with us, we must first give our all, ourselves to God, give up trying to save ourselves, by our good works, or even by our repentance; we cannot do it. If the widow had doubted Elijah's word and had thought to save herself and had eaten the cake, she must have perished. And so shall we perish if we trust in ourselves. If we surrender ourselves to God, He will provide for us, both for this life and for that which is to come. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." What things? "My God shall supply *all* your need, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." "*All* your need," is not that promise full enough? He will give us food and raiment, and all earthly necessities, for "your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things;" needful rest, "for so he giveth his beloved sleep." Forgiveness of sins, because our sins have been taken away, "nailed to the cross" of Him who suffered "the just for the unjust." We shall have power against

sin to subdue it, for He has promised "Sin shall *not* have dominion over you;" courage to do what is right, so that we may say with St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And we shall have perfect peace, for "The peace of God which passeth all understanding *shall* keep your hearts and minds." The Bible is full of promises, if we believe them as we say we do, how happy we should be. *We* know that He that promises has the power to perform, for "He created all things, and for his pleasure they are and were created;" "Who is it that saith, and it cometh to pass when the Lord commandeth it not?" Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge. And his willingness who can doubt? "He whe spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him, freely give us all things?" "God *so* loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life."

Let us then simply believe God's word, and come to Him that we may have life

The barrel was not *filled* with meal, nor the cruse with oil, but it did not waste, there was always sufficient, the next meal was always there. Should not this teach us our daily dependance upon God? We pray, "Give us *this* day our daily bread," but we act as if we expected bread to be given for next week. Oh, let us pray for more faith, that we may realize our daily, hourly, momentary dependance upon God, that we may live constantly as in His presence, continually looking to Him for guidance in all difficulties, for help in all troubles, His sympathy with our joys, for grace to resist temptation, for words to speak for Him, in fact, to look to Him for the next meal, the supply of grace to meet whatever need may arise. We need not trouble about the future, for the snpply of grace is boundless, it can never fail. We need never be lonely, even if we are disappointed in, or parted from our friends, for we have a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." What makes the happiness of heaven, but the presence of God. To be with Him is perfect happiness. And He has promised to be with us here. Why then are not Christians supremely happy? Why do we see so many clouded faces, so many who are careful and troubled about many things? It is nothing else but the cloud of our sins and unbelief that comes between us and our God. Let us simply believe God's word and His many promises and "cast all our care on him," for we know "He careth for us."

TRACTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.—The Weekly Tract Society is just now making special grants of its tracts at one-third of the published price; thus:—A parcel of tracts, containing 1,000, which is usually issued at 15s., can be bought for 5s., and half the quantity for 2s. 6d. As all the tracts issued by the Society are short, pithy, four-page narratives, specially addressed to working people in simple language, tract distributors should avail themselves of the opportunity of securing early parcels while they can be obtained under this arrangement, as the number to be distributed at this rate is very limited. Application should be made to the Manager of the Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

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MUSEUM



GATHERING LILIES.

GATHERING LILIES.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made things grow enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
When e'er his faith is dim;
For he who careth for the flowers
Will care much *more* for him.

MARY HOWITT.

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of OSCAR HÖCKER.)

CHAPTER VI.

IT was Sunday, and the doors of the churches were thrown wide open to allow the crowds, whose hearts were still glowing with the lofty words of the preacher, to pass out into the street. The excellent pastor of the principal church had been preaching of the love of our neighbour. Many a conscience had been pricked and awakened by his simple, and yet penetrating words. "If you forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."

Those were the words which he took for the text of his sermon, which concluded thus—"Reflect on this, my beloved brethren. Has not your own conduct frequently drawn upon you those faults of your neighbours, which you view in so hard and forgiving a spirit? When you have acknowledged *that* from your heart, you will readily forgive. But if you do not forgive, how can you dare utter the words 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Let us, then, make the solemn resolution of forgiving, from our very heart, all those who have offended us, that the wrath of God may not fall upon us for our trespasses, but that our debts may be forgiven through the merits of onr Saviour Christ."

The service concluded with the singing of the following hymn—

"Forgive our sins, Lord, and efface
Their stain through Jesus' blood and grace,
And as Thou pardonest all our debt,
Make us our neighbours wrong forget.

Let hatred and revenge, we pray,
Be banished from our hearts for aye.
That we may love, in thought, act, word,
Thyself and all our brethren, Lord

Whoe'er with deep humility,
In Jesus' name doth call on Thee,
Shall joyful cry, "Amen! Amen!
His prayers shall be regarded then.
Yes, whensoe'er with God we plead,
He'll grant us all things that we need.
Forgive our sins, Lord, and efface,
Their stain through Jesus' blood and grace.

Among those who heard that sermon was the postman Meyer. He was deeply affected by it. The thought of his father-in-law repeatedly occurred to him whilst he sat listening to it, and he said within himself—

"Poor old man, ruined by the villany of others. Instead of trying to cheer his last years by our kindness and our love, we have embittered them still more, and alienated him by our unkind reproaches. It is true that my father-in-law has not behaved like a christian, longing as he has done to be revenged; but we are all weak and sinful, and easily fall into temptation, and how do I know that in his place I shouldn't have done just the same. I am determined, by the will of God, that in future I will behave quite differently to him, and I am sure Lottie will follow my example. That will cheer up the old man, particularly just now, when he is seeing his hopes vanish one after another. Besides, isn't it our duty to shew him all the love and respect we can? We are his children and he loves our little Augustus like the apple of his eye. I believe he would be ready to give his life for his grandson, if by so doing he could make him happy."

While these thoughts were passing through Meyer's mind, the singing had ceased, the sweet hymn was over, the service was concluded, and the postman, with the rest of the congregation left the church. As he went along Meyer's eyes glanced involuntarily at the dark tower, the clock of which had just chimed twelve. The sound produced a strange impression upon his mind—it seemed almost as if he were hearing the watchman's voice saying to him :—

"Time passes. Come to me. Here is my hand, here is my heart. Let us be reconciled to each other once and for ever. Amen."

Meyer turned back a little, went in the direction of the tower, and had soon disappeared up its sombre staircase. Arrived at the door he stopped, for a moment to listen. From within the door he heard the deep voice of the old man, who was performing the only act of religious worship on Sunday morning he ever attempted—reading aloud to himself a few chapters of the Bible. The portion of scripture to which he oftenest turned, and over which he was now pondering, was his favorite passage in the law of Moses, now abrogated by the gentler code of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, strife for strife." (Exodus xxi., xxiv., and xxv.)

A deep silence reigned in the room, only interrupted by the sound of the watchman's spectacles as he took them off and placed them on the table. Another instant, and Meyer had entered the apartment. On seeing his son-in-law, the old man arose from his seat, and replied to his greeting by a look of vexation and annoyance. The postman, however, would not allow himself to be thwarted in his good resolution; he made his way to where his father-in-law was sitting, stretched his hand towards him and said—

"I have just come from church, where I heard a sermon which touched my conscience. I blame myself as the cause of the coldness there has been between us, and from henceforward wish to fulfil to you all the duties of a good son. I trust by God's help to be able to keep my promise, and only beg that you will not reject my wife's affection and my own."

The old man's stern features gradually relaxed from their hard expression, while Meyer was uttering these words. He seized the hand which was held out to him, and, clasping his son-in-law to his bosom, held him for a long time in his affectionate embrace. It was touching to see this moving scene on the Sabbath Day, between heaven and earth.

The two men exchanged but few words, their hearts were too full. Before they separated, however, Baldamus said to his son-in-law, in a voice trembling with emotion—

"Shall we not see each other again to-day? Do bring Lottie and the child to have coffee with me this evening? You will not refuse me this pleasure? It is so delightful for a father to be surrounded by his children."

At the moment when the postman descended the stair-case, the clock was just chiming one. It seemed to him to sound like a benediction sent down to him by the old watchman from his ærial abode.

On the evening of the same day, a happy family group were together in the little chamber of the tower. Grandfather had placed himself in the arm-chair, and had his little grandson upon his knee. By his side stood Meyer, while Lottie poured out the coffee, spread the bread and butter, and cut the cake. Little Augustus did full justice to his favorite dish, devouring one piece after another, not losing a crumb, and even, (greedy little fellow), carefully licking his fingers when he had finished.

A great change had come over old Baldamus the watchman. His heart, hitherto entirely filled with projects of revenge, was now gladdened with tranquil joy, and on his lips from time to time there came a sweet smile. He spoke but little, but his eyes rested with affection upon his children. In his newly found happiness, he thanked God for having produced this happy change, and made a solemn resolution of never again yielding to this vindictive spirit.

Just at this moment he heard a knock at the door. It was opened, and the agent of the police entered the apartment; for a moment he remained silent, struck with the sight of this family picture.

"All right! all right!" he exclaimed holding out his hand to his friends—"Parents ought to be united, and willing to help each other in the storms of life."

"You see before you a happy father of a family," said Baldamus. "We are reconciled, now, my children and myself, and we have but one wish, that of living happily together. But what a curious face you are making, my good friend."

Worzel began stroking his head with an embarrassed air. He cleared his throat several times and at last spoke, with evident hesitation—

"Yes, I'm in no good humour to-day. If I had known that I should find you all so happy together, I should have put off my call till to-morrow. Business is more suited to working days than to Sunday."

"We are very happy to see you to-day Mr. Worzel. I don't suppose you have come with any particular week-day business to transact. If so, we *can* put it off till to-morrow; but sit down now, and let my daughter pour you out a cup of coffee."

"Thank you; but I'm almost afraid what I've come to tell *cannot* so well be put off."

"The fact is," he continued, after scratching his head and looking very awkward and uncomfortable, "I have a piece of bad news to tell you, Mr. Baldamus."

"Explain yourself more clearly," said the watchman, whose brow began to darken.

"It's a bad business—a disgraceful story"—said the agent of police. "The fact is, I have come to tell you that complaints against you have been lodged with the magistrates."

"For what?" they all inquired with one voice.

The agent shook his head, and thus continued—

"That villain of a Baron Prachwitz has requested that you may be dismissed, under the pretence that you do not fulfil, in a trustworthy manner, the duties of your post."

This piece of intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the son and daughter, and Baldamus turned pale and sank back in his arm-chair.

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMING nearer home again, we glance at Caernarvon Castle, built by Edward the First, in which his son Edward the Second, the first Prince of Wales, was born.

Chirk is one of the stations on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway, equidistant from the two places. The Castle of Chirk is on an eminence backed by the Berwyn mountains. It is supposed to have been built in 1013, and was extremely strong. The front is about 250 feet, and two persons abreast may parade the battlements with ease. It was besieged by the parliamentary forces, and considerably battered by the cannon of Cromwell. The repairs cost £80,000. It is stated that the summit of the castle commands a wide expanse of great beauty and magnificence, offering to the naked eye an uninterrupted view into seventeen different counties. On the west side of the castle is a deep and picturesque

valley, remarkable in history as the scene of a sanguinary conflict, in 1165, between the forces under Henry the Second and those of the Welsh under their brave prince Owen Guynedd, when the latter obtained a decisive victory, and compelled the Saxon monarch to "skedaddle," as Brother Jonathan would say—*anglice*, to seek safety in a retreat to his own territories.

In this neighbourhood are many ancient fortifications, the most noticeable of which is part of Offa's dyke, thrown up as the boundary between the ancient Britons and the Saxons in 763.

At Chepstow, on a perpendicular rock, are the remains of a large Castle,

The remains of Flint Castle stand on a rock in the marsh at the bottom of the town, and so near the river that at high water the walls are washed by the tide. The tower at the south-east corner, which is called the double tower, is much larger than the others. Antiquaries are undecided as to the founder of Flint Castle, some asserting it was commenced by Henry the Second, and completed by Edward the First, while others affirm it was entirely the work of the latter. It was alternately in the possession of the Welsh and of the English princes during the various vicissitudes which distinguished the wars of that period, and in 1399 it was the scene of the betrayal of the unfortunate monarch Richard the Second, by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, into the power of his ambitious rival Bolingbroke, the "aspiring Lancaster." Under the insidious pretence that Bolingbroke, who was waiting for the king at Flint, desired only to have his property restored, and that the kingdom should have a parliament, Northumberland met Richard at Conway, and they were journeying together when, among the recesses of the mountains, the latter observed a band of soldiers. Alarmed for his saftey, and now fearful of the snare that was laid for him, he attempted to return, but Percy, springing forward, caught his horse's bridle, and forcibly directed his course. They dined together *en route*, and arrived the same evening at Flint. The next day, "after dinner," says Stove, "the Duke of Lancaster entered the castle all armed, his bassinet (basin-shaped helmet) excepted. King Richard came down to meet him; and the duke, as soon as he saw the king, fell down on his knees, and coming near unto him, he kneeled a second time with his hat in his hand, and the king then put off his hood, and spoke first, 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, answered, 'My lord, I am come before you sent for me; the reason why, I shall show you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years ruled them very rigorously; but, if it please our lord, I will help you to govern better.' The duke then with a high sharp voice bade bring forth the king's horses, and two little nagges worth 40 franks were brought forthe. The king was set on the one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other, and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Chester," whence, after a night's rest, they were marched to London, and made a public entry into the metropolis, under those moving circumstances so exquisitely related by Shakespere in his tragedy of Richard the Second.

In the civil wars, Flint Castle was garrisoned for the king by Sir

Roger Mostyn, and was defended with great bravery, but was at last surrendered to General Mytton. In August 1646 it was ordered to be dismantled, and has since fallen into utter decay, though its ruins present, towards the sea, a somewhat imposing appearance.

Let us now look a little at the circumstances that gave rise to the building of these massive structures. We shall find the idea of defence predominant. When the possession of property, which was at first the gift of kings to their subjects, became hereditary, and descended from father to son for ever, unless forfeited for some misconduct or offence against the sovereign, it was needful to defend what was by this means so much increased in real value.

It seems very probable that the simple inhabitants of Britain, who knew little about architecture at the time of the Roman invasion, may have learnt a good deal that afterwards became useful to them. There was the great wall built by the Romans across the the narrowest part of the island, from the two great firths of the Clyde and the Forth. This wall was built for the purpose of keeping out of the possessions they had obtained by conquest in the south, those wild people of the north, the Picts and Scots, whom they could not conquer either by stratagem or by force. Along the wall were many towers defended by soldiers, who at least might give the alarm in case of any attempt to pass the formidable boundary. Not only Britain, however, but France and other countries had afterwards to defend themselves in a common enemy in the wild and warlike Danes or Northmen who gave their name to Normandy, and whose incursions were so very irregular and predatory, that the customary modes of warfare were of little avail against their depredations.

Then, too, the constant wars in which the sovereigns of France and England engaged, had induced them to encourage the association of numerous bands of lawless men, whose occupation was rapine and bloodshed, and who, without any regard to the monarch who employed them, or the cause in which they fought, assembled themselves together, and acted according to the orders of that leader who was able to pay the most liberally. Such mercenaries appeared at that period to be a needful but dangerous reserve in time of war; but no sooner was a battle lost or won, than they became the greatest pest that could be inflicted on the people at large. They had no settled home, and no regular means of subsistence, but ranged at will over the face of the country, leading idle and dissolute lives at the expence of the peasantry, and breaking every law without a possibility of bringing them to justice. It is related of Philip the Second of France, who was surnamed Augustus, that amongst many public changes he brought about for the good of his country, he ordered the citizens of the large towns to secure their cities with fortifications, in order to ensure the means of repelling these roving brigands, though it was not until many years afterwards that they were finally expelled from his kingdom.

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER VII.

If the natives, as alluded to at the conclusion of the last chapter, are so curiously skilful in tracking man or beast, it is that they are trained to it from early childhood, and their very existence in some degree depends upon it. Where the untrained eye of the white man can see no more than a few blades of grass a litle crushed, or a twig or two somewhat displaced, the acutely appreciative vision of the aboriginal will read a little history of some fugitive creature or other, or tell what had been there, and when, and almost why, as well. In speaking of the manner in which they secure their game, it must be borne in mind, that they hunt for necessary food, and not for pleasure; and that therefore it is a business of primary importance to them to obtain the largest supplies with the least amount of labour. At one time when George and I were stationed in a very wild and out of the way place, under canvas, there being no station within a considerable distance, we had some blacks come and "sit down" near our camp. A few of them we knew, or we should have packed them off pretty quickly. One of our friends was known as "Curley wigged Jack;" which I at first thought was meant in cruel irony, as his hair was what I have heard called "determined straight." It was not so however, but was a corruption of "Collaweeglia Jackey," from the locality that he usually made his head quarters. Jackey was accompanied by one Jerry, a shrewd man of middle age and much experience, two or three other men, and the usual supply of lubras and picaninnies. One fine day, as we were quietly occupied within the sacred precincts of our enclosure, we heard the usual unspellable sound, which the blacks utter to attract attention, and on looking up we saw Jackey's black phiz beaming with unwonted satisfaction; and on the usual "What name, Jackey?" being asked, he proceeded to tell us that, so far as we could understand him, a "big one snakey" had been tracked to some place or other that he knew, and would we come to see it dug out. Most certainly we would. And so off we set with Jackey, Jerry & Co. to find this big snake. After a walk of two or three miles we came to an open space where there was some thirty or forty yards square of what looked like a liliputian rabbit warren, but which was the home of a colony of a kind of mouse; and it appeared the snake our black friends were after had taken up his abode in the midst of this mouse town, probably for reasons connected with his commissariat. Having arrived at the scene of operations, the next question was where abouts to commence digging with the best prospect of finding the snake. Accordingly after a minute inspection of the ground "Curley wigged Jack" commenced digging in earnest, but the progress he made was not by any means rapid to our ideas. The method adopted was primitive, being the common way used by the natives. Taking a stout stick about four to four-and-a-half feet long, and perhaps rather over two inches in diameter, shaped off at one end

to what more resembled the point of a spoon than any thing else, he struck the sharpened end of the stick into the ground with rapid and hard thrusts, until about six or eight inches of earth in depth, in a circle of some thirty inches across was thoroughly loosened, when he stepped back, and Jerry the Strong took his place, straddling over the loosened earth armed with a piece of mallee bark about fourteen or fifteen inches long by nine or ten broad, rounded at the ends, and still retaining the shape of the tree from which it had been stripped. With this simple substitute for a shovel he scooped out the earth with great celerity, and made way for Jackey again, who once more loosened another layer of earth which Jerry scooped out; and so these two poor blackfellows worked on alternately digging and scooping until they had sunk their hole below the level of the mouse runs, and this particular spot was left, as the snake was not there. A few yards off another hole was dug in the same way, and alas with the same result. Again did our persevering black friends dig and scoop with unabated zeal, till the hole was nearly four feet deep, when Jackey, who was pegging away vigorously, suddenly stopped and spoke rapidly to Jerry. He had come to the snake. A council of war was held, in which the blacks were the only speakers. In a minute we found that the artful and experienced Jerry was to have the honor of either capturing the snake, or being captured by it. The species was not known, the size, which was great, was. Jackey jumped out of the hole and Jerry carefully got into it. The excitement was not small. The earth was being, I was almost saying *tenderly*, scooped out to expose the coiled up snake, *on which* Jerry was standing; at last the scoop was thrown down and a short stout stick handed him, one end of which he stuck under the side of the hole and then slowly bore down on the other end over the snake until he had it jammed under the stick, when he put down his hand to feel along the creature's body till he came to the head; when he had found this he grasped the neck tightly in his right hand, and removed the pressure on the stick and slowly raised the snake by the neck, and quietly handed it to Jackey who stood at the top of the hole. The poor snake was apparently not able to struggle, and seemed to submit quietly to its fate. It was killed by Jackey bending the head forward into the underpart of the neck with all his strength, and very quickly giving a hard *bite* at the point of junction of the spinal column and the skull—a slight crunching crack, a convulsive twitching of a foot or two of the tail, and the snake lay dead at our feet. It was a very large one being, between eight and nine feet long, of a dark blackish green colour, and about the size of an ordinary wine bottle. It must have weighed fully twenty pounds.

There was great rejoicing over the expected feast, for the snake was to be—start not gentle reader—was to be *eaten*; and I found that the lubras, in anticipation of the prize, had gone forth to gather the flowers of the common lavender coloured mesembrianthemum which abounded in the neighbourhood, that being the "correct thing" to eat with snake's flesh!! We at once formed our procession and started homewards, where we all arrived soon after dark. Then came the process of cooking the snake, and in this we were nearly as much interested as in the catching of him. A considerable quantity of brush-

wood and small sticks was collected as a preliminary, and divided into two unequal proportions. While the wood was being brought in, a circular hole was dug, or rather scooped, from two feet to thirty inches in diameter, and about fifteen inches deep. The smaller portion of the sticks was put into the hole and piled up above the level of the ground, so as to make quite a little heap. This as well as the other portion of the sticks were then set on fire and allowed to burn out, leaving two piles of red hot ashes, one in the hole, and one outside it. The ashes in the hole were levelled down, and the snake coiled round upon them, and those outside were raked in so as to cover it well over, the whole was then covered with the earth that had been taken out of the hole, which was beaten firmly down. The extemporised oven being now complete, the dainty morsel was left to bake until the experience of the dark-skinned cooks told them it was ready; or, which was quite as likely, their impatience for the feast caused them to disinter it from its glowing resting place. I think fully an hour and a half must have elapsed before we were summoned to see the process of taking up the much prized delicacy, which seemed simple enough, as done by the the skilful hands of the lubras. The difficulty was getting the creature out of the hole without breaking it. This by some means they accomplished, and there, on a bed of large leaves which had been prepared for its reception, lay an ash coloured, dirty looking, steaming coil of what might have been a fragment of a ships cable. Another quick movement of the accustomed hands, and lo! the last change was successfully accomplished, the tough scaly covering was removed, the inside taken away, and our friend the snake appeared, white and flakey, with transparent fat giving a greasy variety to his appearance, ready for consumption and not by any means an untempting looking *dish*. We *did* taste it and probably tried to like it, though I fear that part was a failure. It was not so with the blacks, they "wired in" literally tooth and nail, and greasy fingers, greasy chops and dripping chins, to say nothing of——but no, a curtain must be dropped over the gorge; suffice it to say we retired to our tent, and, after a smoke, to our blankets, and next morning the feasters of the evening were lying about like logs, in a kind of half stupor, which reminded one more of the condition of a snake after having swallowed his own meal, than of human beings who had reversed the process. Verily there can be intemperance in eating as well as in drinking.

(*To be continued.*)

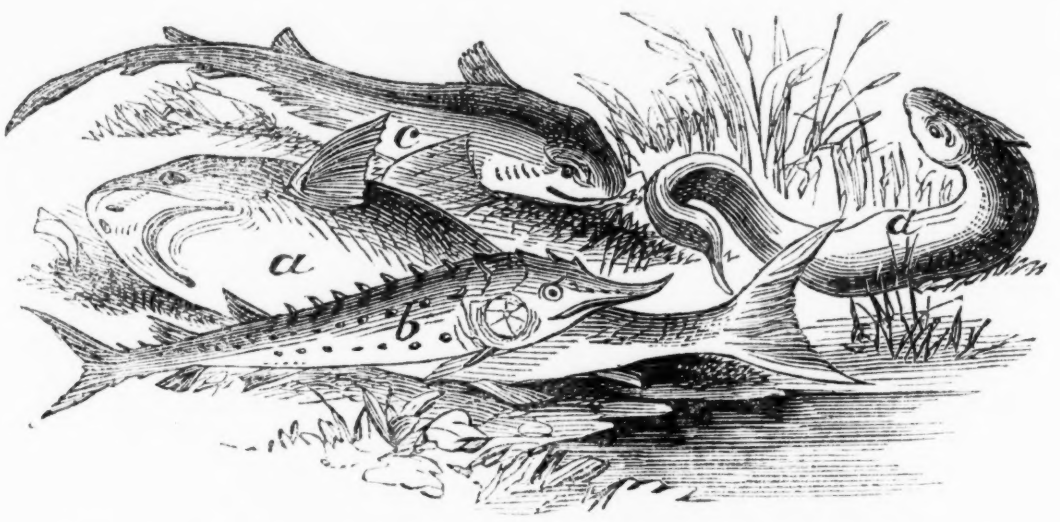
A TALK ABOUT FISH.—*continued.*

The second order of Fishes consists of soft-finned fishes, among which are the carp, pike, salmon, herring, cod, flat-fish, remora, and eel families. Among the first we have the beautiful gold-fish; in the pike family is the flying-fish, which by means of its enormously large pectoral fins, with which it strikes the water, is enabled to rise to a considerable height in the air, and so escape a threatened danger.

The Herring family comprehends the sprat, pilchard, whitebait,

anchovy, shad, and other fish which administer largely to man's wants. The sucking-fish tribe are provided with a curious apparatus, by means of which they can attach themselves to different bodies, such as ship's bottoms, large fishes, &c.; the most celebrated of them is the remora of the Mediterranean, whose suckers are at the back of the head. The halibut, sole, plaice, flounder, and turbot belong to the flat-fish family; they live chiefly near the bed of the sea, and feed on small prey, such as worms and mollusks.

In the cod family are the haddock, whiting, hake, ling, and others, much used as food, as are many of the eels, of which some naturalists make a fourth order of bony fishes.



a. White Shark, *b.* Sturgeon, *c.* Dog-fish, *d.* Lamprey.

The Fisheries Exhibition being held in Kensington Gardens, is a novel one, and of great interest to all.

The Fisheries Exhibition which was opened on the 12th ought to be, and no doubt is, says the *Times*, one of the most interesting Exhibitions ever seen in this sight-loving island. All nations contributed their respective shares in a continual harvest and incessant warfare, reaped or fought on countless rivers and boundless seas. Britannia's historic rule over the waves is often chequered by the storms alike of nature and of the political world. She continues to hold her place, and even to extend her domain, and to receive larger tribute from the inhabitants of the shoals and the depths, the rivers and the shores. It may seem strange that nature should rise to the improvements of art, and multiply her productions for her multiplying invaders, but it is nevertheless true, that a population of hundreds of thousands, reckoning dependents as well as actual toilets are not able to make any serious impression on a mass of life which thrives by continual losses. Work as they will, night and day, with line, with nets of every mesh, size, or form, with drift nets and seines, dredges, and trawls, with boats of every variety from the coracle to the 70-ton yacht and the steamer, with weirs and "machines," they cannot suppress the ancient boast of the sea, that there are as good fish in it, and as many too, as those we take out. The International Fisheries Exhibition may not itself present many

materials for scientific discovery. This can only be hoped for in the haunts of the creatures themselves, and by the closest and longest observation of their habits. But the Exhibition at least impresses on minds capable of such impressions, the immensity and variety of this order of existence and the fact that everywhere the laws and instincts of life tend, in spite of all conceivable difficulties, to preservation and some degree of happiness.

THE FISH-HAWK, OR OSPREY.

Soon as the Sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northen climes his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide;
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
With broad unmoved wing; and circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar!
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well-known signals of his rough employ,
And, as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:—

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The osprey sails above the sound,
  The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
The herring shoal swarm thick around,
  The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying;
    Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
      Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
    Still as the bending net we sweep,
      "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher!

She brings us fish,—she brings us Spring,
  Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty,
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
  Sheepshead, and drum, and old wive's dainty.
    Yo ho, my heart! let's seek the deep,
      Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
    Still as the bending net we sweep,
      "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher!"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
  She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish, she sail to sea,
  And plunging, shows us were to find 'em.
    Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
      Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
    While the slow-bending net we sweep,
      "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher!"

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER VI.—WILLIAM TELLS HIS PLANS AND GIVES HIS ADVICE.

The bleak winds; the white snows; the heavy clouds; the nipping frosts; the frozen ponds; the keen, unfriendly air; and in short, the whole aspect of dreary, sunless, carpetless winter, gave way to the influence of spring who heralded dancing spirits, and happy hearts, as joyously on this particular year of which we write, as it was wont to do. Once more the glittering sunbeams lit up the pavements of old London; shone with their golden light upon the brick wall, and shining glass windows; dispersed the grey heavy clouds, and made them blue and wonderfully beautiful to gaze at: but, best of all, the gracious Giver poured the sunshine into the worn, toil-hardened hearts of London's millions of inhabitants. Yes, even the outwards rays of the great ruler of the day instinctively cheered one, after the incessant preceding gloom; but the spring-tide of gladness stole into the *homes* of our brave, patient, persevering English mechanics. Men who had been out of work all the winter, now gained employment and returned to their homes on Saturday night with a good week's wages, which they thankfully put into the hands of their eager, anxious wives; women—ah! brave, self-sacrificing, boundlessly large-hearted women who had been for months struggling painfully to make "both ends meet," now felt a weight fall from their drooping shoulders, instinctively blotting the past from their memory, while they looked forward to a time of prosperity; and, last of all, the dear little children who had been waiting and waiting in the hope that mother would be able to buy them some new shoes in order that they might go to Sunday School, now glanced down complacently at their neatly covered little feet, and tripped along through the sunshine as gay as young princesses who had never been in want of a pair of shoes in their lives.

Oh yes; the spring-time brought happiness to every one, and not more joyously did the birds carol forth their hymns of thankfulness, than did the hearts of England's people unite in general rejoicing.

It was a mild evening succeeding one of the sunshiny spring days above alluded to, that Henry Draper, as he was walking from the shop towards his lodgings, saw, on lifting his eyes from a reverie, the upright manly form of his brother William walking at a rapid rate on the opposite side of the way. The brothers had not met for several days, accordingly Henry, who alone had made the recognition, crossed over, and holding out his hand, said:

"Hallo, Will, whither are you going—may I ask?"

The gaily spoken question was put without any preliminary and any one else, bent as deeply in thought, might have started, not so William; he raised his head quickly to be sure, but then his movements were all like flashes of lightning and his thick brows unknit their black lines as he answered;

"Why Harry! one would almost think you had left England altogether. We don't see half so much of you as we used to do. How is that?"

"Oh well, I have had my time so taken up lately;" replied Henry,

carelessly, and, wishful to change the subject, he added: "But what do you say to take a nice long walk? Are you in a hurry to get home?"

Henry aimed this latter inquiry in the way of ordinary conversation, but he might have held back the question had he known the pain that it brought into his brother's heart. An expression of bitterness passed over his fine features. Home! had he a home he was in a hurry to reach? The prompt answer to this self put query was in the negative, but William was too proud to speak to his brother about his domestic trials, so he quickly recovered himself, and said—

"Oh no! it doesn't matter exactly what time I get home. We will go for a walk by all means."

In accordance therefore with this agreement, they turned their steps in the direction for Hampstead, linking their arms together, and certainly the conversation of the two friendly brothers kept pace with their quick, ringing footsteps.

"Harry," said William, when they had gone as far as the "Golden Teapot," which, for those of our readers who are not acquainted with the locality, we may remark is a large grocer's shop in the Hampstead Road, "I've got something to tell you. Are you willing to listen?"

"To be sure I am, What is it? Fire away, as we used to say when we were boys."

"Well, to be brief," said William, "we are going away."

"Going away? All of you? What do you mean?"

"What I say, Harry. We are going to leave London. My little Lizzie isn't very strong, and Emma herself would be all the better for living out of the smoke of London. I have secured two nice large rooms facing some open fields, and next week I intend packing up and going away—much to the consternation of our old landlady I can assure you."

"I should think so;" returned Harry. "It isn' often she finds such a lodger as you are, I am sure. But what a fellow you are! always studying the comfort and health of your family. I do think Cobbett himself would be obliged to commend you. Have you ever read his 'Advice to Young Men'?"

"No; I have never seen the work that I know of."

"One would think you had, I am sure. I wonder what will be the next freak you will take."

William's gleam of a smile shone brightly at this.

"I *have* another notion in my head Harry;" he said. "I will tell you what it is. Lately I have been thinking a great deal about Emma and the children, especially since the baby has come, and I have been wondering what she would do, so young and inexperienced as she is, if anything were to happen to me. Suppose I were to die? Ah, Harry, I'm young, and strong, and nothing ever ails me, but it is not impossible. Think of Simpson who died only three weeks ago, and left a wife and family of small children: he was as healthy looking a young man as ever you'd meet in a day's march; he was a picture of strength; you might, so to speak, have taken a lease of his life, and yet he was laid upon a bed of sickness, and in less than a fortnight carried to his grave."

(*To be continued.*)

PLACES OF NOTE IN AND AROUND LONDON.

By George Rymer.

No. II.—OLD STEPNEY CHURCH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

In our former notice we left the reader on the north side of the tower of Stepney Church—the first object of interest on the south side is the tomb of Matthew Mead, the first minister of Stepney Meeting,—dated 1699, this gives rise to many pleasing recollections; it appears that from "time immemorial" to the present time, the Rectors of Stepney Church and the ministers of Stepney Meeting have been and are, on friendly terms with one another—though taking a different road they hope to arrive at the same destination. This is as it should be.

Passing round the end of the Church we see the window over the altar where—"Ye Fyshe and ye Rynge" Tablet was about 40 years ago. A few words respecting the origin of which may be interesting to our readers.

The coat of arms on the stone with a Fish and Annulet have given rise to the supposition that Lady Berry was the heroine (or the descendant of the heroine) of a popular ballad, called "Ye Crewel Knyghte, or ye Fortunate Farmer's Daughter."

The legend may be briefly related. A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour. His knowledge of Astrology informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife. He endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so base an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when she had grown to woman's estate, he takes her to the sea-side to drown her—but relents; at the same time, throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again on pain of death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a codfish she is cooking for dinner. She presents it to the knight, and the marriage takes place, of course,

To make the tale still more effective, "Ye Crewel Knyghte" by chance, was dining at her master's house on the day when the ring was discovered.

The tablet, to which reference has been made, is placed inside the Church, and records the virtues of the Lady with whose name this Legend is associated.

ON DAME REBECCA BERRY.

"Come, Ladies, ye that would appear
Like Angels fine, come dress you here.
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace thy own.
Which e'er adorned as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dressed, whose humble life
Was free from care, was free from strife,
Free from all envious bawls and jarrs
Of human life, and cruel wars.
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb, her mien
Disclosed the humble soul within.

Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife,
Still the same, humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years,
The same in high and low estate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that
Go Ladies now, and, if you'd be
As Fair, as Good, as Great as she,
Go learn of her—HUMILITY."

There are many curious Epitaphs in the Churchyard, some remarkable for their brevity. As witness the following:—

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
A Spitalfields weaver—and that's all.

As a specimen of Sermons in Stones, on the left hand of the porch, imbedded in the wall, is a Stone from the Walls of Carthage, with this inscription:

Of Carthage wall I was a Stone,
Oh Mortals view with pity,
Time consumes all—it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town or city.
Therefore O mortal, now bethink
You, whereunto come you must,
Since all such Stately Buildings do
Lie buried in the dust. T. Hughes, 1663.

It is to be presumed that the old Church formed the centre of the group of country mansions of which antiquarian history has discovered traces as having existed at Stepney. Besides the old building on Stepney Green, which local tradition associated with King John, and which was pulled down a few years ago,—and the house occupied by Dean Colet in White Horse Lane,—there is in these notices decided proof of at least one other association of the parish with Royalty, for, in the year 1299, there is a record of Edward I. having returned from the wars in France, holding a Parliament in Stepney, at the house of William Walleys, then Lord Mayor of London—an important parliament in City annals, for therein the ancient privileges were confirmed, and additional rights and immunities conferred upon the municipality and citizens.

Three centuries and a half had then elapsed since Old Stepney Church was erected, and the condition of the country had greatly changed; yet, that its state at its later period offers a sufficiently striking contrast to the state of society at the present day, the mention of two facts will fully prove.

Immediately preceding the holding of this parliament, this King Edward had banished the Jews, to the number of fifteen thousand and sixty, from the realm, and had confiscated their goods; and the peace of the City had been so badly kept, that it was ordered that—"None "found in the street, either with sword or buckler, after the Curfew "Bell of the parson of St. Martin's-le-Grand rings out at eight o'clock, "except they be great lords or other persons of note: also, that no "Tavern, either for Wine or Ale, be kept open after that Bell rings, on "forfeiture of forty pence; nor any Fencing School be kept in the city, "or no freeman be resident therein."

[Whether the dates above given be precisely correct or not, it is certain that the erection of the Church is properly ascribed to the Saxon period, and anterior to those great changes in the government, laws, manners and language of the people which the advent of William the Norman inaugurated. In the Domesday Book, prepared under that monarch's direction, we find Stepney, under the name of Stibenhede, figuring as a manor, forming parcel of the demesnes of the bishopric of London, and valued at the total of £48.]

(*To be continued.*)

DYNAMITE.

"We have been told very loudly and frequently by a certain class, of late years, that science is the providence of man. If so it seems to be exceedingly blind and wayward. Although many of its discoveries have contributed much to the sum of human happiness, there are others which have added materially to the terrors and misery of mankind. This providence at times appears to be infernal rather than Divine. The invention of dynamite may be considered to be one of its latest fruits, and a bitter one it is. As yet almost all we have heard about it has tended to bring the conclusion that a new diabolical agency has been introduced into the world.

What is dynamite? A brief endeavour to answer this question may prove interesting. It is a form of nitro-glycerine. This as its name suggests, is a mixture of glycerine with nitric acid. Glycerine is a well-known harmless material. It may be regarded as the essence of soap. Its elements are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. To this is added nitric acid, the elements of which are nitrogen and oxygen. Whilst the mixture is kept tolerably quiet there is no explosion. But oxygen loves carbon and hydrogen more than nitrogen, and is quite ready when opportunity serves to forsake the one for the other. The result is a very great change. The oxygen and carbon unite forming carbonic acid, which demands a far greater space than the materials formerly occupied. Other compounds are formed, such as water, which, from the heat, becomes steam. The change is made, when once it commences, very suddenly. If a train were laid, reaching from London to Edinburgh, and the alteration once commenced in London, it would take place along the whole length in about two minutes. The new form which the elements of nitro-glycerine take on being what is called exploded, requires, according to Wagner, twelve hundred times the space it occupied before. According to Nobel there is considerable heat developed in the explosion, which causes the expansion of the gases to be vastly in excess of the original bulk. He estimates that "one volume of the substance will yield 10,384 volumes of gas, whilst one part by bulk of gunpowder yields 800 volumes of gas."

This enormous expansion brought about so suddenly becomes almost irresistible. It drives everything out of the way. Its explosive force may be roughly estimated at about ten times that of gunpowder.

Such is nitro-glycerine. It has been found of advantage to mix it with loose, sandy earth, such as is formed of the fossil shells of infusoria, and found at Luneburgh. When so mixed, three parts nitro-glycerine with one part earth, it is called dynamite. When it is mixed with sawdust, prepared for the purpose it is called diralin. Lithofracteur, which is much used by miners, is nitro-glycerine made up into a paste with sulphur and saltpetre. Hartmann made his dynamite in Russia from nitro-glycerine and sugar."

HOMELY RECEIPTS.

ROAST SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—A shoulder or part of a shoulder of mutton, weighing six pounds, will require roasting an hour and three-quarters, and above that weight allow a quarter of an hour for each pound. Hang it before a good fire, and as soon as the fat begins to drip, baste it frequently. Half an hour before it is done sprinkle it over with a saltspoonful of salt, and dredge it with dry flour; baste it well, then leave it till done. When ready to serve, lay it on a hot dish, the skin side uppermost, pour the dripping off into a basin, add a teacupful of boiling water to the gravy that has dripped from the mutton, pour it into the dish and send it to table at once.

HALF A SHOULDER OF MUTTON STUFFED.—The blade-bone end is the best. Put a sharp-pointed knife into the fat on the cut side, and loosen it from the lean. Make a stuffing with the following ingredients. A small head of celery, a good sized onion, half of an acid apple, all cleaned, peeled, and chopped small; a tablespoonful of fine crumbs of bread, a saltspoonful of pepper, half a saltspoonful of salt; the same of powdered sage and powered mixed sweet herbs, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Mix these well together, and press the stuffing in evenly between the fat and the lean; then roast and serve as directed in the preceding receipt. If well cooked this is an *excellent* dish.

BOILED SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Put the mutton into an iron pot with the fat side uppermost; cover it well with cold water, boil up quickly, skim often, and simmer very slowly till done. A shoulder weighing six pounds will require an hour and three-quarters from the time the water is at boiling heat, and eight minutes must be added for every extra pound. Serve it on a very hot dish the fat side uppermost, and with the following sauce poured over it. Chop six or eight small pickled onions and put them into a saucepan with half a pint of the liquor the mutton is boiling in; knead an ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of dried flour, and stir it in; simmer, and stir for ten minutes. Be careful to stir it always the same way. Reserve the liquor in an earthen pan uncovered.

PICKLED NASTURTIUM LEAVES OR BERRIES.—The leaves should be fresh picked, large, but not old; wipe each leaf with a soft clean cloth, put them into a jar with salt sprinkled over every third layer; fill the jar as full as possible, cover it with a plate and let it remain a week; then drain off the salt water, and add the vinegar and spice according to the quantity of leaves. To every pint of vinegar add a quarter of an ounce of ginger, bruised, four allspice, one clove a small blade of mace, and a teaspoonful of whole black pepper. Boil for three minutes, and when cold pour it over the leaves, and tie the jar over with thick paper. The berry is done in precisely the same way.

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

A CENSUS RETURN.—Census taker: "Hoo mony sleepers were here last nicht?" Buxom young woman: "Sleepers! There was nae sleepers ava. Ma wee brither had the toothache, an' he greeted a' nicht, an' no o' us got a wink o' sleep the hale time."

AN OHIO JOKE.—A young man in this city, a short time ago, proposed to a lady several years his senior, and for an answer she said, "I guess I don't want to take a boy to raise!" The young man is now raising a moustache.

AN IRISHMAN, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

BRITISH
29 AU 83
MUSEUM



OLD LETTERS.

Only a pile of old letters,
  Written long years ago;
And as I look on them to night,
  The tears unbidden flow,
I think of the years that have fled,
  The friends so true and near;
Fondly I take up their letters,
  Though old, none know how dear.

The dark shadows are chased away;
  Once more my heart is light;
As I gaze on these dear letters,
  My face is strangely bright,
"Only a pile of old letters,
  Nothing to you, I know;
To me they are priceless treasures,
  Recalling long ago.

CEILIA R. CRESPI

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Misfortune is for ever pursuing me," exclaimed the poor old man. "It seems as if I were never to enjoy an instant's happiness."

"Don't let us despair yet," said Meyer, recovering his calmness. "The magistrates have not yet decided."

"I do hope they haven't with all my heart," said Worzel, thoughtfully; "but unfortunately that Prachwitz has a good deal of influence, and our friend here *has* been found out in a breach of duty. Just think what might have happened if a fire had broken out, and the signal-bell had not been sounded in time."

"Mr. Worzel is quite right," said Baldamus in a voice suffocated by distress. "I am a lost man."

"Dearest father," sobbed Lottie—"Dont talk like that—God will certainly bring us out of our troubles."

"Yes, yes, that He will," said the old man bitterly, "by allowing my enemies to triumph over me."

"The Town Council will hold a meeting to-morrow," continued Worzel with a trembling voice, "but I *do* trust they will not dismiss our friend."

"They will, no doubt!" said the watchman in a voice trembling with rage. "Yes, let them reduce me to beggary—let them add injury to injury. But I will be avenged, even if I have to become a murderer."

"For heaven's sake," entreated Meyer, "do not speak like that. *We* will never forsake you, whatever happens. *We* will take care of you."

"No, no, no," exclaimed the old man, taking the singular picture down from the wall. "It is neither—Life for life; eye for eye; tooth for tooth. I shall remember my enemy to the last day of my life. He shall feel all the weight of my vengeance, even if I meet my end upon the scaffold for it."

The watchman rose to his feet, fixed his eyes upon the picture, and stretched out his hand as though about to take a solemn oath.

Little Augustus, quite alarmed, went round to where his mother sat to take refuge at her side.

"Take the child away" said Worzel, "This is no fit scene for him to see."

"I can't forsake my poor father at such a moment as this," sobbed Lottie. "He is quite beside himself."

"We'll try to calm him, my dear," said her husband. "This is nothing but a violent fit of excitement, it will soon pass away."

Lottie yielded at length to the entreaties of her husband, and went away with her little boy. Before going, however, she went up to her father to bid him good-bye. But her words remained unanswered. The old man still kept his eyes fixed upon the picture, while his lips kept repeating the words—"Eye for eye tooth for tooth,"

As soon as Lottie had left the room Worzel went up to the postman and said, "We must really force him away from that picture."

"How are we to do it?" said Meyer with a sigh.

"Let *me* try."

So saying, he went up to the old man, and touching his shoulder, said—

"You have looked at this picture long enough, sir. Let us have a little talk about how you can best punish that scoundrelly Baron."

Baldamus looked at him for a moment in silence, and then, laying down the picture, or rather allegorical design, he said in a hoarse voice—

"I am ready."

"Very well!" said the agent. "You know me, don't you Mr. Baldamus?"

"You are Worzel," replied the old man, after a moment of silence, "and that is my son-in-law." Then, looking round for his daughter and grandchild and not seeing them, he gave a deep sigh.

"My good angels have forsaken me," he said in a tone of despair.

"They'll come back soon," replied Worzel, in a sympathizing tone, and so saying, he took the watchman by the arm, and led him back to his arm-chair. "I don't think we are all demons," he continued.

Baldamus made no answer, but grasped the man's hand gratefully.

"Well," continued the police-agent, "I've got something to tell you about that Prachwitz. I'm certain his cousin is alive."

The watchman shook his head.

"And I'm quite certain, too, that the American letters come from him, and that the money sent there goes to him. You have some friends in America; take my advice and write to them to find out through Messrs. Sawyer and Co., at Washington, whether young Kurt is still alive. You'll be sure to learn through them."

Baldamus made a gesture of assent, and became so much calmer that his son-in-law and Worzel felt that they might now venture to leave him alone.

On their way to their respective homes, the men talked together of the painful occurrence, and Meyer warmly thanked Worzel for the service he had done them.

"If you hadn't been there, my poor father-in-law would certainly have gone out of his mind. I never saw him in such a state before."

"Yes," replied Worzel, "it's very easy to lose one's balance, and that's why it's always so important if you can, to give a new turn to peoples' ideas. The *direction*, that's the principal thing."

Meyer would have much liked to continue conversing with Worzel, but was anxious to relieve his wife's mind as to the state of her father, and, therefore, bade his friend good-night.

The next day various groups of persons stood stationed in the market-place, eagerly discussing some, to them, very interesting subject.

"I can't conceive," said a fat butcher, "why the magistrates should have called a special meeting for such a trifling thing as this."

"*Trifling* thing!" cried several voices at once. "Just think what might have happened."

"How do you mean?" said a locksmith. "The thing isn't so terrible as all that. I can't see the need of dismissing the old watch-

man. Let them just give him a good lesson and no more, say I. That will surely be enough."

"You're quite right," said Worzel the police-agent, who had by this time joined the group of listeners, "I can assure you, gentlemen," he went on to say, "there's a private grudge at work there. A person living in this town detests Baldamus, and is determined to use all his influence to have him turned off from his post."

"That's true" said the greater number of the bystanders," some of them adding—"we know very well *who* he means."

This conversation was ere long interrupted by the arrival of Ambrose the town-crier, who came out of the town-hall in order to cross the market-place.

"Ambrose!" cried Worzel, "can you give us any news?"

The man made no answer except by pointing with his finger to the watchman's tower.

"Going to fetch Baldamus?" inquired the police-agent,

"Yes, and I'm going to take his place for a bit, while he's before the magistrates. Poor fellow, it's a bad business for him."

This official communication gave a fresh impetus to the conversation, which was now, unhappily, mostly unfavorable to Baldamus. As long as nothing certain had been known on the subject, men's opinions had been very diverse. But now that it appeared as if the town council were againt him, every one thought it was his duty to adopt the same view.

"It is quite needful sometimes to make an example," said one.

"What would become of us all if such matters wern't attended to?' said a second.

Others enlarged on how much the town had done for Baldamus, and how little gratitude he had shewn.

(*To be continued.*)

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Some little time after the incident of *digging out*, and *tucking in*, the snake, as recorded in our last chapter, we had an opportunity of seeing how the capture of the bush wallaby are effected, and very interesting it was.

The bush wallaby is a beautiful little creature, rather larger than a common wild rabbit, though considerably darker in colour, being of a full rich brown, with large intelligent eyes, rather large ears, a long tail, and its mode of progression, a succession of leaps in the same manner as the Kangaroo, which its long hind and short fore legs render imperative; this formation being common to the large majority of Australian animals. Its habitat is in the woods, where it lives among the thick undergrowth, and from its shy habits and rapid movements

it is very difficult to get at. It is, deservedly, much prized by the natives as an article of diet, and, consequently the hunts for this animal are an object of real importance, and are conducted on an organized plan. A party of blacks, of not less than six or eight men, will assemble in a part of the forest where the trees are not too close together, and where the wallaby are known to be pretty abundant, and as their great activity, and the thickness of the cover renders spearing them while runing out of the question, the natives adopt a very ingenious contrivance to prevent them from moving about. Being a very favorite food for the larger kind of hawk, these animals are naturally averse to leaving their cover, or even to moving if hawks are about; and the black hunters knowing this, attach a large bunch of long feathers to a thin bamboo; this again is fastened to a rather thicker one, this to a third thicker still, and a fourth, and even a fifth, each being about six or seven feet long; the whole being like a thick fishing rod, nearly thirty feet long. An experienced man will ascend a high tree, and this machine will be handed up to him, and by a skilful movement he will cause the feathers to assume the appearance of a hawk hovering; the wallaby will cower under the bushes, whence they are drawn impaled on spears, with a barb near the end to prevent them from kicking off. In this way a goodly number are secured, and a feast provided for the evening. The native mode of cooking them is primitive; they are simply laid on red hot wood ashes and turned frequently, to prevent the skin being broken by the heat; and when sufficiently done, the skin and the inside are easily detatched, and the meat is juicy and excellent.

The dainties of the Australian aborigines are not, however, by any means confined to snakes or running game, for there is scarcely anything that lives or moves that comes amiss to them. They commonly eat lizards, and young unfledged birds: and on various occasions I have seen them catch large moths that have been disabled by flying too near the fire, and, holding them by their wings, coolly put the body all alive, struggling and kicking, into their mouths, bite it off from the wings, and eat it with apparent relish. A large kind of grub resembling an outsized caterpillar in appearance, about three to three and half inches long, and thick in proportion, of a creamy white colour, is highly esteemed as a delicacy of the highest order. It is found in the centre of the root or stem of a particular kind of shrub, and also under the bark of the gum trees. It amounts to wonderful to see the way they find these grubs; where we *could* see *nothing*, they went and found what they sought, very rarely making a mistake about it. I have seen them after a successful search, devouring these creatures alive just as they caught them till the juice ran out of the corners of their mouth. I have heard white men say that if roasted in the ashes, these creatures are really good eating. I never could bring myself to try, however, and left those who liked them to enjoy their own opinions, *and the grubs.* "There is no accounting for taste," as the venerable dame is said to have remarked, when she impressed a chase salute on the dewy nose of her favorite cow, and I am sure anyone who has lived for over four years where he could observe the doings and dainties of the aborigines of South Australia must have come to the same conclusion. Having

now seen how the natives capture the bush wallaby, I will extract from one of my own letters, a description of a region where I was located a few months later on, and of a Kangaroo hunt in which I was one of the principal actors. "You can at home have no true idea of what this immediate part of the world is like, as there is nothing in dear Old England that I can at all compare with it. Imagine, if you can, a wild country, consisting of long, high ranges of high, steep, rocky hills, the *peak*s in some places attaining an elevation of nearly four thousand feet running along for, perhaps, fifty or sixty miles, nearly parallel with each other, at from ten to fifteen miles apart, with dreary, nearly level plains between them. On this plain are here and there patches of stunted shrubs, varying from a few yards to half a mile through, and of all possible forms. Occasionally a creek or watercourse runs down from the hills for a mile or two into the plain, and as it gets on to the level ground of course it ends as a watercourse, and becomes in wet weather a swampy, sloppy, patch: and in dry weather, when the water is not running in the creek, the ground *cakes*, and becomes hard and bare. On the sides of these creeks numbers of fine specimens of the red gum trees usually grow and form the only break in the tedious monotony of the plains. The ranges themselves are for the most part, well-covered with trees of various kinds. Over the plains, and in the lower part of the ranges, as well as in the small, sheltered, and luxuriant valleys among them, are dotted the shepherds huts, at distances of from two to four and five miles apart; and at much greater distances, the "Head Stations," as they are called, of the various large sheep and cattle farms, to which the huts appertain. These farms vary from sixty or seventy, to as many as three hundred square miles in extent, and the number of sheep fed on each is regulated by three things. First of course, the size of the run; next, on the quality and amount of food to be found on it; and, thirdly, on the quantity of *scrub*, or places where low trees and thick undergrowth render it unsafe for the sheep to feed, both on account of the danger of losing them, and also on account of the wild dogs. The country is wholly unenclosed, except just at the Head Stations, where there are usually one or two fenced paddocks, one commonly of about a square mile in extent appropriated to the horses, working bullocks and cows in use; and the other, considerably smaller, is for growing wheat to be cut green and dried, to be used as hay, generally known as the "cultivation paddock." The population thus being very thinly scattered over the almost boundless expanse of unenclosed country, it may be readily understood that the wild animals are to be found in considerable quantities. I must now tell you a little about them:—First then you must know, there are no beasts of prey of any kind more formidable than the Dingoe or wild dog, and of him there is nothing to be afraid except for the sheep; and now and then a very young calf, if weakly, may be killed by them. The other creatures are, with one or two small sized exceptions, all vegetable feeders; and vary in size from the Kangaroo of the plain, weighing at times as much as two hundred pounds and even more, to a little creature scarcely so large as a mouse. The greater proportion of these do not run in the way hares and rabbits do, but progress by jumps or bounds; the hinder

legs being very long in proportion to the fore. I do not know one exception to their being "Marsupial," or carrying their young in a pouch or bag. The Kangaroo is a noble fellow on his native plains; naturally shy, yet when pursued and brought to bay, he fights gallantly, and from his great strength and size, is a decidedly formidable antagonist. The females and younger ones are very swift, and take astonishing bounds. I have myself measured the spring of one, on rather sloping ground, of the great span of nearly twenty seven feet. When chased, the regular bounds continuously reach from eighteen to twenty one feet. *At first* till you are used to it, the effect of several together, running, or rather hopping away, following each other in single file as is usual with them, with their droll arched shoulders, rising and falling, and their great tails also flopping up and down in exact time to the step, is most ludicrous. They are very numerous in places, but not so much about here, for we seldom see more than from thirty to forty in a gang. Some little time ago I was out with my two dogs, Jenny and Jack by name, when I saw a short mile away, the dust of a flock of sheep, and on getting near it I found it was under the charge of my friend George; he came forward to meet me, and we walked quietly along together, our conversation soon turning to Old England and the dear ones at home. George's two dogs, Bounce and Flora, were also of the party, and as we chatted in rather a serious vein than otherwise, we were startled just as we had reached the top of a hillock by a monstrous, "Old man" Kangaroo, jumping up close to us. He was as red as a fox, and as big as a six months old calf. Away bounded Mr. Kangy, and away go the four dogs close to his tail; being very large and heavy, the dogs had the advantage of him in speed, even down the slope of the little rise; he flew along the watercourse at the foot of it, till he came to the sheep, which stopped him. The dogs came up to his head and tried to catch him by the throat, but with his powerful forepaws he dashed the two leaders away, one on each side of him, as if they had been mice, instead of two great dogs as large and heavy as setters; round he turns, up the rise of the hillock again close to George and me. George threw his stick at him, hitting him on the leg. He broke the stick, but hurt not the great leg of the Kangaroo. Just then Bounce made a jump at him, and caught him just by the elbow, and down he came, rolling over and over with a crash. The dogs all fastened on to his throat and fore-parts, but he just made one effort, all the four dogs were rolling over in confusion and Mr. Kangy was up, and squatting erect upon his hocks, his tail forming what I may compare to the third leg of the stool. The dogs bayed round him, but if one went too near, down he would stoop and try to catch him in his arms. At last after a few minutes, Bounce and Jenny, the two boldest dogs, dashed in together, and pulled him down again; George rushed up and hit him a terrible blow on the head with a stick, but instead of hurting the Kangaroo, he hurt his own hand. Once again the powerful beast shook off the dogs, and stood at bay. George handed me the stick, and I went in rather too near, for the Kangaroo made a grab at me, but it was fatal to him, for while he turned to me the dogs pulled him down once more, and before he had time to shake them off again I dealt him a blow between the ears, that

stunned him. He was now easily dispatched. We skinned him on the spot, and cut off his tail. He measured seven feet three inches, from the crown of the head to the hocks on which they "stand." His tail was four feet two inches long, and twenty inches round at the thickest part, and I heard afterwards that it weighed thirty-five pounds." And so ended our Kangaroo hunt.

I have formed one of various hunts, and seen many Kangaroos killed, but the above was the most adventurous one with which I was ever personally connected.

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

Chapter ix.

In the time of Charles the Fifth, surnamed the Wise, (he was the eldest son of John the Second, and was the first prince who bore the title of Dauphin) another effort was made to rid the country of its internal enemies. Application was made by this king to Edward the Third of England, who resolved to fight against them with a great army. But the king of France objecting to the entrance of so many foreign troops into his country, he was left to rid himself as well as he could of this public and private scourge, and his next resourse was to send out some of his bravest generals to engage them in distant and dangerous wars. These mercenary soldiers were called "free companies," and as they increased in numbers and in power, they assembled themselves in towns, and occupied castles which they had taken, and where they made their living by force at the expense of the neighbourhood. Many of them rose from being captains of these lawless robbers, into knights and generals of great importance. The description given of some of these men by the ancient historian Froissart will best enable us to form an idea of their situation and character.

One of the most important of these was Geoffrey Fête Noire, who, by means of bribery, obtained possession of the strong Castle of Ventadour for himself and company. Here he carried on his profession with great success. "He was a hardy man," says the historian, "who knew neither fear nor pity, and who would put to death a knight or a squire as soon as a peasant, for he cared for no one, and was so much dreaded by his men that none dared displease him." Thus Froissart. In his castle he held a kind of market for the neighbouring country, which he kept in subjection; and here were to be seen the most valuable goods as plentiful as in the city of Paris. His castle was furnished and prepared for a siege even should it last seven years. In this intention he attacked the English as well as the French, and carried on his lawless course, more dreaded than any who held rightful authority in the country where he lived. He died at last by a shot from a cross-bow, acknowledging that he had lived chiefly in the service of the king of England, because he was the most liberal paymaster, and with his last breath bequeathing the different sums of gold he had amassed,

not forgeting to relieve his conscience by giving a hundred marks to be spent in repairing the Chapel of St. George in his own castle.

The same historian tells us of one who seems to have been of a merrier turn of mind. His name was Ameryot Marcel. He lived at the same time as Fête Noire, and was persuaded by some of the French lords to accept of a bribe to forsake his lawless habits, and live a life of peace. Of this, however, he was soon weary, and Froissart tells us how he lamented his change of condition. "To pillage and rob was a good life, sirs," he said to his companions; "there is no sport nor glory in this world amongst men of war, but to use such life as we have done in time past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometimes found by the way a rich prior or merchant on a route of mules of Montpeleir, of Narboune, of Toulouse, or of Carcassoune, laden with Brussels cloth, or with spicery ware from Bruges, from Damascus, or from Alexandria. Whatever we met, all was ours, or else ransomed at our pleasure. Then for our living, the peasants of Limosin daily brought to our castle wheat, flour, ready baked bread, forage for our horses, good wine, beeves, and fat sheep, pullets, and wild fowl. We were furnished as though we had been kings; when we rode forth, the whole country trembled for fear; all was ours going and coming."

With these regrets for his early life, Marcel resumed his former profession, but was delivered up to the legal authorites by a kinsman in whom he trusted. He was deprived, as might have been expected, at once of liberty and life. It is written, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning," but much depends on what the beginning is, for the end of a bad thing and of a persistently bad man is worse than the beginning. The record we have of Marcel's lawless career may help us to form a highter estimate of the privileges we enjoy uuder enlightened institutions, and just laws well administered.

Admitting that the strongly fortified castles, looking so grand and majestic, were sometimes useful in protecting the innocent from violent treatment, history records a much greater number of instances in which they were the means of enabling wicked men to carry out their malignant and revengeful designs.

And let us not suppose there could have been no heroes, unless these lawless times had compelled men to be valiant and brave.

No heroes certainly, if we limit the term *hero* to a man arrayed in steel armour, with a hemlet on his head, brandishing a sword, and offering to do battle with any one who will fight with him. But what if it appear that there is less true heroism in defending the walls of a strong castle with battleaxe and spear, than in suffering patiently unjust rebuke, in bearing the evils incident to humanity with meakness and resignation to the will of God, and, while our good is evil spoken of by men, in giving, in doing good with singleness of heart for our blessed Saviour's sake

It may be argued that it must have been better for the country that men should build these great castles; for, had there been no place of security for their prisoners, many would have been put to death, who in course of time were able to effect their escape—Richard Cœur de Lion for instance.

Yes, but in tracing his history, we shall see that if, in some instances, his life was preserved by this means, in another it was lost. Even that high and ocean-bound edifice on St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, though dedicated at first to religious purposes, has its own record of suffering and wrong.

Henry, the youngest son of William the Conqueror, was besieged here by his two brothers, William Rufus, and Robert, duke of Normandy; and but for the compassion of the latter, must inevitably have perished within these massive walls. He and his garrison were reduced to the greatest extremity for want of water, with which, however, his brother Robert, who was of a generous disposition, supplied him; and when reproached by William for having done so, his answer was, "What else could I do? He is our brother. Had he died for lack of water, how were we to supply his loss?"

This castle or monastery is situated on a pyramid of rocks called St. Michael's Mount, within 14 miles of the Land's End, and communicating with the mainland, at low water only, by a causeway of stones imbedded in the sea sand. Tradition records that this mount has been separated from the shore by some great convulsion; and that, at the same time, 140 churches were swallowed up by the sea between this place and the Scilly Isles, though the precise time of the convulsion no one pretends to know. To the castellated monastery on the summit of this mount it is said that a pilgrimage was made by a British virgin, St. Keyna, in 490, and there is reason to believe that some kind of religious establishment existed upon this height during the whole of the Saxon dynasty. The circumferance of this mount is about a mile, and its height from the level of the sea 231 feet. At its base is a small pier, besides about ten dwelling houses ranged in two or three streets, and chiefly inhabited by fishermen and their families. The summit is entirely occupied by the remains of the ancient monastic and castellated buildings. Many improvements have been made, particularly in the old chapel, and in the dining-room, which contains representations, in stucco, of the various modes of hunting wild boars, bulls, stags, ostriches, hares, and rabbits. From the leads of the tower, to which access can be had only by a a very narrow staircase in one of the angles, the prospect is most sublime, particularly when dark sullen clouds are rolling over the distant ocean, and the fisherman's swift bark skims lightly over the waves, dashing the white spray before it, and leaving, though but for a moment, a path of foam behind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

"Men and women daily dying
From the fell effects of drink,
Little children, orphans crying
On starvation's fearful brink.
Misery and woe
Too well these outcasts know;
'Tis theirs to bear
The weight of care
Or sink beneath the blow."



"THE CURSE OF DRINK."

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"How awful!" interrupted Henry. "I hope he was prepared to die."

"I don't know anything about that;" returned William, speaking in a way that pained his brother, who was contemplating serious things. "I am thinking of the wife and family he has left, and I wonder what my Emma would do if she were placed in poor Mrs. Simpson's position."

"It would be hard for her, of course;" returned Henry, thoughtfully, "but she would have to do the same as others. I don't see what you can do."

"Don't you? I do;" and the face of the devoted young husband and father took a resolute expression. "Harry, I must provide for them."

"How will you do that?" inquired Henry. "What are you going to set about?"

"I have already set about something. I am thinking about buying a house; a friend of mine often has the sale of a good many houses on his hands, and, do you know, I think it would be a good plan to carry out. If I could buy a house down to the ground rent, in a neighbourhood with a fine thoroughfare for letting, it would be something for Emma to depend upon in case she should not always have me to work for her. Of course, the living would be small in comparison with what she has now, but if she liked to be industrious, she could just take in a little needlework, say enough to amuse her leisure moments, which, with the profit the lodgers would bring her, would keep her from being thrown helpless upon the mercy of the world. I can't bear to think that she should ever be in want. What do you think of the plan, Harry?"

"I think it is exactly like you Will, and an excellent one. Your wife would never be driven to abject poverty while she had the profits of a house to depend upon. But the next question is, what means have you of buying any property?"

"None of my own. I must apply to a building society."

"Isn't that a precious dear way of gaining anything?"

"Well, yes, the instalments in paying back the debt are very heavy; you are paying principal and interest together for years to come, but then what am I to do? Surely I am not to stand still all my life for the want of a small starting capital."

"No;" returned Henry, dubiously, "but you are doing all this in case you should die. Suppose your wife should be left a widow before the debt is paid?"

"Then I can't help that;" said William, firmly. "I don't suppose she would have the energy to work hard and pay off the debt herself, in which case of course all my efforts will have been in vain. But never mind; that does not prevent my wishing to try and provide for her. She might never want it; all the better if she should not, but it will be a great consolation to me if I can meet with a house to suit me, pay the debt incurred in buying it, and then make sure that my family will be provided for if I should be taken from them. God grant such a thing may never happen;" and a solemn look came into Williams' dark

eyes as he thought of his wife, who, even under his guidance and control, was so slightly capable of doing her duty by her children.

"I am sure, Will, I wish you success," said his brother, heartily. "What does Emma say to these plans?"

The hot blood mounted in a flame to Williams face. He wanted to screen the failings of his young wife; both pride and love were at work within him, so he carelessly shrugged his shoulders saying:

"Well, she doesn't say much; it isn't her way you know, though I'm afraid she isn't pleased at the prospect of a quiet country life."

"Oh I daresay she will like it in the summer;" said Henry; "but you haven't told me yet where you are going. It will be awkward for your work won't it?"

"Oh, no, we are only going as far as Hampstead, and the walk backwards and forwards will come easy to me, besides there are plenty of conveyances."

"Well, Hampstead is not far, certainly; said Henry. "Indeed, I should think it was scarcely a sufficient distance from the smoke of London to effect the advantages you are contemplating."

William smiled at this inexperienced remark.

"Many people," said he, "are of the same opinion, but I was once told by a clever physician that there is not a purer air to be met with than that about Hampstead Heath. I feel sure it will effect an advantage; you will see the children get rosy and plump in a week or two."

"Well, I hope they may;" laughed Henry; "though I don't see that there is any fault to find with their looks as it is. And as to your wife she always looks pretty."

"William sighed, but a moment after said, archly—

"As pretty as Sophie Turner, eh?"

"I wasn't speaking about Sophie Turner;" began Henry, but his brother interrupted him.

"No, Harry," he said, "but I should like to know if you think of making her your wife. At five and twenty a man may begin to think of marrying."

"I suppose so," returned Henry, but there are two sides to the question. I don't know the young lady's ideas on the subject."

"Why don't you find out then?"

"For several reasons; in the first place I am not in a position to marry."

"And so you intend to remain as you are always?"

"I don't say that, but I must wait."

"Then you are not particularly anxious to secure Sophie Turner for a partner through life, Harry?"

"I don't believe there is another girl in the world I shall ever love so well;" heartily returned Henry.

"Why, then, don't you make sure of her?"

"Well, you see Will," answered Henry reflectively, "I hardly like to entangle her in a promise. It may be years before I can marry her."

"And if she is the true woman I take her to be, she will be ready to

wait years for you, Harry," said William, resolutely. "Women—the best of them I mean, are gifted with extraordinary patience; what we men should be likely to sink under, they bear up against bravely. Take my advice, Harry my boy, and take the first opportunity of securing Miss Sophie's affections for yourself. From what I can judge she has the very training necessary to fit her to become a good wife. She has lived a retired life, acting under the direction of her mother, and doubtless understands the business of housekeeping, washing, ironing, cooking etc, as well as many twice her age."

"I daresay you are right;" said Henry, "but it seems selfish to ask a girl to wait so long for you."

"If you will allow me to speak my mind Harry—"

"You generally do that, Will," interrupted Henry.

"Well, continued William, laughing," I must say I think you are priding yourself falsely upon the generosity of your motives. Don't you suppose the girl is learning to care for you? And don't you think you are acting foolishly by yourself, and unkindly by her, in not setting her mind—or rather, as she is a woman,—her heart at rest, without delay?"

"Well, perhaps you are right," acquiesced Henry, "I didnt think of the subject in that light before;" and as he spoke, the young man privately resolved that he would lose no time in seeking an opportunity of speaking to Sophie.

After a little further conversation, the two brothers, having walked as far as Haverstock Hill, thought it expedient to retrace their steps homewards, which they did, and in less than an hour afterwards, parted for the night, each one, though busy with his own concerns, sharing the plans of the other as a mutual proceeding.

(*To be continued.*)

ON EARLY RISING.

By Dorothea.

Late risers generally defend their tardy appearance at the breakfast table by declaring that they are always tired, and they really must have abundant rest.

So they must; if their frames have been worn by weary vigils, suspense and anxiety. The martyr mother, pacing the room for whole nights with her sick, fretful child in her arms; the patient, enduring wife by the sick-bed of her husband—Support of her soul and body. When the weight of care and responsibility is lifted from such shoulders, ample rest should be provided. Sleep may then be resorted to freely, and, in many cases will be found as efficacious as a strong tonic in restoring the normal condition of the physical powers.

But rest—beyond what God gives for the mind, and the actual amount nature claims for the body, for the young man or woman in the prime of life, with the whole world open before them for action and enterprise! Can the warrior rest with the battle raging before him? Can the soldier of the Cross rest while the battle of sin and evil is to be fought against? And time, and talents, and opportunities to be

turned to account in the Redeemer's service? If we are living in view of the "rest that remaineth." Can we not afford to toil hard that we may enter into it with the full assurance of having done our best to deserve it.

It is certainly degrading to a sense of manliness to reflect, that most people find it easier to rise early for so-called pleasure, than to pursue the wonted avocations of ordinary life. It may seem natural to do so. Work, was, originally, the immediate outcome of sin. Who then can make anything of it but a hard task? True, if we fall back into the bondage of the old dispensation, not if we raise our work to the level of the new. Work and pleasure, however, are not generally synonymous terms, therefore, allowing a separate place for each, we must grant that while it is good to rise early for pleasure, it is at the same time a virtue to rise early for work.

Men are ready enough, when prompted by worldly ambition, to rise early with the view of obtaining ultimate and great gains. Here the object is not to work hard but to amass wealth; and constant watchfulness is needed. The psalmist tells us that these ceaseless efforts are in a certain sense "vain," unless the Lord be the foundation of our schemes, our rising early is but to accumulate sorrow.

Wise and holy men of old commonly rose early when about any important undertaking. Once, in the history of the chosen race, the God of Israel was besought to make the nation, whom he had honored with a revelation of himself, and, to whom he had given laws of his own creating, like the neighbouring heathen nations by giving them a king. Samuel, though acting as the mouthpiece of the people, by giving voice to their entreaty, could scarcely find it a pleasant thing to anoint an earthly king, when, hitherto, the God whom he had faithfully served since the call of his early childhood, had been alone—King of kings to the Israelites. Yet when commanded to take the first step towards anointing Saul, we find him rising early to do so.

Again, in ages long gone by, when the voice of God proclaimed directly the intentions of the Divine will, Abraham, the friend of God, was told to take his only son Isaac and offer him in sacrifice in proof of his obedience. Not an easy task, and one which we might suppose the patriarch would be more anxious than otherwise to postpone. On the contrary, he not only goes at once, but rises early to obey the heavenly mandate. It may be argued that early morning, in the East, before the sun had gained its full power, was the best time to begin the journey.

True, motives of expediency and policy, force themselves into the highest transactions of our life, but they should not be allowed to weigh in the balance against a lofty principle, although they often do so. We are too apt to rob the noblest works of half their glory.

A man or woman whose steps are attended by the "more auspicious fate" spoken of by a well-known poet, devotes himself or herself to whole-hearted christian service, pushing forward, with a single eye, and many obstacles to the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth. A blessing follows the consecrated efforts, and the world cannot help being moved to admiration; but. presently the spirit of policy creeps in. It is all very beautiful, no one wishes to deny it, but, taking existing

circumstances into consideration, it is nothing wonderful. The worker had time, money, and gifts exactly suited to the kind of thing. How fortunate he should deem himself to have fallen into a niche so congenial to his tastes! After all, there is not much credit attached to him!

(*To be continued.*)

FISH AND FISHING.

No. 1.—THE PIKE.

"PIKE-FISHING has become of late years a very fashionable and general branch of angling; not so much for the edible qualities of the fish, as for the sport which attends his capture, particularly in some of our larger rivers and lakes, where the fish attain a considerable size. The pike has uniformly acquired the reputation for extraordinary and shark-like voracity, and many are the anecdotes illustrative of this peculiarity. Indeed, everybody at all familiar with the habits and practices of this fine fish must have witnessed some remarkable proofs of the accuracy of the general opinion. The author of *British Fish and Fisheries* says—'Shrouded from observation in his solitary retreat he follows with his eye the motions of the shades of fish that wander heedlessly along; he marks the water rat swimming to his burrow, the ducklings paddling among the waters, the dab chick and the moor hen leisurely swimming along the surface; he selects his victim, and, like the tiger springing from the jungle he rushes forth, seldom missing his aim. There is a sudden rush, circle after circle forms on the surface of the water, and all is still in an instant.' Some time since, on some private waters, in one of the northern counties of England, a large pike was seen to snap at a swallow as it poised lightly over the surface in search of flies, and a gentlemen once took seven or eight right good fish out of a pool at the tail of a lock, with a few pieces of uncooked bacon. He went to the spot—a well-known resort for pike in those days—unprovided with bait, and, on his arrival, owing to the extreme clearness of the water, and the coldness of the day, he was unable to procure any with his cast net. The lock-keeper urged him to try a lump of bacon. In despair of getting any better bait, and unwilling to leave a favorite spot without a trial, he adopted the suggestion, and in a very short time despoiled the pool of its occupants, consisting of seven or eight respectable fish. Many stories of a similar kind are commonly related and may be found in the ordinary fishing books, but notwithstanding the numerous undoubted instances of his remarkable and fearless voracity, I have always found the pike a very dainty fish, and very difficult to catch in those preserves where small silvery roach are numerous. He can in such situations procure a delicate and plentiful repast whenever he wants one, for, greedy as he is, he does not, like the human glutton, eat for mere eating's sake. The one eats to live, the other lives but to eat, and, therefore, the fish may be considered the more respectable gourmand of the two. When the appetite of the pike is on he is furious; when it is appeased he is scarcely to be tempted. Practised pike fishermen are well aware of this, and thoroughly understand the difference between the "runs" when he is hungry and in earnest, and when he is neither one or the other. When not stimulated by hunger he is anything but voracious and will mouth a bait, and will play with it for a quarter of an hour in sheer sport, and without the slightest intention of swallowing it. In this condition he will often allow himself to be hauled about and quietly pulled up to the surface of the water, and then, with a careless flap of his tail he coolly drops the bait from his jaws and lazily rolls down again into deep water. Many

are the examples given of the ravenous appetite of the pike. Large perch often swallow the baited hooks of the stationery night lines, and then enormous pike gorge the hooked perch in their turn. In this case, though the pike is seldom or never actually hooked, yet on the fisherman's drawing in his line, the perch sets so fast in the greedy throat of the finny tyrant that he has been unable to get rid of it, and both are taken. A large pike was once hooked, and being nearly exhausted was suddenly seized in the water and carried to the bottom. Every effort was made for nearly half-an-hour to bring this enormous fish to shore, but to no purpose; at length, however, by making a noise with the oars, and pulling at the line, the anglers succeeded. On getting up the pike with which they had been playing, it was all torn as if by a large dog, but really doubtless by another fish of the same species, and as the pike so ill-treated weighed seventeen pounds, the rapacious fish that had held it so long must have been indeed a monster. The pike is generally believed to be a long-lived fish. Numerous stories are recorded, more or less authentic, confirmatory of the prevailing opinion, and there can be little doubt, perhaps, that he will live to a very great age if well fed and undisturbed. This fish, however, has too many enemies to allow him to survive many seasons, except in private waters where he can remain secure and unmolested. There are also many anecdotes respecting the size which the pike is supposed to be capable of attaining. Wales is said to contain enormous fish, and Ireland also boasts of pike of extraordinary weight. In the spring of 1843, a pike was exhibited in London at a fishmonger's in Piccadilly which was caught in some private preserve, and which was *ticketed* to weigh sixty-nine pounds. In the year 1820 a pike said to be thirty-six pounds, was taken out of Whittlesea Mere, and exhibited alive at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the morning of the audit day, and was served up at the capital dinner which occurs on this occasion. In March, if very warm, and in April these fish leave their accustomed deep and quiet haunts and seek for gullies, creeks, broad ditches, and shallow reedy or pebbly places, in order to deposit their spawn, which they leave near the surface to be acted upon by the rays of the sun. It is said, but, perhaps without much truth, that when thus obeying the impulses of nature such is their lazy and absorbed condition, that they may be taken by the hand in much the same way that trout are occasionally tickled. The spawning season occupies from two to three months. The younger female fish of about three or four years old taking the lead; then dowagers or frog-pikes (so-called from their period of spawning) succeed them. During this period pike should never be molested or disturbed, and indeed, until this peculiar season is entirely over, the fish is not worth taking. The pike like some other fish is supposed to be effected in his hues by the complexion of the water in which he lives. However this may be, it is unquestionably true that pike taken out of rivers and rapid streams, are generally of a brighter color, and more brilliant in their tints than those which frequent deep pools, and large weedy stagnant lakes. The latter are much darker, and their sides are tinged with a deep yellow, and very frequently striped across the back and sides like a Bengal Tiger. The river and running water fish have, too, a finer flavor, and are in every respect, both for the sportsman and the cook, far superior to their brethren of the pond and the pool. Pike was at one time a scarce and expensive fish in England, indeed so dear that few could afford to eat it, the price being double that of salmon, and ten times higher than that of any other fish. Now, however, the pike is to be found in most of the British waters, and there is scarcely a private pond in the kingdom that is not stacked with these noble fish. When the pike is in season, he is a good firm, and if cooked well a most excellent fish. Those caught in the Norfolk broads are considered very firm and delicate eating. September and October are fine months for pike-fishing, but if the angler can stand

the weather, the winter months are decidedly the best for large fish. Thorough pike fishers always insist that they catch the finest fish on sharp frosty days when there is a thin film of ice spread over the surface of the water. And I have myself taken good fish after having had to break ice an inch thick to get the bait into the water."

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

MISTAKEN APPLICATION.—A young gentleman who is very particular about the get up of his linen, wrote a note to his washerwoman, and at the same time wrote one to the object of his affections. Unfortunately he put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was puzzled, but not in the least offended; but when the young lady read, "If you rumple up my shirt bosoms, and drag the button of the collar any more, as you did the last time, I shall have to go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declared she would never speak to him again.

THE QUIP MODEST.—He sat in a railroad carriage, and his head was thickly covered with a mass of very red hair. Near him sat a man with a shining bald pate. He playfully observed, "I suppose you wasn't about when they dealt out hair." "Oh, yes, I was," replied the bald-pated gentleman, "only they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told 'em to throw it into the dust bin."

HOMELY RECEIPTS.

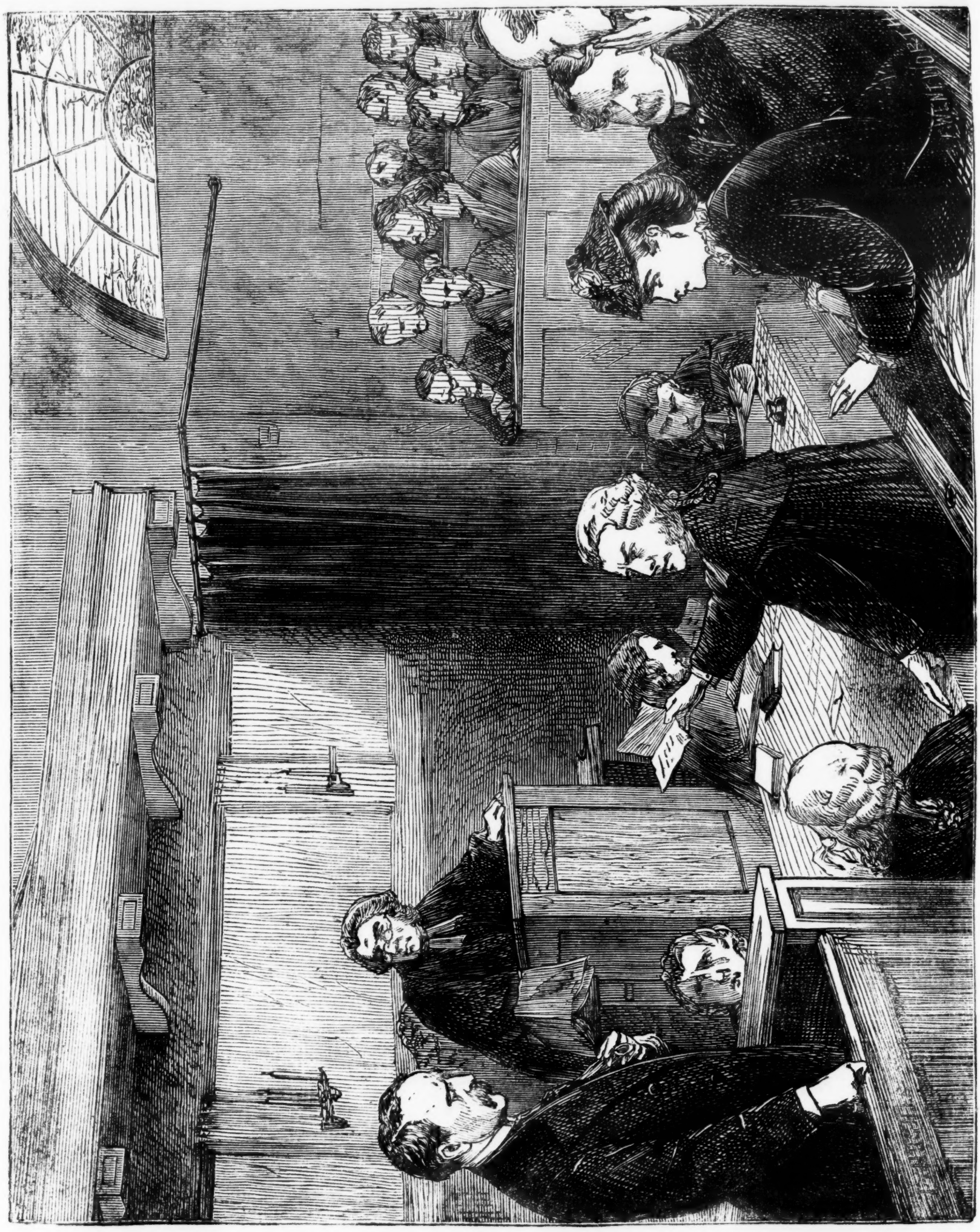
MUTTON MUFFETIN.—Rub a quarter of a pound of dripping into half a pound of flour, moisten with cold water, and knead to a paste; mince about three-quarters of a pound of any cooked mutton, season with the third part of a small onion, chopped, a saltspoonful of celery seed, half of a small sweet apple, chopped, a small teaspoonful of salt, half the quantity of pepper, and two tablespoonsful of gravy, made by stewing down the trimmings and bones. Roll out the paste to the sixth of an inch thick, spread the mince, mutton equally over it, roll it up, moisten the edges to make the paste adhere, place the roll on a tin dish, and bake it in a moderately heated oven for an hour; or it may be boiled two hours in a cloth.

SAVOURY MUTTON WITH TURNIPS.—Boil four large turnips, without peeling them, for twenty minutes; let them get cold. Then peel and slice them, season them with a saltspoonful of salt, the same of powdered loaf sugar, and a cayenne-spoonful of cayenne. Cut up about three-quarters of a pound of cold boiled mutton, season it with a saltspoonful of white pepper, a saltspoonful and a half of salt, a teaspoonful of chopped nasturtiums leaves or capers, and a small onion chopped. Lay the mutton and turnips in alternate layers in a deep dish; add a teacupful of gravey made with the bones. Cover it over with another dish, and bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour; then serve.

SHORT NOTICES.

Index to the Old and New Testaments, with a synoptical arrangement of some of the principal subjects of interest contained in the Holy Scriptures, by HENRY JARMAN, S.S.C.—G. Stoneman, 67, Paternoster Row, E.C, A useful, concise and handy book of reference for Sunday School Teachers, Students and for those who desire a more careful study of the Scriptures. It contains a very modest preface but shows a great deal of research.

7 SE 91



BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER VII. — KURT VON HOHENSTEIN.

In spite of all the efforts of Baron Prachwitz, Baldamus would not have been dismissed if he had behaved less haughtily when before the magistrates. He held his head high, and openly explained the reason for which he had absented himself from the tower without first asking permission.

Prachwitz absolutely foamed with rage on hearing his enemy explain the motives of his coming. At the same time it was by a fortunate chance, as men speak, that he was able to ruin him. The magistrates did not accept the watchman's excuses, and the majority decided on his dismissal.

As the old man left the town hall he cast one more look of defiance upon his adversary. At the door he met Worzel and his son-in-law, who persuaded him with great warmth to consent to take up his abode with himself and his wife. The poor old man's pent up feelings now completely gave way, and he threw himself weeping into the arms of his son-in-law.

"Cheer up, friend, take heart," said Worzel—laying his hand upon the shoulder of Baldamus. "He who has friends can never feel quite forsaken, and I'm sure *you* have friends. At all events, you will be more cheerful down here, than up in yonder tower. Let's come and have a dinner together at the Golden Lion.

In this manner kind-hearted Worzel tried to cheer the spirits of the ex-watchman as he made his way across the market-place.

It was well he did so, for everyone turned the cold shoulder upon him, and no one shewed him any pity excepting the police agent and Meyer.

Arrived at his tower, the poor old man looked pitifully around him.

"In twenty-four hours time all my little belongings will have to be cleared out," he murmered sadly. "It won't take me long—the little furniture I possess will be soon transported. The rest I can carry with me. But what shall I do with you?" he said, as his eye fell upon his cats and dogs, who surrounded him with merry gambols and entreaties for notice. "I suppose I may take *one* with me?"

"Very well," said Worzel, "we'll take care of the rest. We'll give the terrier and tortoise-shell cat to the landlord of the Golden Lion—he is very fond of animals, and will, I'm sure, be grateful for them; I'll take the mastiff and the black cat myself."

"The other shall come home with us," said the postman, who well knew the love of his father-in-law for animals."

A few minutes afterwards porters came for the furniture, and the clock had not chimed twelve before everything had been cleared out with the exception of the large bunch of keys, which still hung in its accustomed place.

Before leaving his abode, Baldamus went out into the gallery, and took one more look at the lovely landscape which lay spread out at his

feet. How many times had he gazed down there before! How many times had that beautiful picture softened the bitterness which reigned in his heart! And now he must say farewell to his favorite corner, and return to live among the human beings whom he detested. The old man had much difficulty in keeping back a tear as he took one last glance round his little room. How melancholy and forsaken did it appear! Only yesterday it seemed so cheerful—joyous voices were heard in it! But now!

Baldamus pressed his hand upon his heart, and, after casting one last glance around those empty walls, he followed his son-in-law, who had already left the tower, and descended for the last time, the dark, steep, winding staircase.

* * * * * * *

The beautiful days of autumn are over. The sun hides his face—the sky is covered with dark grey clouds, which soon melt into a number of small flakes of snow, to the great delight of the children, who hail with joys these heralds of winter.

Little Augustus shared this joy, and brought home in triumph a large snow-ball, in order to surprise his mother with this "fruit of winter." But his joy was of short duration, for Charlotte Meyer hated winter, with all its attendant snow and frost.

"Are not coals and wood dear enough as it is?" she said, as the child came in with his trophy. "Do you want to turn this room into an ice-house? Run and throw that snow-ball away at once."

The child obeyed reluctantly, and by way of solacing himself for his disappointment, went to look for his grandfather's cat and dog, and began to play with them.

This did not escape the watchful eyes of his mother, who began scolding again, and drove the poor animals out of the room.

Baldamus, seated in a corner, and consequently an unwilling witness of this scene, sighed deeply and contented himself with saying.—

"But, Lottie, you must remember that those poor animals are God's creatures."

"I don't care; I detest those animals as much as you do men."

The old man understood the hidden meaning of those words—he held his tongue, and went on with his melancholy turn of thoughts.

He was not happy in his present position. His son-in-law, indeed, shewed him much attention, but his daughter spoiled all by her bitter words. An excellent housekeeper, she found that the extra expense occasioned by her father's living there, was more than she could easily afford. The old man indulged in smoking and taking snuff, nor did he limit himself to water as a beverage, but drank beer, and sometimes even wine. And all this cost money. The poor man well understood what caused his daughter's ill-humour. Quite out of patience, he one day announced his intention of trying to get another situation.

"Are you not comfortable with us, father?" said the postman.

"Perfectly, but I see that my living with you occasions a good deal of expense, and, as I am still well and strong, I should like to try and get my living."

Meyer was about to reply, but was stopped by his wife remarking—

"Father is quite right, His being here, much as we enjoy having him, brings a good deal of extra expense."

"How?" said Meyer, angrily. "When there's enough for three there's enough for four."

"Yes, dear husband, but that's not everything. Father requires beer, wine, tobacco, snuff, and—"

"Stop, Lottie, that's quite enough," cried the old man.

Although Meyer took every possible pains to dissuade his father-in-law from carrying out this determination, Baldamus was not shaken in his resolution of leaving the town and trying to gain his livelihood elsewhere.

Circumstances, however, soon led to a change in his plans.

Some days after the scene above described, Meyer brought a letter from Washington, addressed to his father-in-law. This event threw the old man into such a state of agitation, that he was scarcely able to open the envelope. In a state of feverish excitement he hastened to see what signature the letter bore, and concluded by bursting into a loud laugh, as he cried in a hoarse voice.

"The hour of vengeance has arrived. Kurt von Hohenstein is living."

Meyer and Lottie pressed close up to him, as he read to them the following letter—

"Dear Sir,—

"He who writes to you to-day, to thank you from the very bottom of his heart, is a poor unfortunate, who, without your aid would soon have perished of want. The name of Kurt von Hohenstein cannot be unknown to you, for the interest you testify in him shows plainly that you have felt compassion for his misfortunes.

"Allow me, in a few words, to tell you the history of my life. In my very early youth, my unsteadiness compelled my father to send me out to America. I now candidly confess that he had great reason for so doing, but my heart was at that time so embittered against him that I remained there for years without sending him any tidings. I knew well enough all the time that such conduct would probably break my poor father's heart. It was the great sin of my life, which I have dearly expiated.

"From my youth up I always had a great taste for adventures, and, finding myself without any resources, I joined a party of settlers who were going out west, in the capacity of servant. Our settlement was ravaged by the Indians, who took me prisoner, and would certainly have put me to death, but for the interposition of one of their chiefs. This man was grateful to me for having rendered him some service, when he was at Washington with some other Indian chiefs about some political business.

"I leave you to guess the position I was in, in that inhospitable country, when I had no possible means of gaining a livelihood. Utterly penniless, so much so as to be compelled to beg my bread, I travelled about from one town to another, until one day, worn out with the hardships I had gone through, I became dangerously ill. In a state of unconsciousness I was taken to the hospital, where the indifference and

want of sympathy shown, caused me to experience much cruel suffering. One evening, I heard the doctor announce to the nurse that he did not think it likely that I should last through the night. The nurse, without shewing any emotion, took my measure, and desired a servant to get a coffin of my size prepared. On hearing these sinister words, the remembrance of my native country woke up in my heart. I made a solemn vow that if I recovered I would strain every energy once more to return to Europe and settle there. God heard my prayers. I recovered speedily; a fellow-countryman took pity on me, engaged me as his servant, and brought me to Washington. Although fully resolved to procure the means of returning to Europe, and to surprize my father, I nevertheless wrote to him to entreat his forgiveness.

"Months passed without any answer reaching me, Was my father then inflexible? That seemed impossible, especially as I fully informed him of my adverse circumstances. I made a second attempt, and again with as little success. Years passed, my position had improved, and I was beginning to feel tolerably happy, when my employer died suddenly, and I was again left without resources. In my distress I turned to my cousin Prachwitz, describing my melancholy situation, and entreating him to intercede for my father's forgiveness. I also informed him of my intention of soon returning to Europe—and it was probably my having done so which led to his writing to me, as, in all likelihood, my letter would have otherwise remained unanswered. Through his confidential secretary my cousin sent me a sum of money, accompanied by a letter announcing the death of my father. He informed me at the same time that all my father's property had been bequeathed to charity, with the exception of a small capital (of which my cousin would annually send me the interest,) on condition that I would never return to Europe. I do not deny that this clause of the will somewhat surprised me. My cousin made the express stipulation before sending me the money, that I should make a solemn promise faithfully to keep that condition.

"My distress was at that time so great that I was on the point of yielding, when I received, through Mr. Sawyer, the letter from your friend, which informed me of the infamous conduct of Prachwitz.

"I hope to set out on my return to Europe as speedily as possible, and shall take an early opportunity of coming to thank you personally for all I owe you.

"Accept, sir, the assurance of my gratitude, and of my sincere respect and esteem. "I remain, most truly yours,

"KURT VON HOHENSTEIN."

(*To be continued.*)

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER. X.

WE were saying Cœur de Lion suffered more than he gained by these castles, and so he did, for he suffered the loss of his life. History, we may remember, tells us that while his European dominions were exposed

to an ungratefull brother, and a faithless ally, Richard was rivalling in the Holy Land the imaginary actions of the champions of romance. He conquered Cesarea and Jaffa; he drove Saladin before him for eleven days of continued battle. With a handful of men he defied armies, and challenged to combat, in his own person, an extended line of a thousand soldiers, not one of whom had the hardihood to quit the ranks to encounter him. He soon came within sight of Jerusalem, but declined to look upon the sepulchre, which he found himself not strong enough to gain by battle. In the midst of these wonderful exploits, Richard was recalled by the intrigues of his brother and the king of France. He embarked with his accustomed precipitation, having made a hasty peace with Saladin, and leaving a name in the East with which, long after, the Saracens were wont to chide a startling horse, asking the animal if he thought the dust was king Richard, that he sprang away from it.

Richard's embarkation was the beginning of a series of calamities which gave the king of France time to arrange his treacherous plans. Richard was shipwrecked on the coast of Dalmatia, and was betrayed into the hands of a powerful duke whom he had mortally offended. This duke seized the opportunity now afforded him, and revenged himself upon the prince by throwing him into prison, and charging him with accumulated crimes committed in Palestine. His place of confinement was long concealed, but the manner in which it was discovered has invested these ancient edifices with a kind of romantic interest.

It is but natural to suppose that Richard, with so great a love of excitement should be fond of music. He accordingly not only encouraged what was then called "the gay science," but often practised the arts of song and music himself. Blondel, a favorite minstrel of his, and attendant on his person, devoted himself to discover the place of his confinement. He wandered in vain from castle to palace, until he learned that a strong and almost inaccessible fortress on the Danube was watched with peculiar strictness as containing some state prisoner of distinction. The minstrel took his harp, and approaching as near the castle as was prudent, came so close to the walls as to hear the melancholy captive soothing his solitude with music. Blondel touched his harp; the prisoner, heard, and was silent. Upon this, the minstrel played the first part of a tune or lay, known to the captive, who instantly answered by playing the second part. Thus the faithful servant knew that the inmate of the castle was no other than his royal master.

The avarice of the treacherous duke of course fixed a high ransom on his prisoner, when it became known that the king was in his keeping. It was not, however, too large for the loyalty of his subjects, and he was finally set at liberty by their paying the whole.

Although the military career of Richard was more brilliant and astonishing than prudent or wise, one cannot reflect without regret that such a life should have been thus cut off so ignominously. A vassal having found a treasure concealed in the earth, Richard demanded possession of it, and on the man's refusing to deliver it up, he flew with his accustomed impetuosity to besiege the vassal's castle, which was but an inconsiderable place. He soon reduced it, but an archer on the walls

took aim at the king, and mortally wounded him. The castle was surrendered before he died of his wound, and Richard commanding the marksman to be brought before him, demanded why he had aimed so particularly at his life. The archer replied "You slew my father and my brother, and you were seeking my life: had I not reason to prevent you, if I could, by taking yours?"

The dying king acknowleged he had reason for his conduct, and forgiving his offence against his person, generously commanded him to be dismissed unharmed. The injunctions of the dying monarch, however, had little power to influence those around him; for the captain of one of his bands of mercenaries put the man to death by the most cruel tortures.

But for women, at least, it may be urged these castles must have afforded the protection they so much needed in such dangerous and unsettled times.

Well, there are two sides to that, too. Many a noble chieftain's daughter took her part in the midnight watch on the walls of her father's castle, while the weary guards sank down to rest for a brief space of necessary repose.

Especially was this the case during the time when the wars of Palestine swept away so many of our noblest warriors, and left so many of their hereditary possessions exposed to assault and ruin. It was also the custom of the knight or chieftain whose own course of life became too perilous for the females of his family, to commit them to the security of some fortified castle, while he himself pursued his own dangerous or doubtful career. Thus we find that so long as the noble Bruce could defend himself amongst the highlands of Scotland, his wife, the queen, and many ladies of her train, cheerfully followed him to these mountain wilds, where they subsisted entirely upon such food as their companions in peril were able to procure them, by their dexterity in fishing, and in killing deer. But as the winter approached, and the situation of the king became more hopeless, he placed his wife and sister in his Castle of Kildrummie, the only one he then retained in his possession. Here, too, he placed, as he hoped, in security, his only son Nigel Bruce, a brave and beautiful youth, the hope and joy of his father's heart. Bruce himself escaped with his brother towards a small island on the coast of Iceland; but it was not long before he received the melancholly intelligence that the Castle of Kildrummie had been surrendered to his enemies, not subdued by force of arms, but cruelly surrendered by the treachery of one of its inmates, who threw the whole into flames by setting fire to a store of gunpowder. The son was brutally murdered by the victors, while his female relatives were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

(*To be continued.*

MY LITTLE FREEHOLD, AND HOW I CAME BY IT.

"'Tis the fools' pence that does it for us," said the smartly dressed landlady to her visitor, as she explained to his wondering gaze the secret of her grand house, and furniture, and rich living, &c. And to my grief and shame

do I confess that it was my fools' pence that helped towards building and furnishing one of the many splendid Gin Palaces that glitter at the corners of our streets, while at the same time I and and my poor wife and children dragged out a miserable existence in a wretched hovel in the lowest part of the town. But, thank God, my eyes were at length opened to my folly; and I was led to abandon that enemy of the working man, that greatest curse of our country, THE DRINK. I signed the temperance pledge, and the happiest results soon followed,—my health became stronger, my head clearer, my heart lighter, my purse heavier, and my wife and family far happier. I joined a Building Society, and with God's blessing I managed to lay by a little for a rainy day. Now I have the happiness of being my own Freeholder, and enjoy the comfort of living in a charming little cottage of my own, with a well stocked garden attached. More than this: my abstinence principles have enabled me to put up another cottage by the side of this one, and which I let to a weekly tenant. "Providence Cottages" is the name by which they are known, for it was surely by God's good Providence that I was led to join the Temperance band. Had I joined sooner, so much the better would it have been for me and mine. As it is, however, I cannot be too thankful. Had I continued as I once was, I should have been at this moment in a miserable and degraded condition, like too many of my old pot companions who, from day to day, are doing their very best to build and embellish magnificent palaces for the wealthy brewers of our land. Was ever folly greater? Well may the finely dressed landlady say, "'Tis the fools' pence that does it for us."

Said a poor hard-working man, living in the very depths of poverty and wretchedness, "Had it not been for the drink, I should now have, at the lowest calculation, £500 whereby to purchase the many comforts I so much need."

"When I was young," said an old man who was breaking stones by the wayside, "I used to drink to help me work; but now, drink is making me work. Money, character, position, happiness, all gone through the drink!" Alas! how many are being ruined both for time and for eternity through indulgence in the intoxicating cup.

The wealthy Brewer and well-to-do Publican have something to shew,—houses and lands, horses and carriages, —the best of everything,—in fact all that heart can wish. But what have their poor dupes to shew,—the working men and women who are ever flocking in such numbers into these "dead houses," as the drink shops have been well called? What about *their* freehold, *their* "Providence Cottages," *their* comfortably furnished houses, and well fed, well clothed, and well educated children? Fellow working men, what have *you* to shew, —you, I mean, who so liberally support these handsome establishments? The truth is you have NOTHING to show. Oh, be entreated to put no more "fools' pence" into that bank. The money so spent is worse than wasted; not only does it do no good, it does positive harm; it leads to all kind of sin and misery.

"It bites like a serpent and stings like an adder." As you love your own souls, as you love your families, give up the accursed thing at once and for ever, and you will have reason to thank God as long as you live that this printed paper was ever put into your hands. But remember Christ's words, "WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

THE LINE TO GLORY.—C. M.

There is a *line* leads up to rest;
A new and living way,
Where all who *book* are richly blest,
And glory crowns their day.

Praise God, I saw love's *signal* shine
  Bright on the Cross for me,
Revealing Christ in light divine;
  My surety and my plea.

Long while on sin's *broad guage* I rode;
  Nor rest nor pleasure found,
But now I know the grace of God,
  Life's sacred joys abound.

His tender mercies ever new
  Bid rising murmurs cease:
And soon I'll sweep time's *Junction* through,
  To dwell in perfect peace.

There welcome at the *station* waits:
  There raptures thrill the soul!
When angels swing the pearly *gates*,
  Where glory-ages roll.

Then in the noblest, sweetest strain
  That ransomed tongue can raise,
I'll sing for evermore, Amen!
  My great Redeemer's praise. W. C. M.

Many common metre tunes are suitable to these words; for example, "St. Peter," "Evan," "Auld Lang Syne," &c. When "St. Peter" is used, the following chorus, to the music of "Steal Away," has a charming effect:—

CHORUS.

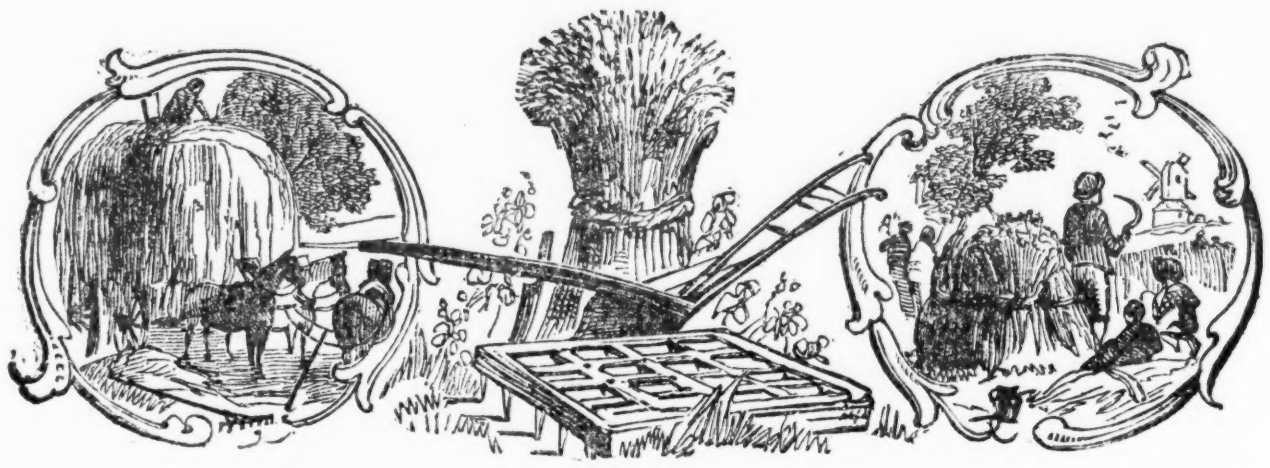
Come away, come away, come away to Jesus.
Come away, come away now. It is not safe to stay here.

A WORD TO WORKMEN.

AVOID WASTE.

"EVERY man in a workshop ought to constitute himself a guardian of his employer's property, and not only should he avoid waste himself, but, as far as practicable, he should discourage it in others. If this were done, thousand of pounds would be saved to the country—a much larger per centage of profits would be made by the employer—manufacturers would be enriched; and, in the end, workmen would be proportionately benefited. Strange that these simple facts should have so little weight—but so it is. Waste by another is cruel to the man who has to pay—it does not, cannot, benefit the person guilty of it—and it is a dead loss to the nation. For every scrap of material so destroyed makes the product more costly and consequently dearer. In the interest of workmen then it is important that these facts should be borne in mind. Wages bear a relative proportion to the cost of raw material, and, both combined, determine the price of commodities,—the cheapness of the latter augments their sale, increases their production, enhances the demand for labour, and tends to keep up wages. The reverse is equally true. Many

a Manufacturer has been ruined by the wastefulness of his Workmen and the negligence of his Foreman. Waste of any kind,—whether of time or material,—should always be avoided. A thoughtful, careful man is a jewel in a workshop.



HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter shall not cease." GEN. VIII, 22.

"Lord of the harvest, once again,
We thank thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer,
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied,
By seed-time and harvest-tide

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As thou hast taught for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirit's need;
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be thou their comfort, food and stay."

"A glorious thing is the yellow corn, with buds so green and tall;
A blessed thing is the yellow corn, when the husks in the autumn fall,

Sing, boys, sing! Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing, sing of the yellow corn!

The pointed leaves and the golden ear,
The rustling sheaves in the ripened year—

Sing, boys, sing! Sing of the yellow corn,
Sing, boys, sing, sing of the yellow corn!"

C. EASTMAN.

DOINGS AND DAINTIES OF THE ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

CHAPTER IX.

THERE are various observances of the natives, which although to outsiders they do not partake of a religious character, yet they may more properly be spoken of as *rites*, rather than mere customs. These of course vary considerably over the vast island continent of Australia, but I will endeavour to describe one or two of them as observed in the particular district where I was, though doubtless the description may not hold good for other parts. In the first place the rites connected with the death and burial of any member of the dark-skinned community, vary greatly from causes other than locality and difference of custom. The importance of the individual, age, and sex each contribute to vary the ceremonies observable. I was staying at a station about eight or ten miles from Port Augusta, and was one night woke from a sound sleep, by what I can only call dismal yells, loud and long continued, "linked *discord* long drawn out." It was necessary to ascertain the cause of this, for it might have been caused by family fueds of an energetic character, and some one half or even whole killed in the fray; but no! the head man of the tribe had just died, and this was the lamentation!! There was no stopping it by fair means or foul. The lubras had to lament in the loudest of loud tones, and verily they lamented. If the hideous noise was any indication of inward grief, their woe must have been so intense, that the fact that they did not then and there lay down and die of a broken heart, is a marvel to record: but so it was. This went on till morning, when messengers were dispatched with the mournful intelligence, to various "friends at a distance;" who were invited to come to the mournful festivities attendant on the great man's burying. In the meantime preparations were in making for the event. We whites being outside the pale of their ritual, were not permitted to see them; some we know about, others not. One is the cutting off as close as possible all the hair of the defunct and also of his lubras or wives, and by a skilful process forming it all into a kind of cord to be worn round the waist of his bereaved principal consort. This is done at once; and as day after day passed, it became necessary to make the blacks move away, as the weather was very hot and the neighbourhood of the wurleys utterly intolerable from the state of the remains. However in due course all the funeral party had assembled, and in the meantime I had gone about six miles off and was therefore unable to see personally what was done. I was told however that the dead mans legs were *disjointed* at the hips without being cut off and are by some means screwed round so that the knee joints were turned over the shoulders, so that he could be buried in what resembled a sitting posture, but so as to take up as small a space as possible; before the actual interment however a circular lump of flesh had been cut out of the dead man's *thigh*; cooked native fashion on the hot embers, and each one of the mourning relatives and friends

partook of the dainty morsel!! The mourning was then put on by the women only; and was merely the plastering the upper part of the face nearly down to the level of the bottom of the ears and the point of the nose, with a white paste chiefly composed of a kind of gypsum that the natives know where to find. This is kept on till it peels off of itself; and the effect of these poor creatures with the upper part of their faces white, with their coal black eyes glittering through it, and the lower part looking blacker than usual by contrast, is so ludicrous, that it is almost impossible to help laughing at them. While this keeps on, which is often two or three weeks, they go to the top of the nearest rise in the ground, just as the sun is about to become visible, and upon catching sight of the first of his beams, they indulge in about five minutes howling by way of keeping up the feast.

The women and children are disposed of with very little ceremony; the former, and the girls being merely drudges to the men, and the boys are nothing thought of until they are made "*young men;*" which is a very marked period in their lives, and is attended with important ceremonial observances.

The whites are not allowed to witness the whole of the ceremony, but what they may see is very curious and interesting. When I say the whites are not allowed, it is not that they are hindered being present on the spot, for this the poor blacks could not do, but simply that while they are there, the *personal* part of the ceremony is not performed. When a lad had arrived at a certain age and capacity, all the friends, the adult friends, male and female take him off into the thickest part of the "bush," or forest, where the actual *making* him a young man takes place; and the return home to the wurleys is a triumphant procession, not of a very orderly character truly, but still with certain strictly kept observances connected with it. The newly made young man is the centre of the party, and as they proceed in the direction of the encampment the men of the tribe take it by turns to run on about eighty to a hundred yards uttering a loud cry on one note with their mouths wide open, and striking the hand over the mouth rapidly, producing a sound resembling—Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa, uttered at the top of their voices; as soon as the first one has gone to the end of his run, he stops and returns, another instantly starting off in the same way, so that this is kept on without interrupion till they arrive at home. In the meantime the eldest female relative of the "neophite," takes a yam stick: such as is described in the account of digging out the snake; with which she lays about her on all sides, with most commendable zeal and impartiality; woe to the unwary or slow-moving individual who may be within reach of her blows, for, be they who they may, old or young, man or woman, white or black, her vigorous application of the yam stick is pretty sure to send them sprawling, with an ugly, often severe blow on the head. This to a white man is, to say the least, very unpleasant, but to the blacks with their immensely hard skulls, it seems to make very little difference. After the completion of this ceremony the newly made young man is only allowed to speak in a whisper for some weeks, at the end of which time, another mystic rite is

performed, which I never either saw or heard described, but which I believe is of a very simple character, and he then takes his place as a man, and full member of the tribe; and may take unto himself one or more lubra's, according to his fancy or position. Marriage, as such, is unknown among these poor people; a man wants a lubra or wife, and sees some girl, probably little more than a child, not yet given to any one and asks for and gets her. She generally goes with him, and begins her life by collecting wood for fire, carrying what the man kills in walking about, and does little things of this sort, and her life of drudgery drags its slow length along for a few years, till she is old enough to become a mother. The drudgery still continues, and she has to look after her child. They are seldom long-lived, and who can wonder?

The tribe will be travelling, the poor woman drops in the rear, goes behind a bush; and in about an hour, more or less, rejoins the procession with a newly born infant at her breast.

The scarcity of water in many places, and the want of being accustomed to cleanly habits render the natives generally dirty in their persons, although they certainly estimate the comfort that a good wash affords. I have on various occasions given a small piece of soap to some lubras, and they have invariably gone off to the well and washed themselves all over pretty thoroughly. I never, however, saw them wash themselves without the piece of soap having been given.

On their first beginning to move of a morning, I have frequently seen them take the dry clean sand in their hands, and rub themselves well with it. A poor substitute for the matutinal tub.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER VII.—THE EFFECTS OF BAD READING.

On leaving Henry to return to his lodgings, William hastened home, thinking of his own, and his brother's future plans; thinking in what a world of uncertainty and change we are all living; and lastly, wondering whether his wife would be at home to meet him, or whether, as was so often the case, she had gone out to spend the evening by herself.

But this latter he would not dwell upon; he would not comdemn her even in his own mind upon mere suspicion. No; he would hope for the best, so, quickening his speed, he soon arrived home, opened the street door by means of his latch key, and stepped into the wide, nicely covered passage, where he met Mrs. Davison the landlady, who was just entering the parlour. The old lady and her lodger exchanged a cordial "Good evening," and then William said:

"Do you know if my wife is at home Mrs. Davison?"

"I don't know at all;" was the reply. "I rather think though," she

added smoothly, "that I heard her say she must go out for a bit of a change. Poor young creature, she has been very much tried all day; the baby has been so cross. But if she should be out Mr. Draper, and you want anything, I should be most happy to be of any assistance to you."

"Thank you—I am much obliged;" returned William politely; "but I shall do very well alone;" and he ascended the flight of stairs to the first floor.

"I hate that woman's smooth tongue;" he muttered to himself afterwards. "I believe she encourages Emma in her neglect of me and the children. Now," as he touched the handle of the front-room door, "is she at home or is she not at home?"

As he half audibly uttered these words, he pushed open the door, and entered the room in which there was no fire, no light, and no wife, waiting to welcome him.

"As I thought;" murmured William, while a heavy load settled at his heart, and he laid his hat on the table with the air of one who despairingly tells himself that, according to the caste of his lot, so must he shape himself to endure it.

With some difficulty he presently found the candle-stick, and then, after searching some minutes, (during which time his feelings were not toned to mildness but raised almost to fury) he came across the match box, thus affording himself the means of a light by whose friendly rays he was enabled to look about him. How lonely and desolate everything was! The fire had been built up with cinders and water, to last till Mrs. Draper came home, but, contrary to her expectations, its life had departed, and there was nothing to be seen but the grey, though still warm embers. Not a very comfortable home this, for a man to return to, after a hard day's work, and William wondered as he stood looking and frowning at the flickering candle whether he should try and employ himself in some way, or go out again. While thus contemplating, his attention was attracted by a green card board bound book, which lay on the table.

William almost groaned as he stepped forward and desperately grasped the hateful volume Alas! no need to open it, though, out of mere curiosity, he did so, but he knew well enough what were its contents. It was one of those unwholesome, pernicious novels which tend to corrupt and pervert the minds of all who carelessly enter into their details. This then was how she occupied her time through the day. Good reading he would never have objected to, but trashy rubbish like this! He believed nothing else had contaminated the pure soul, the fresh young heart of his dearly loved wife. What a monstrous shame he muttered, that there should be such scandalous fictions written for inexperienced persons to pore over! If there had been a fire in the grate he would have burnt the volume without hesitation, as it was he put it into his coat pocket, intending presently to lock it up in his drawer.

Then, this done, William took the candle in his hand and softly stepped into the adjoining room. There lay his little sleeping girl, and in a crib at her side nestled the tiny form of the baby. Why, oh why, were they left alone? Perhaps it did not matter quite so much now, while, in the innocence of childhood, they were blissfully slumbering even through neglect; but when they grew older, and began to yearn more ardently

for a mother's watchful care, how would it be then? Would she sober down as years increased her age? He hoped so—if he had known how to pray he would have prayed so. "God grant Harry's home may be different!" he murmured "I hope there will be no trashy novels in *his* home. Poor children, but I suppose they are happy, and their pretty young mother too. God knows I love her still, ay, and would to the end no matter how she treated me, if only she would cling dutifully to her children."

It would be impossible to describe William's feelings as he presently moved away, slowly strode into the sitting room, once more set the candle stick on the table, and began pacing the floor. Thus passing away the sad, weary time William Draper would have presented a fine study for an artist. With his arms folded, his firmly set shoulders slightly bent; the closed lips more compressed than ever; the handsome, manly countenance full of mingled suffering, pride, and anger, and his dark eyes fixed upon the worn carpet, he looked a picture indeed. But if any one could call it a pleasing picture, his meditations were otherwise. He was thinking how cruelly his dreams had been clouded; his ambition checked; the glow of his love deadened; and his whole life rendered unhappy. In what bright anticipations had he indulged in those early married days years ago! What brilliant results had he pictured! Yes, despite foreshadowing clouds he had entered his workshop alone at five o'clock on a dark, winter's morning, and by the light of the lamp had worked cheerfully, singing at the top of his clear, tenor voice the whole time; working with a will, for he had some one to work for; working with an aim, for independent William Draper meant to rise above the dominion of poverty. But the exercise of these buoyant spirits, surrounded as they were by a gloomy atmosphere, could not be expected to last for ever. No; they grew moody, and influenced with their bitterness, a singularly hopeful, elastic disposition; he began to sigh for the sympathy of the companion which an all-wise Creator has made necessary for man's complete happiness. But he sighed in vain; and he now told himself that the present reflections passing through his mind were in vain so, trying to banish them, he took up one of his own books, the composition of which was deep and intellectual, and essayed to settle himself to reading. But the feeble, flickering light of the half wasted tallow candle was the first interruption he met with, and in muttered tones he exclaimed: "What a light to read by! If I were subject to this sort of thing very often I should be obliged to wear spectacles before forty years had passed over my head. I wonder if there is any oil in the lamp. Not likely though; I suppose I must endure it;" and down went his eyes to the book again. Many men would have left the lonely home, the spluttering candle, the monotonous reading, and would have bent their steps elsewhere in the pursuit of pleasure among others perhaps similarly situated; but as yet, William had not grown to such a pitch of desperation, and, notwithstanding the indifferent light, he continued turning over page after page, till a creak on the stairs reminded him of his wife's return.

Not a muscle in his face moved; not one throb of emotion, either angry or sorrowful, disturbed the firm composure of his look and

manner; and, even when, a few seconds afterwards, he heard the room door open, he still maintained the studious attitude, never once glancing up.

Mrs. Draper entered, looking very fresh and pretty after her walk, but this was nothing to the purpose; there was no one to admire her, and, as she glanced towards the figure seated at the table, she supposed her husband had "come home in a bad temper:" but she did not speak aloud her thoughts. Indeed, for some moments she was afraid to speak at all. When once roused, William's temper was so passionate that to encounter it made her tremble. She dreaded a storm, and yet the silence was painfully oppressive, so, looking towards the dreary fireplace, she said, with assumed carelessness, as she took off her bonnet:

"Oh dear me! is the fire out? What a nuisance! and so chilly, too, as the evening has turned."

Then William Draper looked up.

"What would you say if you had been sitting here in the cold as long as I have?" he said.

"I don't know. Have you been home long?"

"Long enough to feel the want of my wife's presence to welcome me."

Perhaps Mrs. Draper hardly knew whether to feel pricked or gratified as she answered:

"Well, I really didn't think I should be so long. I only just took a run round to see Aunt Susan. You know how unwell she has been lately."

"I don't know anything about it;" returned William, shortly. "I only know that I don't like you to be out when I come home at night. Can't you go out in the daytime?"

"What nonsense, William;" said Mrs. Draper, piqued "There, I declare that is just like you men. What time do you suppose I have to go out in the day?"

"I am sure I don't know. I think you ought to be capable of managing your affairs without my help; but I can't think why you should go out in the evening."

"I think, William, you are very selfish;" said Mrs. Draper in an offended tone. "If you had any consideration at all you would own that after I have been worried all day with the children I naturally need a little change."

"Then I suppose I expect too much, and am unreasonable;" said William, and his voice took a conciliating tone." Is that it, Emma?"

"I think it is;" was the reply. "indeed if I may express an opinion I should imagine that night, when the children are in bed, and asleep, is the best time to go out."

"Is it best that I should come home to a dark uninhabited room?"

"Well, but I tell you, I was detained longer than I thought I should be;" argued Mrs. Draper, adding after a moment's pause as probably the recollection of the story she had been reading came into her mind: "Why where is my book? I left it on the table."

"And it is now in my pocket," said William.

"In your pocket? What for?"

"Because it is against my wishes that you should read such things."

"But how about my wishes? I am very much interested in the book; besides, it is not mine. It does not belong to me."

"To whom then does it belong?"

"To Mrs. Davison; she often lends me books."

"Then I shall return this one, and ask Mrs. Davison to lend you no more for the future,Emma," he added impressively, "do you know the harm these books are doing you?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Draper; "They are not doing me any harm at all."

"Well, I am sure they are not doing you good."

"At any rate, William, they are amusing."

"Then, Emma, for my sake, you must try and give up the amusement. Though perhaps you don't yet know it, these tales are filling you with most absurd and erroneous notions, besides weakening the powers of your mind, and unfitting you to properly discharge your daily duties."

Mrs. Draper tossed her head defiantly.

"Upon my word," she said, "any one would think William, that you were speaking to a child, or at the most to an inexperienced school-girl."

"Emma," said William, closing the book, and looking up at his wife with all the old love shining in his eyes, "I can't let you go wrong for want of a few words of counsel. Do, dearest, be led by me, and give up reading these evil books."

But Mrs. Draper did not appear willing to be led, and her husband, thinking perhaps he had said enough, presently changed the subject, asking if she were preparing for their departure from London.

Annoyed as she felt Mrs. Draper was obliged to make some sort of a reply, so she said, somewhat shortly.

"Of course I am. When do you intend going?"

"Why, when our time is up, which will be next Monday I believe, won't it?"

"Yes; but we shall never find another landlady like Mrs. Davison; never one so kind to the children."

"Well, Emma, you are not obliged to have much to do with the landlady, that I see. One of these days," he added proudly," you shall be a landlady yourself."

"I am sure I hope not;" returned Mrs. Draper heartily, "I don't want the responsibility of a house."

William's brow contracted, then the bitter expression came into his face; but he thought it scarcely worth while to continue the subject, and after a pause said: "Come Emma, light the lamp and get supper, will you?"

"Yes, if you will give me my book."

But William Draper maintained his firmness, and rising, tenderly drew his wife to his side, begging her for all their sakes, and her own more particularly, to have nothing further to do with such books. Mrs. Draper said little, though it was impossible not to feel the influence of her husband's affection, especially as she found she must in this case yield to his wishes.

(*To be continued.*)

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

AN INCH OF RAIN.—Few people can form a definite indea of what is involved in this expression. It may aid such to follow this calculation. An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches ; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which at 277·274 to the gallon is 22,622·5 gallons. This quantity weighs 226,225 lbs., or 100·93 tons. One hundreth of an inch 0·01 inch) of rain is equal to one ton per acre.

COMFORTING TO HIS FRIENDS.—A patient (says a medical paper) suffering from inflammation in the chest, recently submitted his expectoration to a man of science, who reported thus:—"It is evidently of a parasite nature, but with respect to the precise individuality of the entophyte I have not yet decided quite to my satisfaction. My mind still hovers between two conclusions, viz., as to whether it is an aborted specimen of a cyclocotuloid macromalacoödium, or a highly developed cryptococcous megalocyst of a strongylopleuron batraholeucococpridon."

HOMELY RECEIPTS.

MUTTON AND POTATO PASTY.—Boil nine medium sized potatoes, and when cold, slice them; cut up in thin pieces about a pound of cooked mutton, season it with a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, a small onion, chopped, a piece of garlic the size of a pea, and one small pickled walnut, chopped; season the potatoes with a saltspoonful of salt; put the mutton and potatoes into a pie dish in alternate layers, finishing with potatoes; pour over a teacupful of gravy made with the trimmings of the mutton; cover it closely with another dish, and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes; then serve.

PELL-MELL.—Cut up three pounds of breast of mutton into eight pieces; clean and slice two carrots, and two leeks or onions, and four potatoes; season with a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of curry powder; put the whole into a saucepan with a qnart of cold water; boil up, skim carefully, then simmer for an hour and a quarter, add a head of celery or a coss lettuce, a cauliflower or a summer cabbage, two turnips, all cut up, and a pint of green peas or French beans; press the vegetables down constantly into the gravy, and simmer for another hour, *uncovered;* then serve in a tureen or a deep dish.

MUTTON WITH ARTICHOKES.—Peel two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes and put them into cold water. Cut up into neat slices about a pound of cold mutton; season it with a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, a good sized onion, and a small acid apple, both chopped. Slice the artichokes. Lay the mutton and artichokes in alternate layers in a deep dish; add a quarter of a pint of gravy made with the bones, or water, cover it with an old dish and bake in a moderate oven for an hour; then serve on a hot dish, or in the same dish.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—A leg of mutton, although thicker than a shoulder, does not require quite so much time; as, generally, it is liked rather less done. A leg weighing six pounds will be nicely done in an hour and a half from the time of boiling up, and for every extra pound allow eight minutes longer. Put the mutton into an iron pot, the skin side downwards, well cover it with cold water, boil up quickly, skim, then simmer gently (skimming often) till done. Serve with or without caper sauce, made as follows: Knead an ounce of butter with a tablespoonful of dried flour, and stir into half a pint of the liquor the mutton is boiling in. Add a dessertspoonful of capers, slightly chopped, and a teaspoonful of the caper vinegar; simmer ten minutes. Lay the mutton on a hot dish, the skin side downwards, pour the sauce over and serve at once. Reserve the liquor in an uncovered earthen pan.

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THE WOODMAN.

I think, and I sing, and I pray,
  Up in the lonely wood ;
And God blesseth me every day,
  And sendeth me sunshine and food ;
And I read a psalm from the Holy Book,
And quench my thirst at the running brook.

And often I hear God's loving voice,
  Though a woodman poor and lone,
And the trees of the wood with me rejoice,
  So I feel tended and known ;
Up in the woods my dog and I
Are happier than most of the great and high.

BENJAMIN GOUGH

THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER VIII.—VENGEANCE IS MINE.

"He lives!" exclaimed Baldamus. "That scamp of a Prachwitz shall be brought to shame. It is'nt in vain that I have so long waited for this moment. I will go at once and unmask that wretch."

"Don't act too rashly, father," said Meyer, entreatingly. "Think of your own health. Besides, remember how powerful the Baron is."

"Powerful!" said Baldamus, bitterly. "Who can say that? The discovery of his fraud puts an immediate end to his power."

"Pray, father, do leave things to take their own course. The right heir will know how to get his own back, without your mixing yourself up in the business."

"Without mixing myself? You speak as if you had never heard my history. Have you forgotten who caused all my misfortunes? I have waited patiently all these years for the justice of God to do its work. And now I hope to rejoice over the ruin of my enemy. I'm a man, and not an angel, and revenge is sweet to me."

"Don't act upon those feelings, dear father. Think of God's wrath upon the unforgiving."

"It is written, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,'" saith the Lord."

But the postman might as well have talked to the winds. Baldamus only stayed to get his hat and cloak, and without saying another word left the house.

The flakes of snow, driven by a violent wind, went whirling through the air. An icy wind cooled the burning cheeks of the old man as he hurried along, and his large cloak flapped in the wind. His whole person had something so strange about it that the few passers-by whom he met that snowy day felt quite frightened at his appearance. After a quarter of an hour's walk he reached the Baron's house, and was rapidly ascending the steps—

"Heigho," said a voice behind him. "Where are you going in that haste?"

Baldamus turned round and saw Friedrich, who tried to hold him back by his cloak.

"Let go of me, you fool."

"Not until you have told me what brings you here."

"I want to see Baron von Prachwitz, liar and thief that he is. And in the meantime leave go of me, do you hear?"

"Never!" replied the secretary grasping him convulsively.

With one blow the old man had disencumbered himself of his cloak, and sent the man rolling into the dust.

While the servants rushed to find out the cause of this scuffle, Baldamus went up into the apartment of the Baron, whom he found seated by the fire.

This sudden apparition of his enemy astounded Prachwitz. He found himself unable to articulate a word, and looked at him with a vacant stare, while the watchman gloated in the terrors of his victim.

"I have come to see you again. But it is for the last time, and I do not mean to stay long, though, thanks to you, I have now no duties at the tower to call me away. I have come to satisfy my vengeance."

At this moment the door opened, and the Baron's men-servants, led by Friedrich, rushed into the apartment.

"There's the scoundrel," said the secretary, pointing to Baldamus. "Collar him, and turn him out of doors."

"Come forward, then, whichever of you wishes to measure strength with me," cried the old man, putting himself on the defensive.

Spite of his age, his height and countenance awed the servants. Not one of them dared move a step nearer to him.

"If I might be allowed to give you a piece of advice, Prachwitz," said Baldamus after a pause, "it would be to send those fellows out of the room. I have something to tell you which I think you would prefer their not hearing.

"The Baron signed to his servants to leave the room, and turning to the watchman, said, huskily—

"What have you got to say to me? Be quick about it."

"I have brought you some messages from a dead man."

The Baron and Friedrich looked at one another with dismay.

"Your *late* cousin Kurt von Hohenstein has written to me," continued Baldamus. "He would have preferred coming himself, had it not been for the peculiar clause in his father's will."

The Baron's whole frame shook, and he uttered a cry.

"Your cousin's father must have been a very severe man to make such a condition. What do you think of it, Baron? Don't you think the law-courts might annul a clause of that description? I'm quite ready to file a petition on the subject."

The Baron flung himself at the feet of the old man, embraced his knees, and implored pity.

"Oh" cried the watchman, pushing him away. "The bully is a coward now, and craves mercy. He's as gentle as a lamb. But it's in vain now, unhappy wretch—you will never move *me* to pity. Often have I seen you like this in my dreams, crouching at my feet, as you are doing now, and I have promised myself never to rest till I have made the dream a reality. And now I can triumph over you, for your lot is not a more enviable one than mine."

"Baron von Prachwitz, we are quits now!"

So saying, the excited old man left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

FALLING LEAVES.

Brown and yellow, brown and yellow,
Autumn paints the forest trees,
'Neath whose shady branches lately
There was heard the summer breeze.

And the year is growing older;
All its summer beauty gone,
But it has a fading glory
That is sweet to look upon.

W. J. N.

ON EARLY RISING.

By Dorothea.—(*Concluded.*)

Or, take another picture,—

A child, playing by the banks of a river, loses his footing, scrambles, utters a cry of alarm, and, finally, unable to help himself, slips in to the water. A young man, at some little distance, seeing the accident, runs to the spot; in an instant his coat is off and he has plunged into the cold stream. The child is rescued, and restored to life. The parents are ready to take the stranger to their hearts as a son, in their gratitude for the life of their darling. The public applaud the heroism, but, lest the laurels should prove too heavy for the hero's brow, the report soon spreads that he was an excellent swimmer; it was well known that he had practised the art for years for his own enjoyment, till he was so far perfected in it, that in throwing himself after the drowning child, he ran very little risk of perishing in a watery grave.

The brave deed becomes well diluted, and, in a few days. it is a thing of the past. Instances might be multiplied, did space permit, in which good deeds, and noble principles, thus lose a greater part of their value.

We forget that human nature has fallen from original sinlessness, and that, in consequence, high and glorious deeds, are more praiseworthy than they would have been to our first parents during the brief space of their existence before the fall. Round every generous achievement, every pure thought, every step gained in the path of love or duty, there is the golden nimbus, or glory-light, shining above all petty motives of diplomacy. Let it rest there. Let us see and admire it in the consecrated lives of others, let us trust that its radiance is thown over each feeble effort of our own, even though it be in so common-place a principle as trying to rise early.

Another very bad habit in connection with our subject, is to lie in bed later on Sundays than on other days. It is so ordinary a custom that the exemplary early risers yield to it. Now why it should be so, except in cases of extra hard work, or delicate constitutions, already sufficiently touched upon, is, we think somewhat difficult to decide; at least, from a moral standpoint.

Although the Divine Command is that we should rest on the seventh day, we are not on that account to suppose that less is required of us. Indeed, the Israelites rendered a two-fold sacrifice on their sabbath day; and we, in the new dispensation, with more light to walk by, should not come behind them in exercising heart and soul in the service of God. Manual labor is forbidden, in order, not to waste the time, but to use the opportunity of rest and quietness in growing holiness, or, in errands of Christian usefulness which our busy hands and feet throughout the week may have no time for.

There is no doubt that habitual early rising, not only through the summer, when the beauty of the sunlit mornings is in some measure an inducement, but in winter also, is a tremendous strain on the resolution. To look from your window on tree tops waving in the soft, sweet air, the leaves rustling with their pleasant murmur. while the rays from the sun touch them with living light; and to lift a gaze of reverence to the

deep blue overhanging sky, while the ear is charmed with the rich notes of little birds, is an enchantment. But, to get up in the dark on a cold winter's morning, grope your way for a match, and then dress by candle-light is, it must be confessed, a far less charming matter. The opportunity of watching the grey dawn afterwards slowly rise from the East, laboring heavily to dismantle itself of the enveloping mists, is scarcely worth the trouble of getting up to see.

Yet, despite the disagreeable aspect of the question, the felicitous effects, speaking generally, of early rising, are incalculable. Few of us can escape the rush and bustle of this busy world; nor, on the whole, would we wish to do so; but, much of its feverish result on the mind may be avoided by early rising.

Order, which has been said to be the basis of life, is more easily preserved. Sir Walter Scott, it is stated, rose every morning at six o'clock, summer and winter. He dressed methodically, no doubt the ponderings of his great mind being encouraged thereby. He lit his own fire, and wrote either steadily, or collecting notes, for an hour or two before breakfast. He considered then that he had "broken the neck" of the day, and, that he was free to discharge the ordinary duties of life, which, in so learned an antiquarian might have been otherwise neglected at times if he had not cultivated the habit of early rising.

Every mistress of a household, every mother of a family, as well as the smallest servant girl, or, the poorest errand-boy, will find, after early rising, that the day has passed more smoothly than if an hour or two had been wasted in bed. There is time for the little leisurely enjoyments which sweeten the temper and soften labour. There is ample opportunity of performing what we have to do well, rather than hurrying through our duties and doing them badly. It is an important adjunct in the producing of a calm frame of mind which is as conducive to the happiness of others as of ourselves. To natures over-anxious, and, perhaps, too strictly conscientious as to the responsibilities resting upon them, early rising is a great safe-guard; To them the burden and turmoil of existence would be unbearable without time to fulfil the many obligations devolving upon them.

In conclusion, what time can be so favorable to earnest prayer as early morning? David says:

"Awake up my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early." Probably, no prayer was so sweet throughout the day as that breathed in the dawn stillness, before the business of life had commenced. And, it brings its own reward in the peace that pervades the spirit for hours afterwards.

The surface of our lives may be ruffled, ay, and petty vexations may sink deep, but they cannot touch the well of calm that lies in the lowest depths of the soul strengthened by morning prayer. Daniel, ruler of one hundred and twenty provinces, would scarcely have had had time to fix his gaze three times a day towards Jerusalem, for prayer, if he had not been an early riser. And One, greater than Daniel, resorted frequently to the misty mountain-tops, in the early mornings there to hold converse with Him who seeth in secret and rewards openly.

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

Chapter xi.

We spoke of Black Agnes, Countess of March. She was one of those women who distinguished themselves in those times, and by far the greater number of whom—she for one—had little idea of the sensibilities that ought to belong to her sex. Her defence of the castle of Dunbar in the cause of David Bruce was most determined. It was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury, who employed for its destruction great military engines, constructed so as to throw huge stones, for it was before the use of cannon. Yet such was the contempt of the high-spirited Countess for these fruitless attempts, that she stood with her maids upon the walls of the castle, displaying napkins in their hands, with which they wiped the places where the hugh stones fell, in order to show the enemy that they regarded them only as raising a little dust which could easily be wiped away. The Earl of Salisbury then contrived another ponderous machine to be rolled up to the walls. It was so constructed as to cover a number of men employed in making an entrance through the wall. The countess, not a whit discouraged, amused herself with making rhymes upon this machine—just fancy!—while at the same time she made a signal by which a huge fragment of rock, prepared for the purpose, was dropped from the wall upon the machine, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces.

In this manner did Black Agnes defend her castle nineteen weeks, when it was at last relieved by Alexander Ramsay, who brought by sea a supply of men and provisions.

But of all the heroines whose courage and determination history has recorded, Jane de Montfort is entitled to stand in the first rank. This lady was the wife of an Earl de Montfort, whose title to the dukedom of Brittany was disputed by the French king, and supported at the same time by Edward the Third of England, to whom he looked for succour in making good his defence. The Earl, however, having incautiously obeyed a summons to appear before the Parliament of Paris, was there detained on the plea of having committed a feudal offence by appealing to the King of England; and in the meantime a strong force was sent against his party, which was supposed to be subdued by his being detained a prisoner. In most cases the war, under such circumstances, would have been at an end; but the Countess Jane de Montfort of whom Froissart says that "she had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion," seemed to yield to the natural grief with which she heard that her lord was taken; and assembling her friends, presented to them her young son as successor to his father's rights, adding that by the grace of God she trusted he would be the means of restoring the Earl to his family and friends. She then entered into plans for carrying on the war, engaged to pay the soldiers regularly, and inspired her party with a spirit of resistance which, with most women, would have succumbed to such misfortunes.

The city of Rennes, however, it was impossible to retain. But the Countess, by no means disheartened, threw herself into Henebdon, a strong town of Brittany, situated on the sea-shore, whither she was

accompanied by the most faithful of her partisans, and where she prepared for a desperate defence. She herself wore armour, and rode through the streets on a high-mettled charger, exhorting the citizens to resistance. Nor were her female attendants exempted from martial labour, for she made them shorten their gowns, in order that they might be more active and useful in carrying stones and other missiles to the walls. The French having attempted to take the town by a general assault on one side, the Countess issued forth on the other, and set fire to their camp while they were thus engaged. On this and many other occasions she did great damage to the besiegers. But her own town, her strong walls, and her bold adherents, suffered also in their turn; so that, at different times, consultations were held on the expediency of surrendering the town altogether. Alarmed at last at the defection of her followers, she piteously implored them to hold out if but for three days, in which time she confidently expected to receive succour from England. Notwithstanding this, on the second day her lords again met in council, and again began to adjust the terms of capitulation, while the besiegers approached the walls with a strong party to be in readiness to take the place.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

ONTARIO.

1. FREE GRANTS OF LAND.—Every head of a family can obtain a free grant of 200 acres of land, and any person 18 years of age may obtain 100 acres in the free grant districts. The conditions are:—15 acres in each grant of 100 acres to be cleared and under crop in five years; a habitable house, at least 16 feet by 20, built; and residence on the land at least six months in each year. The patent is issued at the end of five years.

2. PRICE OF LANDS.—Uncleared lands can also be purchased at prices varying from 2s. to 40s. per acre. cleared and improved farms with buildings can be brought at from £4 to £10 per acre. The money can nearly always be paid in instalments covering several years.

3. SOIL.—The soil of the country varies in different localities, but a large portion is of the very best description for agricultural purposes.

4. CLIMATE.—The climate is much the same as in some other parts of the Dominion, but milder in the winter than in Quebec. Cereals, grasses, and roots produce large crops, and fruits grow in great abundance; hemp, tobacco, and sugar beet are also profitable crops; maize and tomatoes ripen well, and peaches and grapes come to perfection in the open air.

5. MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.—The province possesses excellent means of communication, both by railways and by water through the lakes, and the River St. Lawrence, with all parts of the Dominion and to the Atlantic ports.

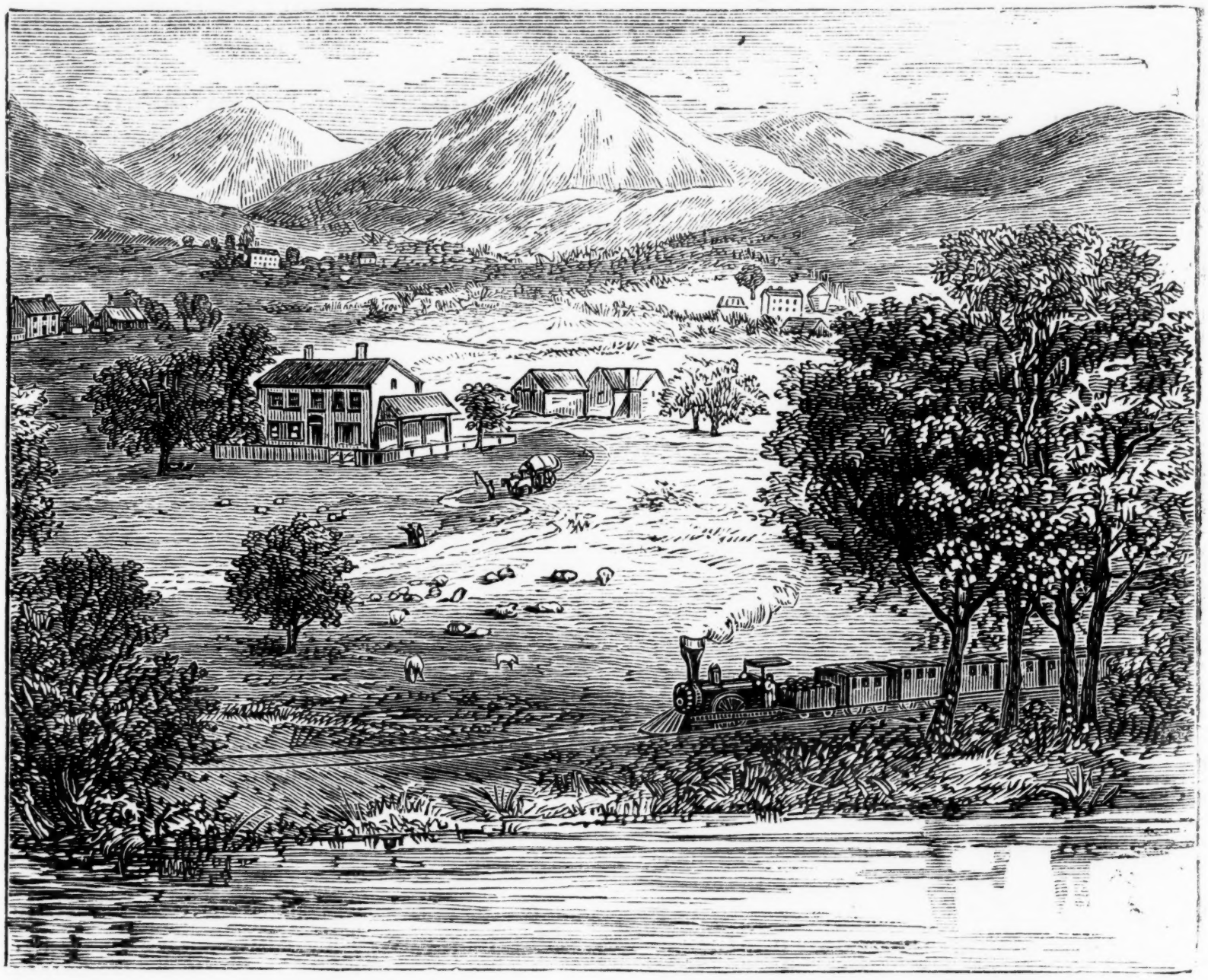
6. EDUCATION.—The public schools are all free and non-sectarian. All resident children between the ages of 5 and 21 are allowed to attend them.

7. CITIES AND TOWNS.—There are several large cities and towns in this province, among others, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Kingston, &c.

8. MINERALS.—In mineral wealth it has great resources, producing iron, copper, lead, silver, marble, petroleum, salt, &c. Its immense forests of pine timber are well known.

9. MANUFACTURES AND EXPORTS.—Its principal manufactures

are cloth, linen, clothing, leather, furniture, sawn timber, flax, iron and hardware, paper, soap, cotton and woollen goods, steam-engines and locomotives, wooden ware of all descriptions, agricultural impliments, &c. Cattle, sheep and pigs, dairy and agricultural produce are exported largely from this Province, and the trade is increasing rapidly. The rates of wages for farm labourers are from 40s. to 60s. per month, with board and lodging; for common labourers from about 3s. to 4s. 2d. a day, without board and lodging, and for female domestic servants from 14s. to 24s. per month, all found. Good cooks get rather more. Provisions are much cheaper than in England or in the United States. Beef, veal and mutton are from 3d. to 6d. per lb.; pork 4d. to 5d.; bacon 6d. to 8d.; bread (best) 4½d. to 5d. per 4lb. loaf; butter (fresh) 1s.; salt ditto, 7d. to 8d per lb.; potatoes 1s. 9d. to 2s. per bushel; tea, 2s.; sugar (brown), 4d. to 4½d. per lb.; milk, 3d. per quart; beer 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per gallon; and tobacco, 1s. to 2s. per lb.



A Settlement.

QUEBEC.

1. FREE GRANTS OF LAND.—Upon eight of the great colonization roads, every male colonist and emigrant being 18 years of age may obtain a free grant of 100 acres. The conditions are that at the end of the fourth year a dwelling must have been erected on the land, and 12 acres be under cultivation. Letters Patent are then granted. Crown lands can also be purchased at 30 cents to 60 cents an acre.

2. HOMESTEAD LAW.—The province has a homestead law exempting from seizure, under certain conditions, the property of emigrants.

3. SOIL.—The soil is of very good quality, and its productions are similar to those of other parts of Canada.

4. MEANS OF COMMUNICA-

TION.—This is afforded by railways and by the River St. Lawrence. This province contains the two great ports of shipment, Montreal and Quebec, both of which have extensive wharfage accommodation and ocean-going vessels of 4,000 tons can be moored alongside the quays.

5. CITIES.—The principal cities are Quebec and Montreal, and there are many large towns.

6. MINES AND FISHERIES.—Gold, lead, silver, iron, copper, platinum, &c., &c., are found,—but mining in this province is only yet in its infancy. Phosphate mining is becoming an important industry; its value as a fertilizer is recognised in England and France, and large quantities are being exported. The fisheries are abundant, and in 1876 the yield was of the value of 2,097,677 dollars.

7. WAGES, PRICES, MANUFACTURES.—The remarks made in the case of the province of Ontario will apply to Quebec also.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

1. FREE GRANTS OF LAND.—A grant of 100 acres may be obtained by any person upon the following conditions:—On payment of 20 dollars cash to aid in construction of roads and hedges, or labour of the value of 10 dollars per year for three years. A house to be built within two years. Ten acres to be cleared and cultivated in three years. Proof of residence on the land.

2. SOIL AND PRODUCTION.—The soil is fertile, and produces all the fruits generally found in England. Wheat averages about 20, barley 29, oats 34, buckwheat 33, rye 20, Indian corn 41, potatoes 226, turnips 456 bushels to the acre. The potatoes and fruits command good prices in the English market.

3. MANUFACTURES.—Shipbuilding is one of the staple industries of the province, but its manufactories generally are increasing rapidly. There are manufactories of woollen and cotton goods, boots and shoes, leather, carriages, wooden ware, paper, soap, hardware, &c., &c.

NOVA SCOTIA.

1. LAND.—The quantity of land for disposal in this province is limited. The price is 44 dollars per hundred acres (about £9), free grants, however, being given to *bona fide* settlers.

2. SOIL.—The soil produces good crops of cereals and roots, and large quantities of apples are grown for export.

3. FISHERIES.—The value of the fisheries in Nova Scotia in 1876 was upwards of £1,000,000 sterling, consisting of cod-fish, mackerel, haddock, herring, lobsters, &c. Nova Scotia contains large tracts of woodlands, which produce timber for shipbuilding, aud lumber chiefly for export.

4. MINERALS.—Gold, iron, coal, and gypsum are found in large quantities.

5. RAILWAYS.—There are several railways in the province, giving it communication with other parts of Canada. Halifax, which is the chief city of the province, is the winter port of the Dominion. It possesses a fine harbour, and is connected by railways with all parts of the Continent.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRICE OF LANDS.—Most of the lands in this province are taken up, but improved farms can be obtained from about £4 per acre. This island produces excellent crops of cereals, and is noted for the good quality of its oats. Horses, cattle, and sheep are plentiful, and the country is exceedingly well spoken of as regards the fertility of the soil and its cheapness.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I. GENERAL DESCRIPTION.—This province, which includes Vancouver's Island, is the most western of the provinces which constitute the Dominion of Canada, its boundaries being the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Pacific Ocean on the west. It possesses many fine harbours, one of which (Burrard Inlet) will probably form the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway when

completed; 125 miles of the line in this province are now under contract.

2. LAND.—Heads of families, widows, or single men can obtain free grants of land from 160 to 320 acres, according to locality; the fee is about 7 dollars. Surveyed lands can be purchased at 1 dollar per acre, payable over two years, and improved farms cost from £1 to £8 per acre.

British Columbia has a large extent of valuable timber land, productive fisheries, which are increasing in value yearly; gold and coal are also found in large quantities. The yield of gold, from 1858 to 1876, was equel to about forty millions of dollars.

THÈ OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

By Dorothea.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WALK AFTER CHURCH.

It was Sunday morning, and the joyous peal of the Church bells filled the soft mellow air with their beautiful and varied sounds, as Henry Draper brought his quick steps towards the now familiar, and well-known tobacconist's shop, within whose precincts some of his happiest hours had lately been spent His reflections as he walked along were not confined to one subject; it was hardly natural that they should be; one thought follows another with such speed, and in such utter disregard of the nature of the preceeding thoughts, that it is often difficult to fix one's undivided attention upon an allotted meditation (if ever any man were simple enough to do such a thing;) especialy is it troublesome when passing through a concourse of people, all driving hither and thither, reckless of the close proximity of their fellow travellers' toes, and selfishly looking to their own interest alone. These are small vexations that every one is expected to pass by unnoticed, and Henry being naturally of a sound, even temper, of course fell in good-humouredly with the world's expectations, though he did now and then wish he could keep his course straight and unmolested. The successive interruptions to the regularity of the line he was tracing through the streets, however, did not impede the progress of Henry's reflections, which we have said were of a varied character. In the first place, he was anticipating the pleasure of spending a whole day in the presence of Sophie Turner. The previous evening Mrs. Turner had given him a cordial invitation to come early on Sunday morning, and accompany them to church, whither, every sabbath, the whole family were wont to resort. Hail, rain, or sunshine, they were to be seen kneeling reverently in a place of worship, and Mrs. Turner, accidently becoming acquainted with the fact that Henry Draper rarely, if ever, accustomed himself to go to church, forthwith resolved to induce him to do so; hence the meeting with Henry Draper thus early in the morning.

The humble widow was a conscientious woman; nothing would have caused her to break the fourth commandment which enjoins keeping holy of the seventh day. She did not believe that God would ever allow her to want anything needful when she showed herself anxious to obey His laws, therefore, from the first, she had always closed her shop on

Sundays, and gone as usual to church. Sometimes, to be sure, she was obliged to be more frugal and saving through the week in consequence, but to this she cheerfully submitted: in heaven she was laying up treasures which, could they have found their way to this corrupted world of ours, would perhaps have been moth-eaten.

And, as a happy result of good bringing up, Mrs. Turner's sons, and only daughter, cordially agreed with her on the ground of these views. Even the wild Tom sobered his mirth and nonsense on Sunday, and followed his mother to Church as willingly as did his good little sister, and quieter brother Fred. And now Henry Draper was to form one of the party. Of this, Mrs. Turner in particular was very glad. She was not blind to the attraction drawing the young man so frequently to her house; she could see, and she did not by any means *wish* to blind her eyes to the fact, that he came with the intention of ultimately offering himself as a husband for Sophie; and she did not wish her daughter to marry one whose habits of life were opposite to her own. Prompted, therefore by these feelings of maternal solicitude, Mrs. Turner had asked Henry to accompany them to church, and, partly because the young man had taken a fancy to Sophie's mother, and partly, perhaps, because he was naturally of a serious turn of mind, he had accepted the invitation. Whether he would make Church attendance a practice however, remained to be proved. But to return to the walk with which our chapter commenced. Henry's steps never once slackened till he arrived at his destination. Here he was met by Tom, who, arrayed in his best black suit, was walking up and down the front of the shop.

"Hallo Harry!" he exclaimed as Henry came up to him, "how awfully glad I am to see you!"

"Why? How is that?"

"Oh, it is so tiresome waiting about like this. Of course the mother and Sophie are not ready yet, and I have been fidget—"

"Stop, Tom," interrupted Henry, laughing, "you always are on the fidget; that is nothing new."

"Well, perhaps not," returned Tom, good-temperedly; "but seriously speaking, Harry, it's no joke to be kept waiting about so. I stood in the parlour at the left hand corner of the table, holding my hat in my hand for the space of a quarter of an hour, but upon my word I got so impatient I was obliged to come outside and try the restorative of fresh air. Take my advice Harry," he added "and when you get married (if ever you are foolish enough to do such a thing) don't allow your wife any more money than you can possibly help for dress, for the more things she has to wear, the longer she'll be putting them on. Depend upon it she'll get all the adornment she can out of you, but mind what I say, *don't let her have too much.*"

"I don't suppose *I* shall ever have too much money, in which case *my wife* is not likely to be over-burdened with dress; returned Henry, laughing. "I haven't noticed however, Tom," he added, "that either your mother or your sister, dress extravagantly."

"They haven't the means;" muttered Tom, "and I am glad of it. Instead of waiting half an hour, I should have had to wait an hour; it is bad enough as it is, I can tell you."

"So it appears;" said Henry. "Where's Fred?"

"Oh, he's reading; it doesn't matter how long you keep him waiting. I believe many people who are fond of reading, are much less easily put out than others; I suppose because they've got their heads so full of literature, or whatever you call it, that there is no room for annoyances. If so, I must confess it is a pity I can't make up my mind to read a little more, for I have had more than one annoyance this morning."

"Why Tom, what else has happened to trouble you?"

"Well, Harry, it's just this I am wild with that fellow Saunders; he is inside, and I know he intends walking at my sister's side on the way to Church. If he thinks—"

Here Tom was interrupted, for at this moment Mrs. Turner leaning upon Fred's arm, emerged from the doorway, dressed in her best black silk, the only relic of more prosperous days than these, and, looking somewhat flurried, she, after bidding Henry a cordial "good morning," took a resolute step forward, saying, that no time must be lost as she feared that already they would be late. Accordingly, the others stepped up briskly after the old lady. As Tom had expected, Saunder's had monopolized Sophie long before anything was seen of Henry, who therefore, made the best of his disappointment, walking in the rear with Tom, with whom he kept up an animated conversation till they reached the church doors.

Here Tom tried to banish all disagreeable recollections, while Henry wondered if he should be able to enter into the ceremonies of the morning with as much interest as if he were going to accompany his brother in a long walk. He rather thought not, but he was mistaken; fortunately, (for a pleasing impression to start with is always an advantage,) the service was conducted by a young curate, gifted with remarkably winning and earnest powers of reading; he had a voice and manner which, irrespective even of his beautiful subjects, carried truth and conviction with them. Then, afterwards the sermon was particularly impressive; it was preached from the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." It was simply but forcibly delivered by one of those good men whose aim seems rather to be to speak tender words of comfort to the heart, than to preach a fine sermon. We will not speak unfavorably of clever sermons; they do their work, and are as instructive as any others; only, there is in some preachers a simple heart-eloquence which reaches to respondent hearts with a singularly soothing influence. It was such a preacher Henry Draper listened to this morning, and he began to think seriously for the first time in his life, that he really had been backward in "seeking the Kingdom." He looked at Sophie, and marked her rapt attention, and he was afraid he was too much behind her in goodness and worth, ever to think of owning her for his wife. Truly the sermon had touched him, and, when on leaving church at one o'clock, Sophie ventured a shy look up at him, she thought the expression of his face graver than she had ever seen it before, but she was gratified, for she thought her prayers had been heard. Ah, Henry did not know she had been praying for him.

Much to the private, though unspoken gratification of all parties,

Saunders was obliged to take a very reluctant leave of them at the church doors. He had promised to dine with his brother who lived at Chelsea, at which place it was necessary for him to arrive by two o'clock, so, parting with his friends, he turned his steps in the direction of his brother's locality, congratulating himself upon having kept Draper in the back grounds all the morning, though he was mortified at the idea of leaving Henry an undisputed right to claim Miss Sophie's attentions.

But Miss Sophie and Henry thought differently, for they were now allowed to walk home together, and very pleasant the unhurried easy stroll through the streaming sunshine was. Nothing could be fairer than the gorgeous fleecy clouds, and nothing could be softer than the air of the declining spring.

For a few moments no words were spoken, but, making an effort, Sophie presently said:

"And how did you like the sermon?"

Henry roused from his thoughts and replied:

"Very much. It was enough to make one feel—"

He suddenly stopped, then seeing the earnest eyes of his companion raised inquiringly to his, he went on—

"Do you think it possible," he said slowly, "to live up to all the minister has been preaching about this morning? Do you think *he* does?"

"I have no doubt he tries his best to do so."

"Perhaps so; but do you think he succeeds?"

"I don't know. At any rate he must, oh! he must, or he never could speak so heartily—'seek first the Kingdom of God.' He is a very good man too."

The eyes of the timid Sophie were on the ground as she made this declaration of her opinion, so she did not see the look that was bent upon her, and when she regained her composure and glanced up again, Henry's face had resumed its thoughtfulness. They had no time, however, to carry on a long conversation for the distance back to the shop was short. Mrs. Turner had hastened home in order to lay the cloth for dinner, and by the time the younger ones returned, there was spread upon the parlour table a tempting meal, though no hands had been busy during that sabbath morning in preparing it. But no one would have felt disposed to grumble at the arrangement. The cold mutton was relished with pickled onions, and the rice pudding following was a dainty indeed to Henry, whose diet was something after the style of most other bachelors. And, even though the glasses were filled up with clear sparkling water, Henry did not long for his usual glass of ale.

In the afternoon Mary Saunders made her appearance to the almost equal delight of the whole family, which showed that Fred's praises of his Pollie had not been exaggerated. She was, as he had said, a fine looking girl, and not quite so pretty as Sophie, but one could soon tell that her temper was amiable, and her disposition agreeable.

As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Turner signified her intention of going for a walk till the bells struck out for church, and as Sophie was in the habit of attending a place of worship twice a day she said she must

accompany her mother, which she did, escorted by Henry. The others preferred taking a stroll as far as Regent's Park, and so they set out bound for their different directions.

The light had faded to a dusky hue when they left the church, but the calm still evening seemed to invite a lingering out of doors, and Henry proposed another walk. Mrs. Turner, however, declared that she was completely tired out, though she had no objection to Sophie's staying out longer if she wished.

Sophie did wish, and truth to tell, Henry was rather glad that Mrs. Turner was too tired to accompany them, for all day he had been making up his mind to speak to Sophie on a certain important subject. Now the opportunity was afforded him but how was he to begin? He felt awkward, but he supposed he had better make haste, and break through the opening, so, when they had gone a little way in silence, he began—

"Sophie, I've something to say to you."

The blue eyes looked up frankly for a moment, but the gaze they met caused them to drop, and Henry, taking courage went on—

"Can you guess what it is?" he asked.

She made no reply, but she knew what was coming.

"Does silence give consent?" he asked, after a pause. "Tell me Sophie."

And the simple girl murmured, "Yes."

"But Sophie," Henry continued, gravely; it may be years before I can save enough money to make a home. What do you say to that?"

Without hesitation Sophie's heart answered for her. She looked up and said—

"If you will let me, Henry, I will wait for you."

CHAPTER IX. HAPPY DAYS.

Mrs. Turner was sitting in her dear old arm chair when Henry and Sophie, both looking so glowing and happy, returned from the eventful walk related in our last chapter. The old lady reclining restfully under the bright gaslight, glanced up as they entered, and she would have spoken, only something about them silenced her.

Perhaps Sophie guessed what her mother was thinking about, for she said kindly:

"Have you been dull mother while we have been out?"

"Oh, no, my dear; I am never dull when I know you are enjoying yourself. Have you had a pleasant walk?"

At this poor Sophie lost her presence of mind, and, instead of answering, she cast an imploring glance at Henry, who, divining her meaning, did the most kindly, manly thing he could have done, and, while Sophie made an escape to divest herself of her out-door apparel, he seated himself at Mrs. Turner's side, and told her what had made that evening's walk so pleasant, begging her in conclusion to accept him as her future son.

Mrs. Turner looked excessively pleased at this information, which really she had expected would at some time or another be imparted to her.

"And so this is what you were so anxious to prolong your stay out for?" she said inquiringly.

"You must have known long ago Mrs. Turner," said the young man ingenuously," why I have been making such frequent visits here. I couldn't be blind to Sophie's worth and attractions. May I look upon her as my own Mrs. Turner?"

A glow of real motherly feeling came into the widow's heart at this earnest appeal. She had always addressed the young man kindly but now she said:

"My dear Henry, do you know you are the first young man I ever saw, that I could trust to take care of my Sophie. I feel sure you will make her a good husband."

"Indeed, I will;" said Henry earnestly;" at least, I will try. But Mrs Turner, I am afraid she will have to wait a long time. I have very little money saved up, and my income isn't enough to marry upon, but I hope to rise some day."

"That you must settle among yourselves;" returned the old lady smiling. "If Sophie is willing to wait for you I am quite agreeable."

So they continued their mutual conversation till the return of Sophie who, seeing that matters had been satisfactorily settled, softly crept to her mother's side, while Henry, still in a dream, stood leaning against the mantel shelf.

Later in the evening, when Pollie had been left safely at the door of her mistress's house, Fred and Tom came home, and of course were made acquainted with Miss Sophie's secret. Tom immediately began teasing her, and Fred shook hands warmly with his brother-in-law elect, but they were heartly glad at the turn things had taken. Indeed they were all excessively happy, and it was a set of smiling faces that gathered round the supper table that night.

Tom, however, had a bit of satisfaction, and an uncharitable plan in his head, both of which he was wise enough to keep to himself. He was thinking how vexed Saunders would be, and privately resolving to have a bit of amusement with the vanquished young man.

An opportunity for this occurred sooner than he had expected. For a wonder and perhaps partly on purpose, he was sitting alone in the parlour the next evening when, to his uubounded delight, in walked Saunders. Sophie had gone out with Henry, Fred was taking a walk with a fellow workman, and Mrs. Turner, knowing that Tom would look to the shop, had taken the opportunity of running out for an errand she wanted. Tom therefore had the field all to himself, and he determined to make the best use of it.

"Oh, good evening Saunders;" said he, as his mother's lodger entered. "And what's brought you down here to night? How did you get on yesterday at Chelsea?"

"Oh, pretty comfortably. Are you all alone?

"Yes I'm the only creature in the house. I don't know where the mother and Fred are I am sure, but I know Sophie is out with Henry Draper. Of course you are aware," he added carelessly, "that they are engaged?

"Engaged!" repeated Saunders, betraying in his looks what he strove

to conceal from his voice." Do you mean that Draper and your sister are engaged ?'

"Why of course; that's plain English isn't it;" said Tom laughing," and there is nothing surprising in the fact that I see; it is only what one might have expected after the fellow's coming backwards and forwards so long. Upon my word I think he has good patience not to speak to her before. But you don't mean to say," he added affecting a serious surprise, "that he has never told you about it ?"

"We never speak in the shop except on business;" returned Saunders shortly.

"You wouldn't do any more to him at any time if you could help it," thought Tom. He said aloud:

"Well, then, it is pretty evident he left his affairs for me to disclose, and it is short work I shall make of it. All I can tell you is that he took Miss Sophie for a walk last evening, and what he said I don't know, for of course I didn't ask, but when I came home at nine o'clock there had been a formal engagement settled between them. The idea of Draper's not telling you, though!"

"There is nothing remarkable in that;" observed Saunders, and then he added hurriedly;" but Tom I am sorry I can't stay with you any longer. I only just called in for a minute or two. I have made an appointment to meet a friend this evening."

He rose as he spoke, and before his companion could make a reply he hastened away. Tom watched him to the door, and then gave way to a hearty laugh.

"Can't stay any longer. I should think not," he said aloud." He's had sufficient information to serve him for one while I guess. But upon my word I don't wonder he is wild; I should be."

But in spite of this partial sympathy Tom indulged in another prolonged burst of laughter. He could not call to mind when he had so thoroughly enjoyed a joke as he was pleased to term it. Thoughtless Tom! he was not in the least distressed at the idea of rejoicing over another man's trouble. But Sophie took the joke differently. When Tom told her how highly amused he had been, she cast upon him a look of very grave rebuke, telling him that he was uncharitable, while she privately hoped that Saunder's disappointment was not very serious. She was not conceited enough to imagine that any man would be likely to pine away for want of her, but then she called to mind how very attentive Saunders had been, the consequence she thought of his attachment to her.

What a pity men and women cannot see into each others hearts a little better than they do! What a good deal of unnecessary pain would each avoid! Certainly Saunders had entertained dreams and built castles in which probably he and Sophie were to dwell happily all their lives, but his motives were not quite so generous and unmixed, as the simple-minded girl believed.

But the retreat, made from this time forth, by the unfortunate Saunders, was on the whole an advantage, which not even the kindly disposed Sophie could help acknowledging. The spring merged into the full glory of the summer months; the songs of the birds trilled with more liquid sweetness; the air bore an increasing load of perfume; even in London the sky

was worthy of a poet's raptures, the outward world seemed for the time to be all joyousness, and surely the heaven, overhanging the tiny, unknown, and unsought world confined to the limited precincts of the tobacconist's shop, was one mass of rosy colours.

Meanwhile William had settled with his family in his country home, and his sanguine expectations were more than answered. As he had prophesied, in a few weeks the children grew plump and rosy.

(*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN.

A dreary place would be this earth
  Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth
  Were there no children to begin it ;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
  And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands, on breast and brow,
  To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
  No little feet towards slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
  Our loving lips the sweet words lending.

Life's song, indeed would lose its charm,
  Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
  Were there no little people in it.

USEFUL HINTS.

Solid Ground.—Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the money you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice.

Hyacinths.—The double Hyacinth is almost a creature of the last two hundred years, and all the older flowers are blue, purple or white in the illustrations to the works of the Dodoens, for example, or John Gerarde. The crimson, the carmine, and the yellow tints, which now make hyacinths so prized among spring flowers, are new. In about the year 1680, Peter Voorhelm, a Dutch grower of single hyacinths, who had carefully weeded out any plants that showed a tendency to become double, fell ill, and during his sickness several double seedlings showed themselves, and assumed so much beauty that Voorhelm had not the heart, when he recovered, to kill them. He found his tenderness to the double hyacinths pay very well, for bulbs of them soon began to sell for one thousand and two thousand florins in the same country which had just recovered from the tulip mania.

HOMELY RECEIPTS.

ROAST BREAST OF MUTTON.—Hang the mutton before a good fire with the screen round it; baste frequently till done. The breast, being very fat, requires more cooking than any other part, although it is thinner; therefore, whatever the weight, or if it be a part of or the whole breast, it may be roasted for an hour and a half.

ROAST LEG OF MUTTON.—A leg of mutton is much better for being kept some days. When about to roast it, hang it four inches distant from a *good* fire, and let it roast for a quarter of an hour. Then baste it, and draw it ten inches further back; continue to baste frequently till done. A leg of mutton weighing seven pounds will require an hour and three-quarters to be done with the gravy in it, and two hours to be *well done*; for every extra pound allow twelve minutes. Place the mutton on a hot dish, the skin side downwards; pour the fat into a basin, add a teacupful of boiling water, and a saltspoonful of salt to the gravy dripped from the mutton; pour it into the dish and serve.

CURRIED MUTTON.—Cut up about three-quarters of a pound of cold mutton into small pieces. Peel and slice a good sized onion, chop three small pickled gherkins. Knead a tablespoonful of curry powder with two ounces of good dripping. Put it into a fryingpan with the onion and gherkins, and fry till the onion is tender and a nice brown colour. Then put in the mutton and a small teaspoonful of salt, stir over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour, add a wineglass of good milk stir three minutes, then serve, with either plain boiled rice, or split-peas pudding, or haricot beans pudding.

MINCE MUTTON PIE.—Mince about a pound of cold mutton, season it with a large saltspoonful of pepper, and the same of salt. Wash, trim, peel, and chop a small head of celery, and one small turnip, and mix them with the meat. Boil six or seven potatoes, and mash them while hot, add two ounces of dripping, a saltspoonful of salt, and a wineglassful of milk. Put a thin layer of potatoe evenly over the bottom of a deep tin dish, lay in the mince, add a teacupful of gravy made from the bones, or water, put the rest of the potato over, smooth it with a knife, and bake in a rather slow oven for an hour. It should be nicely browned all over.

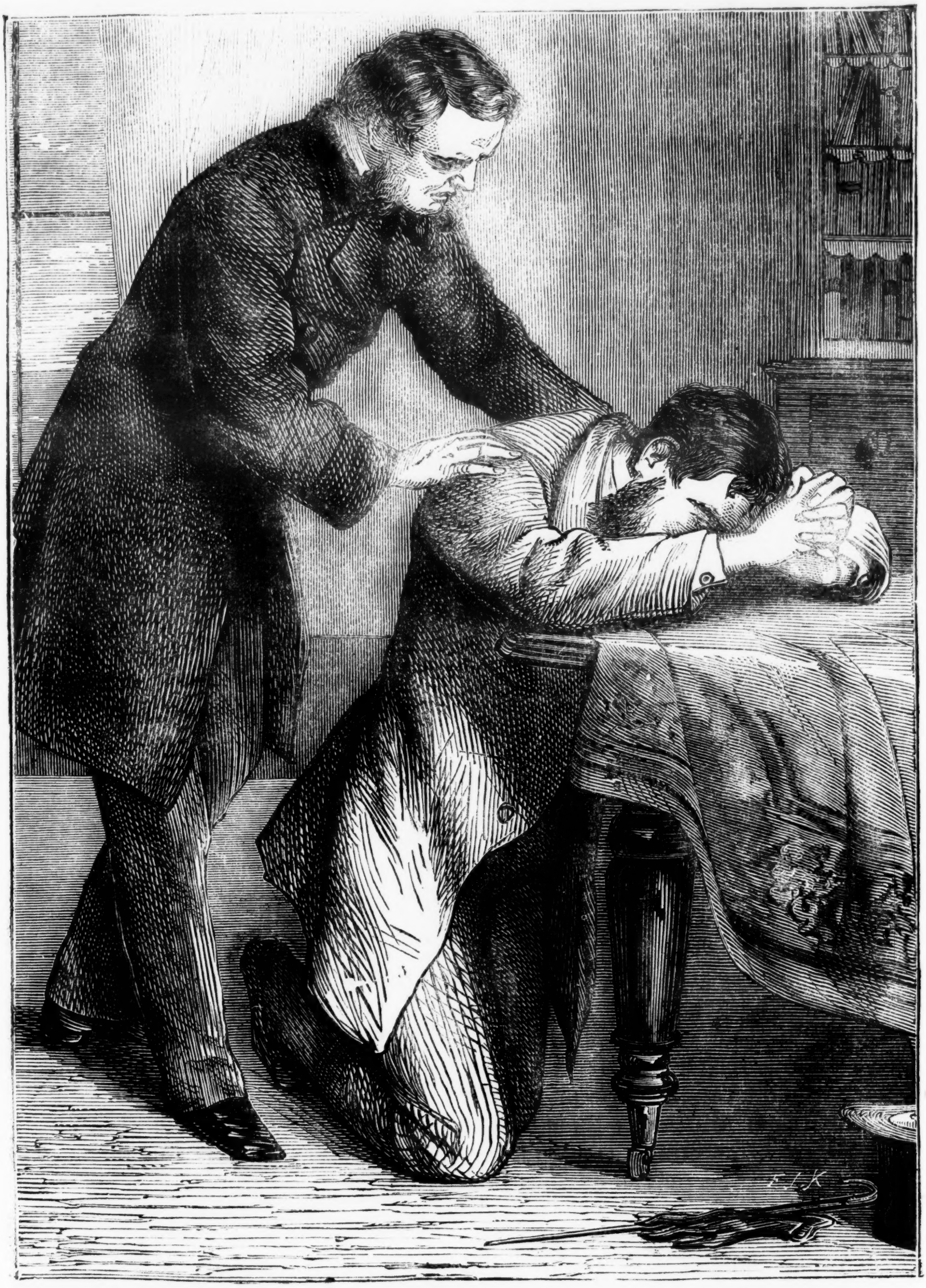
MUTTON CALLOPS WITH CARROT SAUCE.—Cut up into neat slices about a pound of cold boiled mutton, season it with a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper. Mash two cold carrots and rub them through a colander or sieve till in a pulp, put it into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a small onion finely chopped, two tablespoonfuls of ale, a piece of garlic the size of a large pea, half a saltspoonful of salt, two cayenne-spoonfuls of cayenne, half a saltspoonful of ground ginger, and the same of flour of mustard. Simmer for half an hour, stirring almost constantly. Broil the mutton over a bright fire for eight minutes. Lay it neatly round a hot dish and pour the sauce in the centre, and send it to table at once.

SHORT NOTICES.

MESSRS. DRUMMOND, of Stirling, have forwarded a packet of leaflets, and two of a series of Illustrated Tracts, by W. C. M. for each of the railways. The G. E. R., and L. N. W. R. tracts are before us, and are striking for their pointed and clear teaching of soul saving truth. The pictures are attractive, and the stories such as will not easily be forgotten.

SUNDAY.—Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., The annual volume is before us. It makes a handsome book of illustrations and choice reading, and is suited for Christmas presents to young people.

BRITISH MUSEUM 5 NO 83



THE WATCHMAN'S TOWER; OR, VENGEANCE IS MINE.

(From the German of Oscar Höcker.)

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

"I am a lost man!" murmured the Baron, as soon as Baldamus had gone.

"Calm yourself, sir," replied Friedrich, after an instant of time of

reflection. "Flight is still open to you. But let us see if there cannot be found some way of pacifying this revengeful old man."

"What can you be thinking of?" said Prachwitz in a voice of despair. "His one wish is to ruin me. What possible chance have we of turning him from his purposes of revenge?"

"Baldamus is one who knows no medium between love and hatred. I think I know where his weak side lies."

"What is it?"

"The old fellow doats upon that little grandson of his, and it's partly the idea that he'll have nothing to leave that child, that makes him so revengeful. We can turn that to account."

"In what way?"

"Suppose you were to engage to settle a sum of ten thousand dollars on the boy, on condition that the old man promised to hold his tongue on this matter."

"I'm afraid the mad old man will never be brought to consent to make such a promise," observed the Baron with a sigh.

"One can but try, but there's not a moment to lose. If your lordship will authorise me, I will go at once and make the proposal to him."

The Baron consented to the arrangement, and half-an-hour later, Friedrich was on his way to the residence of Baldamus.

When the latter returned home, looking radiant with joy, his son-in-law handed him a letter from one of his friends in America. It contained some severe animadversions on Kurt von Hohenstein, whom the writer accused of being an avaricious, and in every way, selfish man.

"Ingratitude is the coin of this world, as you'll find in this instance," said Lottie, bursting into tears.

Her father and her husband, in great astonishment, questioned her as to the cause of these sudden tears.

She then owned that she had hoped Kurt von Hohenstein would have testified his gratitude to her father by doing something handsome for her little Augustus.

"All my hopes are gone now," she murmured, as she clasped the little fellow in her arms. "You'll always remain a poor, poor child, rich as your grandfather was once."

This bitter allusion to their position took the edge from the old man's delight, and his mind became filled with sad thoughts. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Friedrich.

"I've something to say to you, Mr. Baldamus," said the secretary, "but I won't take up your time long."

"What can you have got to say to *me*?"

"I should like to say it to you in private, please."

"My children may hear anything you want to communicate to me. I keep no secrets from *them*."

Friedrich hesitated, but Lottie having promised the most profound secrecy on the subject, he began—

"Well, Baron Prachwitz would like—with regard to the—the affair—you know what I mean—"

"Go on, Mr. Friedrich," interrupted the inquisitive Lottie.

"The Baron would engage to settle a sum of ten thousand dollars on young Augustus Meyer, if you would promise to keep silence on *that* subject."

These words produced a most profound impression on all present. Baldamus absolutely tore his hair.

"Impossible! impossible!" he at length exclaimed.

"And why not?" said his daughter." "Some way of appeasing Kurt von Hohenstein will no doubt be found."

"No, no," groaned out her father. "Even if we did succeed in satisfying him, it would be quite impossible."

"Don't be obstinate, father. Just think of the position we're in. We are poor. What will become of Augustus?"

"Don't drive me mad! Be silent!" exclaimed the watchman.

But his daughter was not to be silenced, and went on to say—

"Is your love for Augustus so small that you are unwilling for his sake to sacrifice your revenge, and to accept the Baron's offer? What can we expect from such a miser as that Hohenstein?"

The old man rose, and his broad chest heaved painfully. His eyes became bloodshot, and his features contracted convulsively. At last he raised his hands to heaven, and uttered these words—

"It is too late. I have made my declaration before the magistrates. The order to arrest the Baron has already been given."

A cry resounded through the apartment. Friedrich rushed out of the house; Lottie followed him sobbing, and Meyer went up to the old man and said—

"Father you have done what was just and right. It was only your *motive* that was a wrong one. It would not have been honest, even to get wealth for our boy, to have hushed this matter up."

He then left the room, but returned shortly after, expecting to find his father-in-law there still. But Baldamus had gone out. The day drew to its close, and Baldamus was roaming sadly from street to street, till he arrived at the dark door which led to the watch tower. He glided noiselessly up the staircase, stole past the watchman's chamber, and went into the gallery.

Darkness covered the world with its thick veil. One or two stars shone up in the sky. The unhappy man looked up at them for a few moments, and then, with a few incoherent utterances (he was quite beside himself) as to there being mercy in heaven, but none upon earth, he flung himself over the balustrade.

The mutilated corpse was found that evening. The townspeople were more gentle in the judgment they passed on the unhappy suicide, from the circumstance that the Baron and his accomplice had just been arrested.

Lottie obtained what she desired, but too late.

Shortly after, Kurt von Hohenstein arrived in Europe. His identity was recognised after a short trial, and Prachwitz and his secretary expiated their fraud in prison.

What was the astonishment of Charlotte Meyer, when Kurt put into execution the promise of his cousin, by settling upon her son the sum of 10,000 dollars. Bitterly she reproached herself for her harsh

words, and she would willingly have sacrificed that sum, and far more, to have recalled her father to life. But, alas, for that all her tears and regrets were unavailing.

Kurt, more generous than he had been given credit for being, forgot no one who had helped him to recover his inheritance, and recompensed them all, from each of his American friends to honest Worzel, who, more learned in the scriptures now than when he thought "Vengeance is mine," was uttered by King Zacharias, often visited the grave of Baldamus with little Augustus, and taught him that beautiful chapter in the epistle to the Romans containing those words.

J. Y.

THE END.

A LESSON FROM THE HOLLY.

Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear."
"O Reader, hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen.
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound.
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear."

SOUTHEY.

CASTLES WITH A STORY.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was a critical moment for the countess, who, in a state bordering on distraction, cast an almost hopeless glance over the sea from a high window of her castle, when what was her delight to behold the horizon darkened with the masts of a large navy. "The red cross! the red cross! the succours of England are in sight!" exclaimed the countess. And true it was that the gallant Sir Walter Manny, with other forces, had come to her deliverance.

After a bravely fought battle, in which the English were victorious, we are told that the countess received them within the gates of the castle, and "kissed her noble defenders twice or thrice, as became a valiant lady." The troubles of Jane de Mortfort, however, were not to end here. A strong force was subsequently collected and sent against her. But again she defended herself and scorned to yield. Don Louis of Spain, who was one of the besieging party, raised up against the walls of Henebdon sixteen engines of the largest size, with which immense stones were cast, threatening to destroy the walls and towers of the town.

The party within, however, strengthened their defence with a great number of woolpacks, which broke the force of the stones, while the undaunted countess still continued to encourage her auxiliaries by every means in her power. In this attack, as in that already related, Jane de Montfort and her allies proved successful; and the besiegers at last, wearied out, and seeing no hopes of a surrender, raised the siege, and withdrew their forces, after establishing a truce which was to last for twelve months.

The heroic countess, in the winter of this year, paid a visit to England, where she kept her Christmas in high state, receiving such tokens of respect as a character like hers, according to the idea of greatness which prevailed at that time, was so richly entitled to expect. On her return to her own country she was attacked by the French fleet under the command of the same Don Louis of Spain, who, from his defeat at Henebdon, and certain insults directed against him personally by her people, might well be supposed to entertain no very friendly feeling towards his former enemy. On sea, however, as well as on land, the countess evinced the same unconquerable spirit. It is said she kept the deck of her vessel with a drawn sword in her hand, like the knights and men-at-arms. The engagement was very fierce between the celebrated cross-bow-men of Genoa and the still more celebrated English archers. But the fleets were parted by storm, without any decided victory on either side.

Should there be any children among the readers of After Work, they may like to know that in "Freeman's Old English History for Children," the story of Corfe Castle, omitted here, is very interestingly told.

Now of the things we have spoken, this is the sum: Ambition and the spirit of plunder work their own downfall. Tyranny and oppression, tyrant and oppressor, solid walls and proud defences fail. The name of the Lord is the one impregnable tower; to it let us run for safety and for strength; and as we go, let us take each other by the hand, saying, "Come, brother; come sister, there is one sure refuge for us all."

THOMSON SHARP.

APPENDIX.

THE Bastile of Paris was a royal castle built by Charles the Fifth, king of France, in 1369 *et seq.* for the defence of Paris against the English. It was completed in 1383. It was afterwards used as a state prison like the Tower of London, and became the scene of the most deplorable suffering and frightful crimes. It was of such strength that Henry the Fourth and his veteran army assailed it in vain in the siege of Paris during the intestine war that desolated France between 1587 and 1594. Yet it was pulled down by the infuriated populace, July 14th, 1789, and thus was commenced the French Revolution. On the capture of this great monument of slavery, the govenor and other officers were seized and conducted to the Place de Grève, and having had their hands cut off, they were then beheaded. The furious citizens, having fixed their heads on pikes, carried them in triumph through the streets. The man with the iron mask—the most mysterious prisoner ever known—died here November, 19th 1703.—Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.



"UP WITH THE HOLLY-BOUGH"

"RING OUT, YE MERRY BELLS."

Ring out, ye merry bells! Welcome bright icicles
  Welcome, old holly-crowned Christmas again!
Blithe as a child at play, keeping his holiday,
  Welcome him back from the snow-peak and plain.

Up with the holly-bough, green from the winter's brow
  Lock up your ledgers and cares for a day;
Out to the forest go, gather the mistletoe,
  Old and young, rich and poor, up and away.

Up with the holly-bough, ay, and the laurel now;
  In with the yule log, and brighten the hearth;
Quick; here he is again, come with his joyous train,
  Laughter and music, friendship and mirth.

Up with the holly-boughs, high in each manor-house,
  Garnish the antlers that hang in the hall;
Yes, and the "neck" of corn with a gay wreath adorn,
  Rich as the bloom on the cottager's wall.

Wealth has its duties now, Christians, you will allow;
  Think, then, ye rich, whilst your tables are spread,
Think of those wretched ones, Poverty's striken sons,
  Weeping, whilst children are asking for bread.

Ring out, ye merry bells! ring till your music swells
  Out o'er the mountain, and far on the main:
Ring till those cheerless ones catch up your merry tone,
  Singing, "Come Christmas, again and again."

EDWARD CAPERN.

THE LITTLE ONE'S CHRISTMAS.

The little one's Christmas! pray, what may that be?
The day made for merriment, frolic, and glee;
Though hardly aught else besides pleasure is found
In the lives of the little ones all the year round.

Then Christmas again is the one day of all
When smiles must be raidiant, and not a tear fall;
And never a fretful or ill-natured word
In the nusery, or school-room, or parlour be heard.

But more: 'tis the day for the bright holly leaves,
The pale mistletoe, and the long ivy wreaths,
The tempting plum-pudding, and smoking mince-pies,
And the nuts, cakes, and crackers that gladden bright eyes.

The day to distribute love's offering pure
That long hoarded pennies have gone to procure;
The day for blithe carols, and sweet solemn chimes,
And the wonderful stories of long-ago times.

But Christmas brings other, and less fleeting, joys—
See! dolls for the maidens, and tops for the boys;
Drums, trumpets, and whistles, and picture books gay.
To enliven the nursery for many a day.

And better than all, tis a day to repeat
The often-told story, so simple and sweet,
Of Bethlehem's stall, and the Heavenly Child,
And the shepherds who tended their flocks on the wild.

The little ones' Christmas! oh, yes, 'tis the day
To which they look on as the months slip away;
To which they'll look back when the long years are fled,
And when many that gave it its brightness are dead.

A. S. O. C.

THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

THE hay fields formed their home; no roof but the open sky sheltered them by day, and their lives were what all children's lives ought to be; free from the confinement of a close atmosphere, placed in the exact situation likely to conduce to the uninterrupted flow of good health, happy tempers, and cheerful dispositions. And the young father felt himself amply compensated for the occasional fatigue he endured in consequence of the long walk twice daily, from his home to the work-shop, and from thence back again. It was also a source of honest pride to him. All his friends praised him for sensibleness of his proceedings; he was honoured for the forethought which had spared the doctor's visits, and, worse still, the doctor's bills; he was looked up to as a young man of extraordinary love and devotion, both of which were plainly exhibited in his treatment of, and wonderful care for, his children; and, in short, William Draper possessed the general esteem of all who knew him. His brother watched and admired him, but he sometimes thought the "one thing needful" was alone wanting; the addition which would have made him one of the finest of full, rich, and admirable characters.

Henry was passing William's workshop one night at about nine o'clock, and, looking through the window, he was somewhat surprised to see that the light was still burning, though he thought it was rather beyond William's time for remaining in town. Partly therefore from curiosity, and partly because Henry was always ready to have a chat with his brother, he pushed open the door, entered the nicely fitted shop, and approaching the bench said:

"Well, Will, are you going to stay here all night? I never saw such a fellow for work, and actually singing too!"

Yes, standing there alone though he was, William's songs echoed far into the still distance of the night, but he ceased at his brother's entrance, and looked up with a smile that none knew so well how to make bright as he.

"Singing?" he repeated. "Yes, Harry, I am singing; for I am always happy when I am working for those I love. Nevertheless I am glad you have called in, and broken the monotony. Won't you sit down?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do, just for a few moments. What are you so busy about?"

"I am simply amusing myself. Look!"

As he spoke, William advanced slowly, and, wearing a pleased expression on his face, towards Henry, into whose hand he put a miniature Arabian bedstead. It was a perfect, and exquisite model,

evidently executed with wonderful pains and patience, and, to Henry's eyes, bearing the impress of love in every skilfully wrought part.

"What a little beauty!" exclaimed Henry. "Of course it is for your little girl?"

"Yes; last week I made her a doll's house, and of course she wants some furniture. I have made her a clock and a centre table, and a sofa, besides other things; this is the last thing I've attempted but I am so sorry I shall not be able to take it home complete. I want some pretty chintz curtains to finish it off."

Henry heartily sympathised with this disappointment, and after a moment's reflection said "Would you trust me Will to get it completed for you?"

"You Harry? What do you mean?"

"What I say. I think I know somebody who would be glad to make the curtains for you." William looked at him keenly for a moment then a light broke over his face.

"Do you mean Sophie Turner?" he said archly. Thus plainly questioned, Henry was obliged to confess that he did mean Sophie Turner and no other. Henry added, however, that he was sure she would be delighted to do anything for the dear little girl to whom, during the time of the few visits she had made to William's home, she had taken a great fancy. William therefore accepted the offer, remarking that Sophie seemed likely to make a kind aunt.

"And a good wife also I hope;" he added.

"No fear on that score;" said Henry confidently.

"How long first, before she is your wife Harry?"

"Oh, not till I am better off!" replied Henry." I haven't the means of getting married you know Will, that you had. "I say," he went on after a pause, "how is the purchase of your house getting on? Have you entered a Building Society yet?" "Oh, yes, and made every arrangement for a completion of the whole affair in a few weeks from the present time. I have settled upon a house in a quite, retired neighbourhood, and I believe it will cost me £150."

"Why that isn't much;" said Henry. "Is the lease pretty near its close?"

"It has thirty-five years to run, and the house isn't so cheap Harry as you may think. It will cost me a good deal to put it in thorough repair, besides which I shall have to pay an exorbitant sum quarterly for improved ground rent."

"Wouldn't it had been better to spend a little more in the outlay?" suggested Henry.

"Ah," said William, shaking his head regretfully, "I was afraid to involve myself too deeply in debt, of which I have a perfect horror. That's what it is you see to be poor and in want of capital. But look at the time, Harry, I must be going;" And William hastily put a stop to the conversation, and presently accompanied by his brother, left the shop, and soon afterwards separated.

Chapter X.—Mr. Mills's Soliloquy—and the Result.

One evening, some weeks after the date of our last chapter, Mr. Mills,

Henry Draper's employer, sat in his front parlour alone, looking out of the open window with eyes which in reality saw nothing; though if we were to draw our conclusions from the hazardous way of judging by appearances, we might be inclined to think that those round, small eyes saw everything at a glance, so sharp they were, and so used to business surveyings. We should be wrong however, for Mr. Mills was very rarely guilty of troubling himself with the affairs of others. His opinion (and he was not long summing up into a small space the whole of his ideas), was, that every man had his proper work in the world, and he was quite sure every man had enough to do to attend to that work, therefore it behoved every man to avoid as much as possible meddling with the intricacies of his neighbour's affairs. Whether this was exactly charitable we will leave to the decision of our readers, who, differing in their views, will doubtless come to different conclusions. In consequence however of the old gentleman's impregnable ideas, it will readily be believed that he in reality saw nothing.

Then again, a careless observer might have unjustly affirmed that our friend Mr. Mills was *doing* nothing, but he would have been entirely mistaken, for Mr. Mills was deeply absorbed in two important things, namely—smoking and thinking. It is necessary to mention smoking first, because, when Mr. Mills settled down in his parlour after going through the business trials of the day, he would have felt very lonely indeed without his clay pipe, of which, to judge by the frequent kissing of his lips to the red end, he was was extremely fond. It cannot certainly be wrong to judge by apperances in this case, for really his love for his clay pipe was once very extraordinarily manifested, when his wife, who detested smoking, but who always tried in every way to study her husband's pleasure, made him a present of a handsome meerschaum, which, to the infinite disappointment of the self-sacrificing donor, was laid upon a side table as an ornament, and never once received one of the many kisses he so often bestowed upon his clay pipe. Perhaps Mr. Mills wanted to preserve his wife's keepsake free from the foulness of the best shag, perhaps he liked to watch its beauty as he sat with its humble brother in his mouth, any way the wound of disappointment which never healed in the abiding heart of poor Mrs. Mills, was in itself sufficient testimony that the meerschaum was never used.

Of course then it was his clay pipe that he held between his lips on this particular evening of which we write, but as his thoughts, about which we have before alluded to, concern the completion of our story, let us for a few moments intrude upon their privacy. They are thoughts destined to lead to the ultimate taking of a very important step in Mr. Mills's career. Ay, and as our actions rarely, if ever, can be said to concern ourselves alone, not only will an important step be taken by Mr. Mills, but an equally inportant end achieved for Henry Draper.

"Yes," said Mr. Mills, as if answering some previously self put question, while he brought his left hand down thoughtfully upon his left knee; "yes," he repeated, "I don't see why I shouldn't. I've been slaving hard all my life ever since I was eleven years old, when I used to run errands for Dr. Green who, goodness knows, used to send me across the park with a bottle of medicine as late as ten or eleven o'clock at night. Ah, he was a hard-hearted man, or, instead of enjoying

himself in his drawing room the whole evening he would have made up the medicine, and sent me off afore then. He was a father too, and had girls and boys of his own. I wonder what he would have said if they had been treated so. Ah, well, it's all over now, and I suppose I haven't been much the worse for my lonely walks across the park."

Mr. Mills smoothed this consolation over with a few energetical whiffs, and then went on again.

"I am no worse for that," he thought; but I shall soon be worse for wear if I work as hard for the remainder of my life as I have done for the last fifty years. My business is now in a prosperous condition. I've got a nice round sum stowed away in the bank; I've got plenty to pay the servant girl her wages, and to find the missis in as many new dresses as she'll be likely to want at this time of her life, and, as to myself, I daresay I've got enough coats and trousers to last me as long as I live; I'm not particular to fashion. And as to hats I *have* heard of a very cheap way of converting the old ones into new again. If ever I am hard up I can avail myself of this advantage. I always like to patronise new customs when they don't injure my pockets;" and Mr Mills leant back complacently in his chair before going on any further.

When he had filled the bowl of his pipe from the tobacco jar at his side, he said half aloud:

"Yes, there's no mistake about it, I'm not getting younger. I know that by the way my teeth are dropping out, and my grey hair daily getting scantier, till I suppose bye-and-by I shall be quite bald. I believe I am a little so as it is; besides, now I come to think of it, this right shoulder of mine has been suffering from the effects of rheumatism the whole day. If I don't forget I must give it a good rubbing to-night before I go to bed. Then, too, how often I have lumbago in my back so that I can scarcely crawl about. Of course to a man half my age these ailaments would be nothing, but to me they are a great deal, and I am determined for the rest of my life I will have rest. A man needs rest in his old age for several reasons, and I'll have it. I can afford it, yes, I am quite sure I can afford it, and I'll have a foreman to take my place. I shall be able to lie in bed till eight o'clock in the morning, then get up, and read the newspaper over my breakfast. The morning I can pass leisurely away, just taking enough notice of my business to amuse me, after which I will take time over my dinner, allowing the digestive organs to do their work easily, and if there should happen to be a pudding for dinner, I can finish it up without any fear of being called away just as I have taken the first mouthful. After dinner I can discuss politics with any friend who should happen to call in, or take a nap, or, perhaps if my visitor didn't detain me long, I could do both. After tea I could sit at this open window in the summer, and in the winter draw close up to a good fire, and very likely, as I shouldn't have to make up my accounts in the evening, I might take in a sensible magazine monthly. This now I think of it is a very good idea. I read somewhere the other day that this is a reading age, and that men read, and consequently think, more than they ever did. If so I don't want to be behindhand. Yes, I'll have a foreman without delay, and I'll begin at once to take in an interesting magazine, though it must be one without any rubbish in it."

(*To be continued.*)

SOON.

"Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. x. 36-37.

Traveller, wearied with thy journey,
  Drooping 'neath the scorching sun,
Yet a little further onward,
  And thy journey will be done.
Faint not, droop not, but press forward;
  Thou hast almost reached thy home.
See! its portals gleam before thee,
  And a voice is whispering "Come."

Toiler in the Master's vineyard,
  Dost thou see no fruit appear?
Labour on, nor feel faint-hearted,
  Soon the Master will be here.
He that goeth forth with weeping
  Doubtless shall return with joy.
Rich reward and fruit immortal
  Shalt thou reap from thine employ.

Sailor, tossing on life's billows,
  Though the waves be dashing high,
Steer straight onward towards thy haven,
  See! its golden strand draws nigh!
Let not courage faint nor falter,
  Battle with the wind and tide,
And thy Captain soon shall land thee
  Safe on Canaan's happy side.

Soldier, worn with many a conflict,
  Still fight on, 'twill soon be done,
Yet a few successful struggles,
  And the victory will be won.
Soon shall come thy King as Conqueror,
  Come to fetch His faithful home.
Even now are heard His footsteps.
  Battle for Him till He come!

Wearied! struggling burthened Christian.
  Fainting 'neath thy heavy cross,
Heaven will be the sweeter for it—
  Heaven, for which else is dross.
With that cross dost thou feel wearied
  Longing now to lay it down?
Oh, press forward yet a little,
  And thou soon shalt have thy crown.

Oh, ye lonely ones who sorrow,
  And to comfort you have none,
Only wait a little longer,
  And heaven's bliss will be begun.
Look above! the time is passing,
  Earth is fading fast away;
Soon shall earth's dark night of shadows
  Merge into eternal day.

FAIRELIE THORNTON.

DEFINITIONS OF CHRISTMAS.

"An annual visitor who has a warm heart, though his head be crowned with a garland of snow."

"The dove which carries the olive branch of 'Peace on earth' to our families."

"The glorious birthday of the King of kings."

"The jubilee of earth."

"The sun which may thaw some droops from even a miser's heart."

Time's reminder of the loved ones gone before."

"The loadstone which attracts many a prodigal to his father's house."

"The rising day of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Earth echoing the angels' song."

"The heart's summer."

"Mercy's day of triumph."

CHRISTMAS PASTIMES.

CHARADES, PUZZLES, &c.

1.—Which four letters of the Alphabet denote fatness. Which two are in a decline. Which two contain nothing. Which four are almost perfection. Which three, separate, excite our tears; but which, when united, are necessary for our support.

2.—A Letter.—"Expensive 1s. 5 come 6 2s. 6d. Yrs. truly, $4\frac{1}{2}$.

3.—A hundred and one by fifty divide,
And next let a cipher be duly applied;
And if the result you should rightly divine,
You'll find that the whole makes but One out of Nine.

4.—Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three of us.
Nine are but four of us,
What can we possibly be?
Would you know more of us,
I'll tell you more of us,
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four—d'ye see?

5.—What two letters name a country, and transposed express gluttony?

6.—How should a lover come to the door?

7.—Why is love like Scotch plaid?

8.—Which is the cheapest, the Bride or the Bridegroom?

9.—What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon?

10.—What is that which any one may get, but nobody wants, which when got we are anxious to find, and which, when found, we unhesitatingly, and indeed gladly, throw away.

ENIGMA.—My 1, 2, 4, 4, 5, 6, is a metal. My 4, 2, 3, 5, 6, desired by some. My 6, 2, 3, in which a friend of mine thinks he's very clever. My 1, 2, 3, is the name of a very useful animal. My 4, 5, 6, is the Latin for by. My 4, 2, 4, 5, is the head of a Church. My 4, 2, 5, is the name of an American poet. My 4, 2, 4, 5, is the name of an English poet, and my whole is the name of another.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

1.—O B C T (obesity); D K (decay); M T (empty); X L N C (exellency); L E G (elegy); LEG (leg.)

2.—Dear Bob, come between 5 and 6, To Bob Tanner. Yours truly. Joey Brown.

3.—A hundred and one (C I) divided by (L) and a cipher (O) makes the name CLIO, one of the Nine muses.

4.—A Letter puzzle. Twice ten (twenty) contains six Letters, and so on.

5.—S X and X S.

6.—With a ring but never without a rap.

7.—Because it is all stuff and often crost.

8.—The bride of course, she is given away, the Bridegroom is frequently sold.

9.—One consists of a variety of cells and the other is (sometimes) one great sell.

10.—A splinter in the thumb.

Solution of Enigma.—C O W P E R.

HOMELY RECEIPTS.

MUTTON SAUSAGE MEAT CAKES WITH FRIED ONIONS.—Mash three good sized cold potatoes and rub them through a colander. Cut up about three-quarters of a pound of any cold mutton, and chop it as small as possible. Mix the potatoes and mutton together; add two tablespoonfuls of gravy, or milk, two ounces of dripping slightly warmed, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Beat the mixture well, and make it up into six cakes an inch thick. Dredge each cake thickly over on both sides with flour. Pat it with the hand to make it adhere. Place the cakes on a tin dish, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Peel and slice four good sized onions, put them into a fryingpan with an ounce of dripping. Stir them constantly till they are tender and nicely browned, about a quarter of an hour. Place them in the centre of a hot dish with the cakes round them, and serve immediately.

HASHED MUTTON.—Cut up into neat slices about a pound of cold mutton, either roast or boiled, season it with a *small* teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful and a half of pepper, and a tablespoonful of dried flour. Peel and slice two medium sized onions, chop three pickled walnuts. Put the whole into a stewpan, add half a pint of either gravy or water, a teaspoonful of walnut pickle, and a tablespoonful of walnut ketchup. Put it over a gentle fire and simmer for half an hour after it comes to boiling heat. Shake the pan frequently, and *be sure not* to let it *boil*. Serve on a very hot dish with fresh toasted bread, cut into three-cornered pieces, placed round the edge neatly.

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No. 1. January, 1883.

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